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ON MANORS

BY FAR the most stereotyped of mystery novels is the manor house novel. The hero visits a mysterious Scottish manor, or castle, either to hear the reading of an uncle's will, or to investigate the disappearance of Lord Glockenshlocken's only young and beautiful daughter. He arrives at the station.

"As I stepped down from the Edinburgh local at the tiny depot of Droom, a group of local yeomen regarded me with distinct displeasure. Addressing the nearest of the group, I inquired the means of transportation to Glockenshlocken Manor. At the mention of Glockenshlocken, a murmur ran through the crowd" —

In manor novels murmurs always run. They never fly like rumors nor stream like sunshine, and who ever heard of a murmur standing still?

After endless difficulties the hero finally manages to get a ride to the Manor in the cart of an "Old Scotch fellow."

"The cart stopped with a jolt several feet from the entrance to the Manor grounds. 'Ev'e gun thiz fer end naither luv ner monay ken meke may gu ferther!' exclaimed the Scot.

The poor hero probably thinks that the Scot has some deadly fear of the Manor. It's not that at all. His cabbie's license is good only in Droom, and as the Manor is in the next township, he can't transport people in through the gate.

"I paid the driver, and climbed down from the cart which immediately rattled off down the lane.

"The sight which confronted me was as startling as it was beautiful. A long lane shaded on each side by poplar trees" —

From what I gather, every manor in Scotland is knee deep in poplar trees. They must be a very popular tree over there.

"I approached the Manor, crossed a rickety drawbridge over the moat, lifted the heavy brass knocker and knocked."

There are several ways that the knock may be answered. One of the oldest and best is to say: "The metallic echo of that knocker seemed to reverberate through every room and corridor in that dismal mansion." (This is almost Poetic.) Another equally dismal method is: "At the clash of the knocker, a large flock of vultures, who had been sitting unnoticed on the roof directly above my head, took flight in large sweeping circles toward the north, their cries echoing back to me across the bleak Scottish moors." The door is always opened by a butler.

"The butler was a heavy set man whose very air and manner showed him to be one who concealed more than he revealed.

"I was ushered into the main hall" —

Every Manor must have a main hall. It is where the ghost of Lord Glockenshlocken's first wife walks by night, and where "The servants gathered terrified by the noises of the storm raging outside." The hall, or "great room," always has "a high arching ceiling, small slit-like windows, a gloomy interior and a large raw-stone fireplace."

"I found Lord Glockenshlocken seated in front of a roaring fire. He was a stout man, past middle age, and by the pallor of his features I gathered he was under great emotional strain."

Then, one by one, the other manor characters are introduced. There is Lady Glockenshlocken, "a mere wisp of a woman." There is Doctor Cuttle, Lord Glockenshlocken's personal physician, "who appears to realize little the horrible events occurring around him." The author might just as well come out with it and call him the murderer. Anyone who appears innocent in a manor novel has signed his own death warrant. He is most certainly an accomplice if not the actual "criminal!" The other manor characters are all fundamentally the same. They all have no apparent reason for being at the manor and they are all "bent upon the accomplishment of some clandestine deed."

The hero is then shown to his room.

"I then betook myself to my chamber on the second floor, accompanied by a sullen servant with a flickering taper. As we passed up the steep stone staircase and down a long corridor, the feeble light of the candle gave me fleeting glimpses of the suits of armor, maces, coats of arms and battle-axes that line the walls on either side —

"I must have been extremely tired because hardly, it seemed, had my head touched the pillow, than the sun, streaming through the multipaned window awakened me."

Does our friend crawl out of bed, like a decent human being, pull down the shade and go back to sleep? No!

"Realizing the early hour of the morning, I seized the opportunity to acquaint myself with the Manor and its surrounding gardens before the rest of the guests were stirring."

Then follows a rather dull description of the grounds in which the hero nearly gets shot, falls into a bear trap or finds a body.

"The body of a man lay sprawled at the bottom of the abandoned marble quarry. (Never take a marble quarry for granite.) From fifty feet above it was impossible to determine the manner of his death, but I was sure it had been violent."

Of course the police are immediately summoned.

"The inspector approached the body carefully, examining every inch of the ground for fingerprints. He scrutinized the corpse, inspecting every bloodstain with the greatest care. Not a speck of dust nor a wrinkle in the cloth escaped his well trained eye. As he slowly rose and faced the group of suspects, I knew he had discovered something, something of vital importance in the case, something that would lead to the immediate arrest of the culprit.

"The inspector paused and finally said, 'He's dead!'"

Frank Bequaert '50

THE TALE OF TIBBLE

SHE was a tiny, bird-like lady in her late fifties with bright eyes and a delicate but distinct voice. She never thundered at her pupils in Adams High School but the sharp glint in her eye and the faint toss of her little head were far more convincing. Her pupils loved her though, oh yes! and respected her highly. Even the great, hulking football team looked down at her scant five feet humbly. She taught English and had done so for many years, always retaining the fresh, bubbling spirit with which she incited her class. Upon entering her classroom one was immediately aware of the vitality and animation of the boys and girls. Miss Mabel Tibble was wonderful. Then suddenly, out of a clear sky, she was retiring.

She actually walked straight into the senior dean's office on February fifteenth, lifted her head proudly and said, "Miss Murray, I wish to retire at the end of the month."

Miss Murray signed another note methodically, lowered her glasses, contemplated the departing pupil and murmured, "Oh yes?" absent mindedly. Then she started and exclaimed aghast, "What!" Miss Tibble patiently repeated her statement. It was evident that Miss Murray was distraught, for she told prim, old Mr. Huggins, the history teacher who was waiting to obtain some inside information about a certain pupil, to "go along to your class, dear; I can't see you at present." Then she stared at poor little Miss Tibble with horror. "Oh dear!" she said, "You can't you know, really; we should be lost here without you." Miss Tibble gazed back, looking properly modest and sorry. In a frenzy Miss Murray grabbed Miss Tibble and trotted her down to Mr. Malone's office. "At least," she said, "we should notify the principal of your intentions."

They entered Mr. Malone's office and Miss Tibble remained discreetly in the background

while Miss Murray advanced timidly wringing her hands. Mr. Malone was busy signing notes, but he finally condescended to raise his eyes over the top of his horn-rimmed glasses and note Miss Murray's worried expression. "Good heavens, woman!" he bellowed, "control yourself." Tearfully she explained, "Miss Tibble, our dear, beloved Miss Tibble is," gesturing dramatically towards the object of her speech, hidden in the shadows of the door-way, "leaving us!" After this Miss Murray backed away a little in order to watch the full effect of her information from a safe distance. Mr. Malone turned bright crimson, then let out a great gust of air accompanied by a loud vibration of his vocal cords. Miss Murray backed further away and Miss Tibble squeaked, "Mercy!" from her corner. Mr. Malone, however, recovered enough to beckon Miss Tibble forward and whisper tentatively, "Would a raise be —?" "No," said Miss Tibble emphatically. Mr. Malone grabbed the phone and cuddled the receiver between his chin and shoulder while he glared at a poor, innocent pencil sharpener until it almost toppled off his desk. "May I speak to the Head of the School Department?" he grated harshly. "Mr. Bruno is busy signing notes at present, sir," came the answer. "He'd better stop then, (censored) it, this is important, important enough to consult the Mayor about!" rasped Mr. Malone. Miss Tibble's eyes widened and Miss Murray nodded emphatically. After a moment the voice came again saying sweetly, "Mr. Bruno says, 'Why don't you consult him, then?'" "Curses," muttered Mr. Malone and flung the receiver back on the hook, which only succeeded in giving the local operator a severe ear-ache.

During the following two weeks the situation in school was so strained that Miss Tibble actually made two mistakes in Hamlet's soliloquy. Her pupils, however, did not catch her up on it. The pupils tried to understand her situation; they pitied her. In the locker room they discussed her at length. The valedictorian thought she was old and tired; the football captain considered that her rich aunt in East Overshoe had died, leaving her a fortune; the prettiest girl decided that Miss Tibble was leaving on account of an affair of the heart. This last idea was the nearer to the truth. Miss Tibble was going to be married!

To whom? — Oh, a doorman at Somerset Arms, where Miss Tibble lived. Their romance had lasted almost twenty years. It was one of these slow affairs in which affection grows as time goes on. Every morning and night he would open the heavy front doors for her and she would smile sweetly and say, "Good morning, William"

or "Good evening, William," as the case might be. Then he would doff his hat (red with gold braid) to her as gallantly as a victorious knight. He had saved enough through these years to support a wife and since, as he remarked, he had a sort of "partial'ty" for them intellect'als as yuh calls 'em," he picked Miss Tibble to be his wife. Of course he admitted he had "a partial'ty for Mabel 'erself, too." He also said as how, "he wasn't 'sactly sure 'ow Mabel felt till one day 'bout a week 'fore the weddin'."

William was seated in Miss Tibble's apartment, watching her correct papers and admiring the roses he had brought her. "Really," remarked Miss Tibble suddenly, "William, I have no idea what your last name is; isn't that shocking?" William 'lowed as how he s'posed it was and informed her that his name was Glotenhiermer. "Mrs. William Glotenhiermer" mused Miss Tibble, "how nice."

And so they were married in early March. Miss Tibble wore a new hat with a lovely blue plume and she stood up beside her man, in his best doorman's uniform, lifted her pretty little head and in her distinct and delicate voice pronounced the words, "I do."

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Glotenhiermer are very happy now. Mrs. Glotenhiermer does not give a hoot about Miss Murray, the senior dean, or Mr. Huggins, the history teacher, or Mr. Malone the principal, or Mr. Bruno, the Head of the School Department. Sometimes, however, she misses her pupils, and Mr. Glotenhiermer comes home to find her reading Hamlet's soliloquy to the cat.

Ruth Cooke '50.

TEACHERS ARE WHAT YOU MAKE THEM

PICTURE yourself walking into a noisy classroom for the first time. The space from the door to the desk seems endless, doesn't it? Critical brown and blue eyes watch your every move and half whispered remarks reach your ears. "She doesn't look too bad," or "Pretty crabby looking."

What would your reaction be to this? No doubt it would be the same as a teacher's, for the simple reason that teachers have feelings too. Perhaps the new teacher doesn't smile at first, perhaps her voice is hard, her manner brusque, but she is trying her best to be informal and relaxed. She has a lot of ideas that she wants to try. Her class is going to be happy, her pupils her friends, and she is going to do her work honestly and conscientiously. These are her intentions, but without a little cooperation from

you there is sure to be an unsatisfactory ending.

When she becomes acquainted with her class and knows each individual by name she seems more gracious and even jokes a little. The pupils take this informality as a cue for rowdiness, and she tries to ignore it, until she realizes that that won't work. If she wants to keep her respectability and position as head of the class she must show them who's boss. More often than she wishes, she must punish the offender, and so she becomes severe and seldom smiling. Whose fault is it? Certainly not her own. The boys and girls have shown her that that is the only way they'll accept her.

Not only the pupils but the parents as well are sometimes a problem. Some parents expect the teacher to be an all perfect source of knowledge, etiquette, and virtue. They think it is up to her to teach their children all these things, whereas the teacher expects the pupils to enter the classroom with a few manners.

"Teachers have a pretty easy life," is another familiar theme connected with academic life. "All they do is sit and talk and pass out the most awful homework." Unbelievable as it may seem, teachers have homework too. They certainly don't have any time during the day to correct your papers, so it must be done at home. Their work for the term must be planned, and a countless number of other duties fulfilled.

Yes, teachers are what you make them, so take a good look at the one you think makes life unbearable. Remember that she, too, has troubles. Once you really get to know your teacher, you'll realize all the good she has done and what a wonderful person she is.

Patricia Supple '51

Buy Christmas Seals



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FOES WITHIN OUR BORDERS

AMERICA has been conquered by the idea of Communism. Such, in effect, is the thought-provoking theory presented by Mr. Archibald MacLeish, newly-appointed Boylston Professor at Harvard University, in the August *Atlantic Monthly*. In our anxiety to avert the Communist menace to Western democracy, we have adopted, according to the eminent poet and former Librarian of Congress, a completely negative attitude toward the doctrines disseminated by the Kremlin in Moscow and injected by its agents all over the world into the bloodstream of democratic life and thought. Combating Communism by every means in our power—loyalty checks, for instance, "witch-hunts" in schools and colleges, oaths for government officials and teachers — has become our greatest preoccupation, our most absorbing concern. Yet we have miserably failed in the discharging of what should be our most important duty, not only to other nations but to ourselves — the positive and courageous reaffirmation of our faith in the democratic way of life, of our confidence that it can win the battle of ideologies over totalitarian systems, of our willingness to prove our faith and confidence by concrete action.

Disturbing testimony as to the truth of Mr. MacLeish's assertions was furnished recently when Mr. Paul Robeson, an actor and singer of some distinction, announced his intentions of giving an open-air concert in Peekskill, New York. The fact that Mr. Robeson has long been identified with the Communists was sufficient to rouse the patriotic ire of certain war veterans in the area; the fact that Mr. Robeson is a Negro was enough to rally a large band of Communists to "protect" the noted baritone from racial demonstrations. As was to be expected, Communists and veterans clashed, with a disgraceful and uncalled-for show of violence to the concertgoers, their automobiles, the state police, and each other. As one magazine aptly put it, the only peaceful voice heard in the uproar was that of the singer himself.

It is devoutly to be hoped that patriotic Americans like those benighted veterans can learn their lesson after a minimum of such riots. A recognized feature of Communist policy the world over has been the utilization of "martyrdom" to serve party ends. The Peekskill veterans, however unwittingly, made Paul Robeson a martyr when they took open action against his Communism. His Marxist supporters, seizing their opportunity, proclaimed to all the world that these Americans, by picketing a Negro's recital, were violating one of their most cherished American principles, that of racial equality. Needless and shameful violence resulted, putting the veterans in the worst

possible light, and providing another hero to add to the swelling ranks of martyrs to the Kremlin's cause, for Paul Robeson's story will be held up the world over as a sterling example of the race prejudice and minority intolerance of a bourgeois capitalistic nation. One might well point out that no one considered Mr. Robeson's perfect right to present a concert *as an artist*, and to be heard as such, regardless of his political sympathies or affiliations.

Americans who prize democracy as their precious, most national heritage should realize that, when it is faced in the "free market-place of ideas" by totalitarianism, it can triumph in the end by its own cogent appeal to the thinking man. As Archibald MacLeish points out, they need have no fear for its survival; they need resort to no hysterical demonstrations against its enemies, demonstrations which plainly show ignorance of enemy tactics and confused thinking on the basic issues involved. Until they realize that another "Peekskill incident" will be exactly what the Kremlin ordered, such Americans are not only foes within our physical borders, but also far more deadly, unrecognized foes crusading under the banner of misguided patriotism.

Anne Dyer Murphy '50

DRILL TEAM

ACOLORFUL addition to the football game has been the Girls' Drill Team.

In their natty uniforms and gaily waving plumes, the Drill Team has enlivened the football field between the halves, by its precision in squad marching and in forming the school letter "C" and the letter of the opposing team.

Many girls of the Senior Class have participated along with the juniors and sophomores in this activity. The swinging rhythm of their measured pace as they form their accurate patterns has been a delight to behold.

Much of the credit for the Drill Team's success goes to Betty Boudreau, who has led the team with spirit and confidence.

The Drill Team reflects credit on every girl who has participated this year. It has certainly brought pleasure to those who watched the drills from the stands.

Odile Mailhiot '50



ON DANCING

DSYCHE might have enjoyed living in the twentieth century, but I am sure Terpsichore would not. Psyche was young, beautiful and adventuresome and would find it great sport to shock her relatives by dancing with a modern college boy. Terpsichore, however, in one glance at a modern dance floor might feel that she was indeed the Goddess of a lost art. The dance originated with a desire to express feelings or to tell a story, and is described as a rhythmical or patterned succession of steps, often set to music.

The dance today is a culmination of the best styles from many cultures. The immortal Viennese waltz made famous by the lilting compositions of Strauss is still enjoyed by people everywhere. From the Scandinavian countries comes the colorful folk dance, the polka, danced and beloved by young and old. Our Latin American neighbors gave us the gay, pulsating samba and rumba. From the Spanish comes the tango, with its slow, graceful movement, and sustained rhythm. Then there is that strictly American dance, which, for the lack of a better name, we have dubbed "jitterbug." There are those unfeeling souls who claim that the jitterbug must have come from the Indian war dances. It is my idea, however, that, in the first place, the dance is a natural outgrowth of the Charleston and Castle Walk, which stormed the country at the beginning of this century. Secondly, I believe it is a dance wholly in keeping with modern life, rushing and tumbling onward in furious fashion. In contrast, is the stately minuet danced by the bejeweled ladies and pompous gentlemen of the old world centuries ago. The minuet was characteristic of their age, quiet, slow-moving, and reserved. Although it is a widespread opinion that dancing has suffered considerably through the years I still contend that its original purpose has not been lost. On the contrary, it is often possible to discover the personalities of dancers by watching their style. Ever if the ancient Greek goddess was amazed, on closer observation, she could hardly deny that dancing is still a manner of expressing oneself as well as a revelation of personal traits.

There are three outstanding classifications. For the sake of illustration, let us imagine ourselves seated around the edge of a crowded dance floor. From the orchestra comes the bewitching syncopated melody of a rumba. In the limelight is the boy dancing with his heart and soul, because he is able to feel every bit of music. It matters not that he knows only a few steps, for it is the grace, ease, and individuality of his style which impress us. Although he may not be brilliant, his life must be full of beauty and appreciation

of the artistic. It is not difficult to pick out the scholar among the dancers. He is erect, his motions precise, his steps accurate. He usually knows hoards of combinations, but somehow there is no pleasure in watching him, since one step appears to be exactly like the rest. He is motivated by a desire to dance correctly and excel, whereas the good dancer is interested only in the pleasure he derives from making his motions and the music synchronize. Last of all is the little fellow who plods along at his own rate, regardless of the music. The extent of his knowledge is a fox trot and he uses it at all times, whether the orchestra plays a rumba, a polka, or a waltz. His life is steady and slow-moving; it was probably difficult to persuade him to dance in the first place.

The Terpsichorean Art may have digressed a bit since it originated, but as long as there is a world to live in, and people to "delight in the dance," it will not vanish. It is my conjecture that the goddess is beyond doubt secretly pleased with the mere fact that the art which was her specialty has survived through all the ages.

Adrianne Knight '50

THE FIVE O'CLOCK SUBWAY RUSH HOUR

UNDoubtedly, in our short but valuable lives, a few unpleasant shocks have managed to slip by our guard, and leave a series of meditations on the civilization of mankind. But, beyond the shadow of a doubt, one of the more severe shocks sustained by humans takes place every day in the five o'clock subway rush hour.

With a crash and a bang that shakes the train, the savages thereon, and the cowering mortals awaiting the onslaught without, the motorman brings the first car to a stop, flings open the doors, and emits a varied collection of morons, villains, savages and numerous other rascals.

Naturally, the first one out is the lady who went in town "just to look," but came back with enough packages to daunt a fair-sized horse. Running true to form, she usually drops her bundles in the doorway and creates quite a diversion with people running hither and yon, bumping into each other, and snarling ungracefully. To add to the rapidly growing confusion, those people who are in a great hurry to go nowhere decide that they are late, and by means of elbows, toes, and other extraneous parts, they push and shove their way to the foreground to be caught up in a swirl of passengers and parcels.

Somehow, just at the most exasperating moment, when it seems as if the last straw has arrived, the group of four or five wild Indians,

more commonly known as small boys, dashes through the crowd like quarterbacks at a football game, tossing people left and right, and, emitting wild shrieks, swings around the gate and dashes out the door.

Miraculously, by this time, the parcels have been returned to their simpering owners; the crowds straightened out on their various journeys, and the station rests in a desolate, deserted silence, awaiting the next train.

Elsbeth Edge '51

FALLACIES ABOUT WOMEN

THERE is an old adage, often quoted, which says a woman's work is never done. This is absurd. It is an idea probably thought up by some poor, henpecked husband, whose wife had finally convinced him that she, poor soul, was terribly overworked. The most obvious contradiction to this statement is that women sleep. When a day's work is done, they go to bed. They say that women have to carry the work from one day to the next. So do men! They have to go to work every day. The bitter complaints that women have to do the dishes or catch up on the ironing while Mr. Husband reads the paper are unjustified. The ironing could have been done during the time wasted by talking to the woman next door, and dishes are a part of a housewife's job. Career girls definitely have certain working hours just like the men. After fighting, as women have fought for equality, it is foolish to fall back on so trite a statement as this.

Another absurd idea is that women in particular are fickle. They are said to change their minds about anything from tonight's dessert, to the major religious or political question of the day. Why? Women don't change their minds any more frequently, or with greater consistency, than men. I doubt that anyone could really prove that they do. Since fickleness is a quality attributed to girls who can't decide which of their suitors to accept, the idea was probably introduced by some conceited male who had been sure he was the favored one, and suddenly found himself supplanted by another.

A notion people, especially authors seem to have about women is that they can be comforted in any trouble by the purchase of a new hat. This is a completely inexplicable idea. How can a hat help one's feelings?

It is true that many women do buy some kind of smart accessory to lift them out of the doldrums; but they do this because the accessories

give them a well-dressed, chic feeling which every woman loves. And yet why pick on hats? Shoes or gloves or jewelry would do the trick just as well. If every woman bought a hat whenever she felt depressed, the millinery industry would be a gold-mine.

Women are not strange creatures with deep, dark secrets and superstitions. They have been given added qualities by writers of fiction perhaps, who needed something to freshen up a character. Most of such qualities have given rise to these fallacies about women — fallacies which are sometimes accepted by the women themselves!

Irene Kulsa '50

MY HOBBY

THE first time I came in physical contact with my hobby was at the ripe old age of four. I had watched my mother knitting, and being of an inquisitive nature, I had to be shown how to knit. Now I believe that my mother gave me needles and yarn in order to keep me busy and away from her work. My first efforts consisted of transferring the stitches from one needle to the other, but I insisted that I was knitting. My mother bought me an instruction book, for the large amount of ten cents which in a series of simplified pictures showed the steps necessary for knitting and purling. That small book is still in my possession and is the most dog-eared of all my knitting books.

Knitting has taken care of all my idle moments, and it is still a source of fascination and pleasure to me. It has also acted as a boomerang for I have to unravel many of the knitting mistakes of my friends and there is always the friend or neighbor who wishes me to knit something for her.

All of my extra change is spent on knitting equipment and books. Part of these expenses are now being balanced, for I have many orders for sox, sweaters, mittens, etc.

Knitting has been a source of much pleasure and relaxation for me, but my mother is slightly annoyed with herself for teaching me. She says that she is tired of seeing me with a knitting bag on my arm.

Judith Hargrove '50



EDITORIALS

THERE are a good many years in one twelve-month period — a calendar year, a fiscal year, church years, the theatrical season. The beginning of any one of these is always a time for looking backward, for taking stock of what has gone before, for making resolutions for what is to come. As the most important year in our own lives is the school year, it may not be amiss, while the current session is still young, to indulge in a little self-critical retrospection and to form a few resolutions.

Not many weeks ago several classes and an assembly were privileged to see parts of the M.G.M. film version of *Romeo and Juliet*. A noteworthy cast of outstanding actors, among them Leslie Howard, John Barrymore, Basil Rathbone, Edna Mae Oliver, and Norma Shearer, gave its interpretation of the story of the feuding Montagues and Capulets, whose hatred doomed their own children's love affair to tragedy. Like all Shakespeare's work, it is best appreciated by mature and thoughtful minds, and the majority of students at that assembly undoubtedly were able to get the most from the showing. There was, however, a minority, disgustingly conspicuous by its coarse vocal display, which obviously was unable not only to appreciate the film, but also to be courteous enough to let other people enjoy it.

Why should a love scene, set to Shakespeare's matchless word-music and enhanced by Leslie Howard's lyrical playing, provoke howls of unruly laughter? Why should Miss Shearer's reading of the famous "Wherefor art thou Romeo?" speech be the signal for derisive hoots of ignorant scorn? The intellectual maturity of the people who do such things must be pitifully low, their good manners must be non-existent.

Not long before this assembly took place, a torrential rain-storm, descending with drenching force precisely at 1:45, forced many habitual walkers to take to the chartered buses on Broadway for cover. Most of them must have wondered if it would not have been safer, rain notwithstanding, to splash through the puddles after all. As one joined the group waiting near the corner for the approach of the first bus, he sensed right away that it would be a waste of time to *walk* up its steps. As the bus pulled up, this sense grew into certainty, since the crowd surged forward with such a terrific impetus that anyone in the middle need not have moved a muscle; he was borne ever onward by pressure from all sides until, to his own amazement, he found himself handing the driver his pupil's ticket.

It is superfluous to point out that such frantic pushing and surging, accompanied, we may add, by near-hysterical screaming, was worse than unnecessary. If the crowd had lined itself up in orderly fashion and had filed quietly into the bus, that vehicle could have set off much sooner and with far fewer shattered nerves for all concerned. Besides, the question of good manners is again raised: it would have been far more courteous to students, bus-drivers, and innocent passers-by alike to consider boarding a bus a matter of everyday consequence, not an occasion for unlimited display of athletic and vocal prowess. And it would do no harm to bear in mind, at the regular stops throughout the city, that courtesy requires well-mannered young people to let older persons board trolleys and buses first, not to jostle them rudely aside and to sprint, a la Charlie Justice, for the coveted touchdown represented by the back seat.

We of the C. H. L. S. student body have always had a reputation for being polite, quiet, and dignified when we come together in groups, just as every one of us should be similarly well-mannered when he or she is alone. Let us realize now, at the beginning of a new year, that such demonstrations as these two are of interest only to scholars studying mob psychology, or even child psychology, and have no place in our school life. We are too close to adulthood to countenance them.

A. D. M.

FIRST EDITORS' PARTY

A DIVERSIFIED and highly interesting program highlighted the first Boston Globe High School Editors' Party of 1949-50, as some 400 young journalists from all over the metropolitan area gathered in the beautiful crimson-decorated ballroom of the Copley Plaza on October 4th. On hand as usual to greet the student reporters, eight of whom represented your REVIEW, was Mr. John I. Taylor, Public Relations Manager of the Globe. As well as acting as master of ceremonies, Mr. Taylor kindly answered a host of questions from his large audience on every aspect of writing, printing, and circulating a good high-school publication. His was also the pleasant task of introducing the day's honored guests.

The first of these was a man whose name and work must be familiar to all *Globe* readers: James Metcalfe, the author of *Portraits*, a series of short poems appearing daily in newspapers all over the country. Mr. Metcalfe, a dapper, soft-spoken man with a pleasant smile and a black mustache, has a background which could hardly be called

poetic. Trained as a lawyer, he worked as a journalist and as an official in the Department of Agriculture, and then, as an F.B.I. man, he helped to capture two no less notorious criminals than John Dillinger and Baby-Face Nelson! Having first turned his hand to writing poetry in his youth, however, he at last decided to make it his full-time job. His success with the medium has been so great that his verses are syndicated daily in 100 American newspapers.

The catholic range of his subject matter is indicated by a glance at the index of the booklet of *Portraits* presented to each editor, an index listing verses on love, home, life, occupations, business, friendship, prayer, sports, and miscellaneous topics. In his very amusing talk, Mr. Metcalfe told us that his two teen-age boys and his little daughter give him ideas for his "home" poems, and that his lovely wife provides the inspiration for his more romantic works. Indeed, so strongly has she oftentimes moved him that many of his readers, after perusing his latest poem, have set him up as a male Dorothy Dix, and have written urgently to him with their problems of the heart! On the other hand, a different group of readers takes strong exception to the ideas expressed in his lines, and have penned angry letters in which they accuse him of making their wives (or husbands) discontented, because he seems to be a much better husband than they are, or to have a far more devoted wife than theirs. Mr. Metcalfe takes all this in good-natured stride, however, and continues to make rhymes that he knows will please a great majority of his reading audience.

The second guest of the day was another well-known figure, this time from the entertainment world, Mr. James Melton, leading tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company and featured performer on the *Harvest of Stars* program. Watching him stride into the ballroom and up to the stage amid the enthusiastic applause of the editors, one could not help but contrast his appearance and personality with the acknowledged popular conception of an operatic tenor of, say, thirty years ago. Then, in the so-called "Golden Age" of opera, the heyday of Caruso, the de Reszkes, Lilli Lehmann, and Patti, people thought of a reigning star in the lyric firmament as a precious and peculiar individual who breathes the rarified atmosphere of Art, and rarely descended to the terrestrial regions, and never bothered his noble head about mundane matters. There was also a conception current that such a luminary was wildly temperamental and at least a little fat. No one could be farther from exemplifying such ideas than Mr. Melton. He is a tall, husky man, with

dark good looks and an ingratiating manner, who occupies his spare time with his large collection of old cars! He by no means confines his repertoire to classical works, but sings popular and semi-classical songs in the vernacular, songs like *The Surrey with the Fringe on Top*, which he performed for us. He also introduced Miss Lillian Murphy, the attractive young lady who appears with him on the *Harvest of Stars*, program, and, after she had sung Romberg's *Romance* in a very beautiful soprano, he joined his voice with hers in that perennial favorite among duets, *Will You Remember?* We all wished that both singers could have stayed longer, but Mr. Melton was scheduled to appear in Worcester the following day, they had to leave after their last song.

The *Globe* will hold three more such parties during the remainder of the school year. It is performing a very great service to the aspiring newspaper men and women of tomorrow, who are enabled under its auspices to meet and talk with outstanding contemporary personalities in all fields of endeavor, and to receive professional guidance in the many problems that arise in the course of publishing a school paper or magazine.

Anne Dyer Murphy '50

GREETINGS TO THE FRESHMEN!

THIS school, pupils and teachers, welcome the Freshmen, the class of 1953! As Freshmen, or the class of 1953, you are on the ninth step of the "twelve-step-ladder" which completes for many of you your formal education.

To reach the twelfth step it is necessary to complete certain requirements and among these requirement is a good beginning in the Freshman year.

In some grocery stores there are signs that are worded in this manner, "If you don't see what you want, ask for it." In the same way, if you are in doubt and feel somewhat lost and alone in this large building, step into Miss Russell's office which is near the Nurse's office, or into Mr. Sheehan's office, opposite Room 127, and state your problem.

Don't be afraid!

If your problem is one about homework, report it to your subject teacher at 8:15; if it is one about lockers, lunch periods and similar questions ask your home room teacher. Listen carefully to the daily bulletins; if possible become interested in the school clubs; in general, become a part of the school!

It's a sign of intelligence to ask questions.

May your attendance in the Freshman Year be blessed with good marks and many friends!

John J. Sheehan, *Assistant Headmaster*

May We Present —

THE SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS



WILLIAM HUDSON

THE senior class of 1950 chose for its president, this year, Bill Hudson, and a finer choice couldn't have been made. Bill, who has a slow, friendly smile for everyone, has been with us for two and one half years, during which time he has shown himself fully capable of taking over the many responsibilities entrusted to the president of our class.

Born in Arkansas seventeen years ago, where he lived until nine years old, Bill traveled a bit, while in his early teens, first to Louisiana, then to Texas and then back to Louisiana. He came up to Cambridge during his Sophomore year and has been with us at Latin ever since.

Athletics are Bill's main interest and, of course, football ranks first, with baseball, basketball, and track following not too far behind. The results of the 1949 football games are certainly a credit to Bill, as co-captain of the team, his fellow captain, Tom Versella, and the rest of the squad.

School subjects we pass over lightly, mentioning only a slight preference for Math.

Bill's only hobby, of course, connected with his main interest — sports, is in collecting newspaper articles and pictures about different sports teams throughout the country.

Next year, he hopes to get a chance to enter a college on an athletic scholarship but if this does not work out, Bill will probably go to work and "head south."

Bill's ideal girl must first of all enjoy sports. She must also be a good talker and other than that, there are no specific requirements.

As for the election, Bill was quite modest about the results and only hopes to prove himself worthy of this important job. There is little cause for worry on that part, however, and all I can say is "The best of luck, Bill! We're all right behind you to make the class of 1950 tops in scholastic, athletic, and social events."

A. W.



JOHN GEOVANIS

WHEN John Geovanis was chosen senior Vice-President, there was not a disappointed person among his classmates. Not even his opponents could hold any hard feeling toward "Geo" who they were sure had earned and deserved this honor. Spirit such as this sums up the regard of the class of 1950 for its new second in command; so we'll get to the more important matter of this interview.

John was born in the little "mining town" of Boston nineteen years ago, but the magnetic force of the fair city of Cambridge soon drew him through its doorway. Ahem! After completing his studies at the Wellington School, John entered Latin where he has been active in social functions, school affairs, as well as sports. Upon graduation, he plans to attend B.U. or B.C. School of Business Administration, but what will come after that, John has not decided.

John says he prefers to be called "Geo," but anything will do as long as he's not called late for breakfast. As for his ideal girl, there are absolutely no qualifications other than good looks, personality, and additional features. Applicants be sure to read the fine print before applying. In closing "Geo" says he rates this year's senior class with the best, because to put it in his words, "It's an all-round bunch of good kids."

Let me say that "Geo" is one of the bunch.

D. L.



JUNE BURGESS

WHEN the Class of 1950 elected June Burgess as Secretary-Treasurer for its senior year, it chose not only a capable officer, but an extraordinarily pretty one as well. Slim, graceful June has beautiful pink-and-white skin; clear blue eyes, and a wealth of wavy golden hair that could adorn the head of a fairy princess. All her friends will tell you, however, that June is very modest about her good looks and her many talents.

She was born in Cambridge nearly seventeen years ago, and attended the Morse and the Agassiz Schools. Here at Latin, sports activities have often claimed her interest; she plays volley ball and tennis, and marches on the Drill Team. Hardly a soul who has been at C.H.L.S. for any length of time, however, has not heard and admired her piano playing. Now in her ninth year of musical study, she likes pieces from both the classical and the popular-repertoires, her current favorite in the latter category being "Lucky Old Sun." The difficult art of on-the-spot improvisation is one of June's pianistic strong points. Understandably, she belongs to the Glee Club, and is pianist at her church.

After graduation, June is headed for Eastern Nazarene College, where she plans to major in music; she hasn't as yet decided what comes after that. If her ideal man happens along the way, though, she'll recognize him as a tall, dark lad with deep blue eyes and a pleasant disposition. He couldn't be too good for June!

A. D. M.

PROM COMMITTEE

MARY WILLIAMS is one of the five who will strive to make the 1950 Senior Prom a success. Born in Cambridge, July 21, 1932, she is now seventeen years of age. She stands five feet seven inches high, has long light brown hair, a dimpling smile and lovely, big brown eyes. In school Mary acts as a REVIEW agent for her home-room 315; she is also a member of the C.A.A. and the G.A.A. Her favorite subject is shorthand. Outside of school she works on the stationery counter at a well known store in Harvard square. Busy as she is, she finds time to do some bowling, dancing, and movie going. She loves football, baseball, Vaughn Monroe and chicken! At the suggestion of her ideal man, Mary gazed dreamily off into space and said that he would be about six feet one inch in height with dark hair and eyes, good-looking, athletic, a little quiet and humorous. Hope she finds her man!

R. C.

ELENOR DeCARLO

CONGRATULATIONS to Elenor DeCarlo for being voted on our prom committee!! Elenor is a girl who will certainly go far with her winning smile and lively personality. She is five feet two inches tall and has dark brown hair and eyes. Elenor tells me her favorite sport is basketball. I'll believe her because she has been an outstanding player on our school basketball team for three years. Roller skating, dancing, and horseback riding are also favorite sports of popular Miss DeCarlo. Elenor was born in Cambridge and has lived here all her life except for her summer trips to Connecticut. Believe it or not, Elenor likes school and her favorite subject is typing. Vaughn Monroe is her favorite singer, *Maybe it's because*, her dreamy song and *Stop The Music*, her favorite program on television because its star is Betty Ann Grove from Cambridge. Elenor's dream man is about what every girl would like a glance of. He should be tall, dark, and athletic with a good sense of humor.

B. W.

CONNIE GROGAN

PRETTY, blonde Connie Grogan, one of the able members of the Reception Committee of the Senior class, besides being interested in hockey, is also an ardent football enthusiast and is one of our school's staunchest supporters. Connie, a graduate of Blessed Sacrament School, hopes to go to business school next year and thence to become a secretary later. One of her favorite sports is baseball, the Red Sox being her top team. When asked what subject she liked the most she said that she liked them all equally. For Connie, whose winning smile and pleasing personality have gained for her many friends at C.H.L.S., the movies and dancing are favorite pastimes. Also she added with a chuckle that "Blondie" is her favorite comic-strip. As for her ideal man, she said that he must be tall, dark, well-groomed, and have a nice personality. I know you will all agree that Connie is a fine representative of the Class of '50.

M. J. N. '50

JUNE DIODATI

ONLY five feet one and a half inches tall, June Diodati is a vivacious young lady with big brown eyes and dark brown hair. She was born in Boston, attended Morse Grammar School, and has lived all of her seventeen years in Cam-

bridge. In the commercial course, June is taking five subjects, and likes all five equally well. Her list of outside activities includes membership in the C.A.A., cheerleading, and marching for the Blessed Sacrament drill team. June likes to watch football games and loves to play softball. In the way of movies, musicals and Dana Andrews suit her fancy. She enjoys reading books that make her laugh and especially liked "Cheaper By The Dozen." June's ideal man must be about five feet eight and whether he is handsome or not, he must have a nice personality and a good disposition. She would like him to be blonde, intelligent, and of course to have the same interests she has. Another of her outside activities is a knitting club which she and her friends organized. She added on second thought that a knitting club might sound "old maidish." But June is so energetic and vibrant that none of her interests could ever have that quality. The seniors are fortunate indeed to have on their prom committee a person so entirely equal to the position.

A. K.

COLETTE MAILHIOT

COLETTE MAILHIOT is a senior, vivacious and attractive. She has lived in Cambridge all her life and is quite fond of the University City. As I understand it, her favorite subject is shorthand, and she plans to go on to a Secretarial school after graduation.

Aside from the more gruelling points of school life, Colette is an active participant in sports. She is a member of the Tennis Club, and she plays volley-ball, but horseback riding is really her favorite.

Rating high in popularity among her school-mates, she was elected to the Reception Committee this year and to the Junior Prom Committee last year. Her qualifications for anyone wishing to fill the office of ideal man are few. He must be tall, but not necessarily handsome. As long as he has a good personality and is full of fun he can win Colette's favor.

In conclusion, all that can be said is that Colette gives the impression of a conscientious student as well as of a socially busy one.

P. S.



ON AUTUMN

I BELIEVE I shall always look forward to autumn above all other seasons of the year. The bubbling enthusiasm of a football game, the pleasure in taking long walks on Sundays, and the warm satisfaction derived from going on all-day bicycle trips on Saturday afternoons made me choose this time of the year. September is the best month because the brilliant colors of fall combine with the warmth of summer to make it the most beautiful. The bright sun shining so warmly over the golden-red foliage outlined against the pale blue sky of a September morning and the brisk, cold air of a fall afternoon are typical of a perfect autumnal day.

At a football game, the sharp wind creates the spark which enkindles the cheering fans to rise, simultaneously shouting wildly and excitedly when a touchdown has been scored. The stimulating briskness of the air makes the bubble of enthusiasm grow larger until it finally bursts forth into a great cheer inciting the team to victory. Afterwards while thoroughly enjoying a cup of hot chocolate, we all discuss every spectacular play of the game and proudly praise the performance of the captain and his team.

The suggestion of a long ride into the country to pick apples is always heartily welcomed by us all. Scuffing the leaves as we walk along, we sink our teeth into the juicy succulence of a rosy apple. An apple tastes best when it has just been picked and eaten right in the orchard (even in the tree, if you like.)

A brisk walk with a friend in the afternoon cannot be overlooked since it is a favorite autumn pastime. We busily discuss the events of the past week and our plans for the new while curiously watching the frost escape from our lips. Then as a mutual silence exists between us we absorb the breathtaking beauty of a front lawn carpeted with leaves of burnished copper and the sun-tinted loveliness of overhanging trees. All this means autumn to me.

Mary Jane Noonan '50

WHEN I READ FOR PLEASURE

BOREDOM is not only a monotonous state, but it is a useless, unprofitable one. Why do so many of us commit ourselves to it when there is much that we can do to avoid it? Whenever I feel the slightest twinge of boredom, whether from sheer loneliness or from lack of a provocative occupation, I begin to search my bookshelves for the friendly companionship I know will be afforded me.

At times like this, I do not care to read the

biography of some eminent statesman; I am not interested in learning of the marvels of the advancement of modern science; informative essays hold no allure for me; I certainly do not scan those shelves for dry facts on education and erudition. Rather, the age-old classics, many times read and re-read, appeal to me.

Although I first read Miss Alcott's *Little Women* when I was eight years old, it holds now the same fascinating charm for me as it did then. From the time I was old enough to understand and love books, I had heard brief references to *The Prince and the Pauper* by Clemens, but I was thirteen before I saw the dear, blue binding of that much-coveted book. The bewilderment of the Prince of Wales and poor Tom's amazement at the materialization of his life-long dream are quite as realistic and touching now as they were three years ago. Alice's jerky journey down the rabbit hole, innocent Polly's old-fashioned customs, Rosemary's fiery temper, and Toby Tyler's longing for his home, his uncle, and his venerated monkey spring miraculously to life and parade their still enthralling charms before my eyes.

Deep pleasure, then, may be obtained from any once cherished, now temporarily discarded volume. Boredom, spirited away, will be replaced by an enduring state of comfort, relaxation, and pure content.

Hazel V. Bright '50

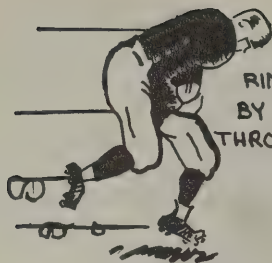
CHESS CLUB NOTES

AFTER three weeks of tournament competition, the C.H.L.S. Chess Club with 19 wins is lodged in second place in the Greater Boston Interscholastic Chess League. Our nine man (and one woman) team, having swamped Roxbury Memorial and Boston English on successive Fridays, ran into tough opposition at Brookline, and was soundly trounced. Up to now Boston Latin has outclassed its opponents and is heading the six-team league in number of wins.

This year's officers include Jack Oster, President; Frank Bequaert, Vice-President; Francis Duehay, Secretary; and Louise Welsh, Treasurer. Norman Kaufman of this school was elected President of the Interscholastic Chess League at a meeting on October 19th.

Although not having an advisor limits its activities, the club offers relaxation and enjoyment for beginners as well as for advanced players. Anyone who is interested in learning the fascinating game will be instructed, and new members are welcome to join on any Friday afternoon in the Classical Library.

Francis Duehay, Secretary

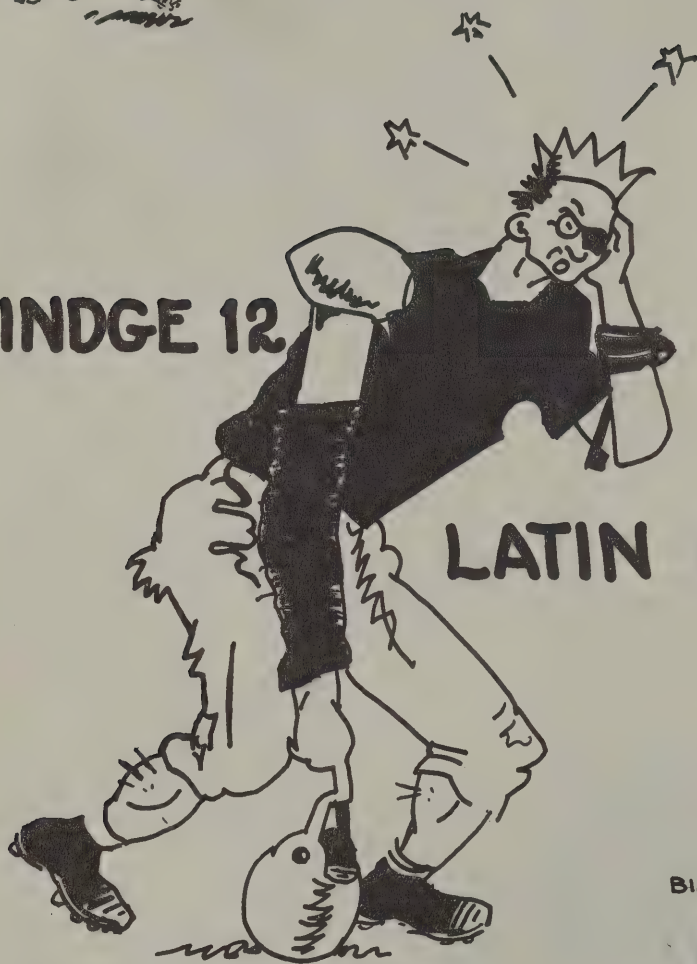


RINDGE'S FIRST T.D.
BY HALEY WENT
THROUGH THE LINE

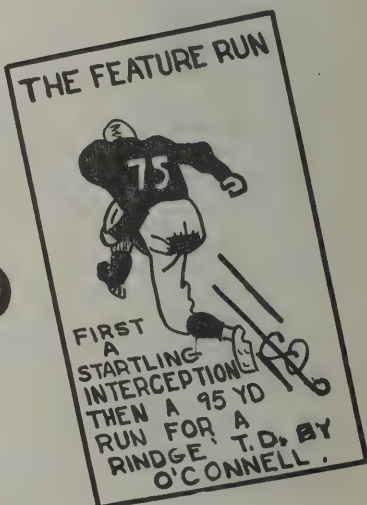


THE RINDGE UNIFORMS
WERE BRIGHT BUT THEY
DID NOT OUTSHINE LATIN'S
FIGHTING SPIRIT.

RINDGE 12



LATIN 0



THE FEATURE RUN
FIRST
A
STARTLING
INTERCEPTION
THEN A 95 YD
RUN FOR A
RINDGE T.D. BY
O'CONNELL.

OUR CO-CAPTAINS

BILL HUDSON

TOM VERSELLA



PLAYED THEIR USUAL
NEVER-SAY-DIE GAME.

ALLEZ OOP



DICK HENNESSY'S
PRESENCE WAS
SORELY MISSED
WHEN THEY
WERE PERCHED
ON THE RINDGE
DOORSTEP

THIS SPACE IS RESERVED
FOR ALL THOSE WHO HAD
A PART IN MAKING THIS
GAME A GREAT SUCCESS

— DON WYMAN

SPORTS

FOOTBALL

COACH John "Tweet" Reardon said that this was his best football squad since coming to C.H.L.S. His words have proved more than right for the Cantabs have been enjoying their best season in years. After beating St. Sebastian the boys lost to Braintree and Rindge but then their attack began to click and they now are sporting a four game win streak. Here are some of the boys who start: at the ends Co-Captain Bill "Rebel" Hudson and Gene Palaro, at tackles Ray Foley and Al Kenklys, at guard Co-Captain Tom Versella and Bob Morrissey, at center Dick Igo, in the backfield George McCarren, Charlie Gaudette, Dick Hennessey, Jack Murphy, Ray Nicolletta, Bob Russian and Austin Jordan. Below is a list of the 1949 football team and the schedule.

Centers

26 Igo, Richard 38 Staffieri, Daniel

Guards

20 Haley, John 32 Morrissey, Robert
23 White, William 36 Saideh, William
30 Cintrella, Fred 37 Versella, Thomas
43 Hadley, Kenneth

Tackles

16 Foley, Richard 31 LoPresti, Theodore
21 Dawson, Robert 34 Kendall, Robert
25 Kirklys, Albert 40 Dinunzio, Samuel

Ends

11 Scully, Charles 35 Palaro, Gene
12 Roussopoulous, Constantine
14 Corr, George 41 Healey, James
24 Hudson, William Coleman, John
27 Egan, Rogert Linnehan, Donald

Backs

10 Kirk, Kevin 28 Gaudette, Charles
13 Hennessey, Richard 39 Daley, James
17 Jordan, Austin 42 Rigazzio, Donald
18 Nicolletta, Ray 44 Murphy, John
19 Boudreau, George 45 Russian, Robert
22 McCarren, George 66 Hennessey, Edward
Hogan, William

Coach

John J. Reardon

Co-Captains

Thomas Versella	William Hudson
Faculty Manager	Student Managers
William M. Fraser	Harold Goldstein
	Patrick Allosso

C. H. L. S. 26

St. Sebastian 0

A hustling Cantab outfit chalked up its first win of the 1949 campaign against St. Sebastians at Russell Field before 2,000 spectators.

Six plays after the opening kick off, the Latinites hit paydirt. Right end Bill Hudson grabbed a 30 yard pass from Charlie Gaudette and sprinted 12 yards for the first touchdown. Latin took possession on the St. Sebastian 40 when Bob Morrissey blocked a St. Sebastian punt. Ray Niccoletta then set up the touchdown by driving to the 18 yard line for a first down. Gaudette then scored from the 6 yard line after making five previous attempts. In the second period Bill Hudson scored when he recovered a bad St. Sebastian pass from centre which had rolled in the end zone. After stopping a St. Sebastian scoring threat on their own 15, the Cantabs marched 88 yards to a fourth touchdown which ended the scoring. George (the toe) McCarren made two out of the four conversions.

Braintree 14

C. H. L. S. 7

Latin received the first loss of the young season at the hands of a smooth operating Braintree High team. The low scoring duel was witnessed by 1500 fans at Russell Field. Vin Picardi and Stan Mills sparked the Braintree attack. The visitors broke the ice in the first period when Picardi scored on a twenty yard run. Mills widened the gap in the second period when he scored the second Braintree touchdown on a five yard sprint. Latin held Braintree scoreless in the third quarter and began to roll in the fourth period. Jim Daley scored Latin's only touchdown on a two yard plunge which came after Latin had driven 50 yards. McCarren converted.

Rindge 12**C. H. L. S. 0**

Latin suffered its second setback of the season at the hands of a good Rindge Tech. team. Six thousand frantic fans watched the 49th contest between the two schools. The first Rindge touchdown was set up in the opening period when Ed Fratto raced 25 yards to the Latin 19. Five plays later, Larry Haley smashed over. Latin began to move in the second period and broke through Rindge's line for a first down on the Technician's 15. Charlie Gaudette threw a pass toward the right side of the end zone hoping that a Latin man would grab it for the score. However, Rindge's Bill O'Connell intercepted on the five and raced 95 yards down the right side line for the final score. Latin threatened in the last quarter but it was too late.

Cambridge 12**Belmont 6**

Led by Charlie Gaudette, the Cantabs returned to the victory trail by downing a lion-hearted Belmont team. In the first period, a Gaudette to Hudson aerial was good for 35 yards to the Belmont 1. Gaudette plunged over on the next play. Belmont tied the score in the third period when Fitch scored on an end run from nine yards out. A sustained Latin drive in the fourth period was halted on the Belmont one foot line but the Cantabs were not to be denied. Gaudette and Nicolletta ran the ball on successive plays with Gaudette finally going 20 yards for the score. With a minute to play, Saidel recovered a Belmont fumble at end-field to put the game on ice.

Cambridge 7**Revere 0**

Latin's warriors dusted off the statue of liberty play to catch Revere by surprise and gain their third victory. In the second period, Jimmy Daley handed the ball to Dick Hennessey who raced 51 yards to paydirt. McCarren converted. The Cantabs displayed a fine defensive team which continually halted Revere's scoring threats.

Cambridge Latin 13**Stoneham 0**

The Latinites snapped out of a trance in the second half to score two touchdowns and secure their fourth victory of the year. In the third period, Jim Daley ran 50 yards to the Stoneham fourteen. Latin's offense was stopped on the five but Co-Captain Tommy Versella stole the ball and Charlie Gaudette scored on the next play. George McCarren then converted to make it 7 to 0. In the fourth quarter, Versella recovered a fumble on the Stoneham 40 and Daley followed with a 30 yard dash. Gaudette then made it 13 to 0 on a plunge through tackle. The game ended with Latin on the march again.

Cambridge Latin 19**Northampton 6**

Latin continued on the winning trail by down-

ing a good Northampton eleven for their fifth victory of the season, four coming consecutively. In the first quarter, Northampton drove to the one foot line before Bill Saideh ended the threat by recovering a fumble. In the third period Charlie Gaudette threw a forty yard pass to Dick Hennessey, who raced the final ten yards for the score. A few minutes later, Dick Hennessey behind a convoy of blockers ran 55 yards on the statue of liberty play to score the second touchdown. McCarren converted to make it 13 to 0. A pass from Northampton's Ruth to Corbett was good for forty yards to the Cantab nine, Ruth scoring on the next play. The scoring ended as Dick Hennessey on same "statue of liberty" ran 40 yards for the third score.

Jerry Murphy '50

Harold Goldstein '51

RAH! RAH! RAH!

THREE cheers for the cheerleaders who have done a wonderful job of helping our football team march onto **V I C T O R Y**.

The girls have put all they have into building up the school spirit. Rain or shine they are on the field, led by a great leader and classmate, Sheila Monteith.

Although there have been a few changes in the lineup since the beginning of the season, the following girls were the ones who saw the first kickoff for the 1949 season:

C Chickie Mailhiot

A June Diodati

M Lucille Marcotte

B Nancy Morrison

R Terry McCarthy

I Colette Mailhiot

D Margie McCusker

G Joan McCusker

E Ruth Shea

Keep up the good work, girls, and our boys can't possibly lose.

Odile Mailhiot '50

ALONG THE WATERFRONT

THE moon came up out of the river on the left, casting a single, shimmering white stripe on the water. There were no lights showing anywhere, and it was very quiet. The only sound to be heard was the faint lapping noise of the water against the docks. The chill night air was intensified by a soupy fog, slipping into every corner in whirling, rolling swirls, blotting out even the moonlight. Soon the whole waterfront was as misty as a steamy kitchen.

It was so soon after midnight that the distant echoes of an ancient tower clock were just dying

out. The area along the docks had been deserted for several hours, but now a small, bent figure crept out of the shadows and began pacing back and forth — back and forth. It was hard to tell how long this had gone on when the little silhouette stopped, pulled his coat collar tighter and lit a cigarette. His face, revealed momentarily by the dull, yellow glow of the match was creased with anxiety and worry and a little indecision. His head hung low; he was evidently lost deep in the recesses of thought. Suddenly, without warning, he hurried to the edge of the wharf and peered into the murky depths below. One more step would mean — but no — he turned away.

The mist had cleared a little and the wind stirred slightly. A cloud moved across the face of the moon. Out across the water a low rumble of thunder began and grew louder. Silver lances of rain fell swiftly, piercing the soft earth. Once more the thunder applauded as a jagged streak of lightning danced across the sky. Then a weird silence settled over all.

The quietness was finally broken by the sound of racing footsteps, followed by a soft splash.

When the storm had passed, permitting the moonlight to stream through again, the dock was empty. The little man was gone, and the fog was rolling out with one more secret that it would never disclose.

Patricia Supple '51

MY OUTSIDE INTERESTS

MY OUTSIDE interests can cover a multitude of sins. And my family certainly classifies one of my interests in that category, for you see, I collect things, anything and everything that appeals to me. And I like a number of things, ranging from pictures of Britain's royal family to sketches from the band-aid ads. But as I point out, these are not without educational value. I can learn history and current events the painless way by studying the activities of the royal family, geography by collecting postcards and souvenirs; and botany by growing a garden each year. So my hobbies do have their assets. But try to convince my family of this when it is time to houseclean! Magazines that I've saved for years are thrown out by unsympathetic sisters, miniature horses are proclaimed dust-catchers, and pictures are said to be good for nothing except making holes in the wallpaper.

Speaking of pictures brings me to my favorite sport which is taking snapshots of unsuspecting people. Naturalness is the key to photographic success. However when the neighbors see them-

selves as they look when beating rugs, hanging out the wash, scolding the children, or enjoying a juicy tidbit of gossip, they are not inclined to agree with me.

I'm a firm believer in the theory that all girls should learn to cook and sew. To prove this, every so often I try to create some culinary masterpiece. My last effort was a creation from the pages of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. I put my heart and soul into the mixing of that cake, and poured the batter into the pans and put it into the oven with gentle care. Just before it was time to take the cake out, I discovered the sugar which I had laid to one side and carefully forgotten. Taking the cake from the oven, I dropped it, and believe me, there is a dent in the floor which wasn't there before.

My newest collection is that of tea-cups. Most people collect after-dinner coffee cups, but I like to be different. My very proudest possessions are in this collection. These are a cup and saucer, plate, and a stein that might have been used by the Duke of Windsor, and a cup and saucer from the coronation of the present king and queen. These are kept behind locked doors and are treated with due respect.

Of course, if I had the paper I could go on for ages because I haven't scratched the surface. I haven't told you about my handkerchief collection, or my postcards, salt and pepper shakers, book-marks, calendars, prints, or the various and sundry other collections I have. Is it any wonder that my family declares that they should have two houses, one to live in, the other to store my things?

Nancy McPartlin '50

FRENCH CLUB NOTES

THE first meeting of the French Club was held on Friday, October 28, 1949 at two o'clock.

The election of officers was held and the following officers were elected: President, Anne D. Murphy; Secretary, Marjorie Ratchford; Treasurer, Penny Powers.

The Program Committee: Anthony Branco, Dorothy Gill, Francis Boudreau, Joy Colby, Eleanor Berman, Edward Saxe.

The Welfare Committee: Ruth Adleman, Ann Wadden, Gerald Gross, Patricia Supple, Beatrice Medoff, Antonio Regalado.

Anne Murphy told of future plans and thanked the members for her election. The meeting was then adjourned.

Marjorie Ratchford, *Secretary*



E. RENARD

■ T'S HERE, the gossip column of the year, and believe you me, we've picked up plenty of news in the last six weeks. By glancing over these few pages you will be brought up to date on the latest news in the world of CHLS activities, and as long as you keep supporting the *Spotlight* the way you have been with the notes pouring in, we will continue to publish everything and anything which passes the censor. Don't worry about that either, because I'm the censor and almost anything goes.

The biggest news in the school of course were the senior elections which were an affair in themselves. Everyone and everything was running except Ruy Soeiro's car and the reason for the latter is quite apparent. The results of the elections were popular with everyone and numerous congratulations must be summed up in one breath. Bill Hudson, John Geovanis, and June Burgess copped the titles for their respective offices and with a combination like that, the result is bound to be a success. I must say a special word for Bill, who really deserves the honor, being a Louisianian, and having spent only two previous years at Latin, he overcame all obstacles and took the crown which on him looks good.

Other rumors around the school insist that a DIGGER D. CLUB OF AMERICA has been founded among college history students with Obie O'Brien, Jimmie Kelly, and Larry Wolozin as club officials. They say it's a lie, but I hope not because I've already paid my dues. Big news also were the black eyes sported by Carol Caroli and Gene Palaro; instead of standing up for their rights, they swapped lefts, so we are told.

Our Miss Brooks, Jeanie that is, has some interest in the initials T. H. Not only that, but Carol has a Scottie in 235 and it's no dog. Woof! Woof! Pat Haley and Jean Hurley have been dubbed traitors for their great interest in Watertown High. Watch it, girls. Here's a switch, Nancy Lavalley doesn't take any chances on her boy friend's not liking her clothes, she takes him with her when she buys them. Now there is an idea! A certain miss, June Thompson by name, spends her spare time at the Manhattan Market

in Central Square, and you can bet the attraction isn't the atmosphere.

The "Titanic Ten" in the persons of Pat Stevans, Fran Tierney, Fran Donagher, Laurie Eddy, Mary Williams, Mary Dempsey, Carol McGuiners, Margie Cahill, Mary Tien, and Barb Carlson (Whew, I think I got them all) were seen at the Revere game and they say they walked out, but don't you believe it. That Tuscano-Russo Halloween party was quite a thing, first time Halloween ever lasted for three days.

A certain Sophomore named Jimmy has become very popular since he acquired a television set. (Muntz TV no doubt). But it's more than television that attracts Marlene Lambert, Mary Lyons, and Joan O'Brian to that certain corner in 331. A leading question is who gave Pat Monahan the name "Ma"? A bigger question is "Where's Pa"? As for comics, the kids in his home room would rather watch Jimmy Johnson perform than go to the Rodeo. Maybe the price is more reasonable.

Mary Burns, a relation of match burns, spends her time convincing Baron to save his money. Watch it, Baron, trouble's brewing. A certain girl we know of is really going steady. Steady now! Steady! Charlie Gaudette, they say, dislikes girls. Come now Charlie, let's not kid each other.

Ruth Pampel gave a surprise party for Mary Dwyer and among the milling throngs were Obie (naturally) O'Connor, Bob Neal, Susie Nilson, Jimmie Cottor (pronounced caught-her), Ann Mahoney, Ned Moran, Nancy Morrison, Jimmie Mulrey, Joanne Nauffts and Jackie Murphy. After the G.A.A. initiations, the girls know how the boys feel trying to get lipstick off. Sil Silvestre is back again. Some of these Juniors have all the luck — Teddy Hennessey is in a locker room with all girls. He can't even remember his combination. Who's this boy with the luscious car who takes Virginia Palamacci home from school. "Ride in style" is our motto. Chivalry is not dead for Francis McCarthy has given a broken finger to prevent the door from slamming — that's all right, Mac, there are nine more.

The Juniors were well represented at the football games with Francis Casella, Lizzie Hampy, Phyllis Ciccarelli, Clara Pinto, Marilyn Pelrine, Jean McDonald and Carol Thompson all present and accounted for. Paul Sebastian is supposed to have a racket at recess, but he says this is a lie. And Miss Brown, the beloved guide of the G.A.A. kept right up with the Freshmen on initiation day, red bows and all. She's a real trouper (state trooper of course). Grace McBrine, *The Lux Girl of '49'* has our hope for the best of luck in her contest. A Lux Wrapper is a vote for Grace. In another contest, Frankie Hayes is way ahead in collecting G.A.A. pins in 111.

Either John Douhan or Marjorie Ratchford manages to forget a biology book day after day. What a system! Also, Bobby Costa's back in the news, going with a Latin Sophomore, I hear. It's rumored that Rosemarie Agostino has a nightingale voice. Don Edge has given Ras Lakis the name "Booster," I think it was a Booster, or maybe it was Boo—, no I guess it was Booster. The latest "info" on Joyce Utt's nickname of Pony Boy is that it was caused by that horse laugh of hers. Furthermore if a certain "Dutchie" would get as many *Spotlight* notes about others as others have given about her, she'd make a fine REVIEW Reporter. Come on, let's get to work.

Another good Halloween party was given by Ruth Owika and Barbara Horne. Among those attending were Helen Francis, Rita Pernerelli, Eleanor Gerisim, Marianne Gregory, Marie Perry, Carol Lotoura, Silvia Moore and Betty Caruso. Speaking of funny home rooms (even though we were not) 201 has been christened *Sleepy Hollow* and *Mr. Icabod Crane* is none other than Cliff Erwin who does his sleeping in school so he can stay up nights, good idea, Cliff. Connie Doyle has caused more confusion with her hairdo than the Yankees did by taking the pennant. A hair was the difference in both cases.

Lately seen cruising around the back streets of Cambridge is Dezzie LaPlace in his new limousine. (Ed. Note: This is a down right lie, it is not a limousine, it's a Stanley Steamer and the reason it doesn't run is not because it does not work; but because steam *ain't* what it used to be.) Muriel Nissen and Becky Wise are familiar figures whizzing by on their English bikes. These foreigners, why don't they get a horse?

Ann Coughlin has picked up some funny habits working on the REVIEW, when last seen she was busy rifling desks in 327. An organization similar to *Crime Incorporated* has been organized and the six original members are Richard McAdoo, Alan Keating, Buddy Naufts, Richard Kilfoyle, Jimmy Ferguson and Ronald Moore. And it's a toss up

between Ruth McKeown and Eddie Asaley on who gets out of the room more often at recess. We'll give Ruth the nod. Here's a new one, Helen Francis eats peaches and cream at her locker after lunch. Won't be long before they install tables and chairs. Not just plain stars in Margie Halfords eyes anymore, 'now they're football stars. Speaking of football stars (this time we are) Charlie Gaudette, Austin Jordan, Sonny Centrella, Jimmy Daley, Jackie Murphy, Al Kirklys, Sammy Nunzio and old reliable Bob (Humphry) Morrissey played fine ball in the Rindge Latin game. It was a tough loss. Here's a hot one, anyone with nothing to do should watch Jackie Watts trying to collect dues. Oh yes, and Marie Perry has a new dancing partner and everyone including Sally Parnell is curious as to his identity.

Hollywood has nothing on C.H.L.S., we've got a "Mighty Joe Young" of our own?? We also have a counterspy, for Frances Connors is often seen spying over the lunchroom counter for a certain someone.

Among the seniors a quartet consisting of Mary Fitzgerald, Claire Sheehy, Mary Lyons and Joe Malanson are having a hard time deciding what to do Friday nights.

John (lazy bones, forgetful, etc.) MacDoogle and Frances Connors made a handsome couple at the Rindge dance. Couple of what, I wonder?

It's a proven fact that attendance at the football games has improved 100 or more percent, but the old faithfuls are still there in a group consisting of Barbara Casey, Joan Conway, Jackie Wallace, Sally Parnell, Joyce Landrigan, Joanne Naufts and Ann Murphy.

Paul Simmons had better look out for an Ambush, her first name is Gail. Rindge men sure are popular with some Latin girls, ask Beverly Paulis and sure 'nough, Sheila Montieth has changed her hair style again. Good gosh but women (girls) are peculiar.

It's something more than skating that attracts Latinites to the Boston Skating Club. What's the scoop? Talking about ice cream (not again) James Colby must make his own; Tutti-Frutti, I'll bet. It doesn't take a debating class to get Fran McCarthy and Virginia Miano talking about a certain someone.

The C.H.L.S. football team is thinking of making some of its loyal rooters honorary members and some of the first on the list will have to be Marilyn Brennan, Joan O'Brien, Laurice Eddy, Eleanor DeCarlo, and Chris O'Brien, all of whom have been seen at almost all Latin games. I think they've earned a letter. As for ex-Rindge man Dave Johanson, he finds his seat by the window quite interesting and it isn't because he

can look a his old alma mater. Could there be a prospective John J. Anthony in the class, if so, Charlie Dubay has some romantic problems to be solved. A girl who seems to have no trouble at all is none other than Ann Dowler who has of late received telegrams regarding Harvard games. Maybe its only the Western Union boy she's interested in.

The juniors have a strong representation for those honorary Latin C's, since DoDo Murphy, Pauline Glynn, Peggy Mahoney, Jean Power, Joan McGinnis, Nancy Martin, and Shirley Colby have been royal rooters at Cantab games.

The seniors have a new member in their ranks. Her name is Penny Power and she's a very nice gal, we hear. Welcome to C.H.L.S. Penny. Rose Russo had quite a struggle with the bookkeeping machine the other day, but by applying a wrestler's hold known as the "flying scissors," she emerged the victor. Does that hold work on the boys too, Rose.

Tommy Vasella is in the news, this time being discussed by the girls on the first floor. That boy gets around. Pat Buchanan had better watch out for our other co-captain, Bill (You-all) Hudson. For further information consult the editor.

June Ianelli is inquisitive about Gerald Grady. Is he really studious or is he in love. Speak Gerald, speak! They say a new flame burns high, but Jean Ennis can handle hers, we hope.

The B.U. Bulldog has become Dot Carolina's mascot and she's named him "Bab." The Sacred Heart Church is casting a spectacular variety show with a lot of C.H.L.S. talent. Remember kids, you're under contract. For a little guy, Buzzy Jilson sure makes the noise as Home Room President; and DoDo Silvestre (Sil's younger) tells us Thelma Mooney is strangely attracted to Littleton. Why, Thelma?

Fran Tierney, beware, some senior boys are drilling into your locker from the back to see what is so interesting there. Don't be alarmed at the sound of hammers and shovels. Men at Work. Furthermore investigations are being carried on to find out just what it is that interests Lucille Marcotte, Connie Ippolito and Peggy Nichols during third period. Remember Freddie, Peggy. Lois Mark had better either tell everyone who that soldier is whose picture hangs in her locker or keep it hidden. It's causing an uproar. If the early bird catches the worm, Margaret Janjanian and Beverly Jakeway will have a pocketful by prom time. They're scouting already. What else is cooking? Ask brown eyed Joan Kidston, she works in a bakery now. Doris LeBlanc is on the move again, she's switched to walking now and the new flame has switched too. Oh well! Here's

a strange one, a certain senior has trouble telling June Diodati from Peggy Stuart at a short distance. I can't see the resemblance.

It must have been quite embarrassing for Jean Lewis, Joyce Browning, Connie Bennett, Pauline Lewis and Ellen Manolas to find themselves cheering for both sides at the Rindge-Latin game. Junior Prom Queen Joan Kerwin is still on the loose, but what became of the King? Peggy Mahoney says she isn't interested in her Rindge man, but I don't agree, especially after she returned from a date at the Bruins' game thinking she'd seen Toronto and New York. We don't want to start trouble, oh no, but will Jean Gould please sock Doris Collins for calling her a chatterbox. That is all.

Why is it Ruy Soeiro won't match his car with John Douhan's Cadillac for the coveted title of "Ash Can of '49." Maybe it's because when the car goes right, the wheels go left. Some like to stay at home, however, and it must be an awfully cute baby that keeps Frannie Manning and Jean Brooks minding house.

Ray Kelly is the most studious boy in his home room. And Charlie Helburg (spelled with two ls and three rs) is way ahead of other class treasurers in the broken arm column.

Barbara Hollett has been looking forward to a hay ride for weeks. I hope it lived up to expectations. You all remember Bob Kalback, well from Chic-a-go he sends regards to Colette, Chickie, and Terry. Fond memories. Reports from headquarters say that Joan Worman is just idling her engine before the start of another romance. Who is it this time, I wonder? A reliable source says that Latin girls are thankful for the favor Jimmy Cotter did for them by going steady with Susie Nilson. See if you can figure that one out.

Being a person of many words as you have seen, I'll close this article 'til next time with this elaborate saying. *So Long.*

Joan Crockett '50

Desmond LaPlace '50

FRESHMAN NOTES

LET'S get acquainted! REVIEW, may I present the Freshman? Freshman, this is the REVIEW. A Freshman notes collector has already been chosen from each homeroom. It is her duty to see that each homeroom is represented in the Freshman Notes as well as to receive REVIEW subscriptions. As you receive the first copy, you will become familiar with the type of notes we print. Give your contributions to your homeroom repre-

sentative, or to Terry McCarthy and Colette Mailhiot in Room 302.

As we wander through the corridors to the Freshman homerooms, our attention is drawn to Room 101 where we see Arthur Barbera still disappointed because he couldn't join the G.A.A. Better luck next time, Art. Potato chips seem to be the fondness of June and Jean Belleza. Hearing a cheer go up from 102, we enter and find that little Catherine Broughton, better known as Kitten or Tiddley-Winks, has been chosen as the official mascot of the Drill Team. We wonder why the teacher seldom sees Robert Blake's face. What's the matter Bob, bashful? Thelma Callaner has finally learned the hard way that it doesn't pay to chew gum in school. Rene Charest has gone to New York for awhile, but he hopes to be back for Christmas. Bernadette Boyle will have ulcers if her friends don't stop rushing her through her lunch at recess. Sauntering along to 103, we are still anxious to know who the two girls are that climbed out of the gym during the G.A.A. initiation. Could they be M. M. or I. O.? Rosemary Carreira and Sandra Blander haven't missed any of the football games. Keep up the good work girls, that's the kind of school spirit we need. Crossing over to 105, we find that Robert Dwyer is always in need of a pencil. Please give the boy one! That's James Foster you see making a beeline to the lunchroom everyday at the sound of the bell. You should play football Jim. Joanne Farinati and Gail Fraser are as inseparable as bread and butter. What is the strange craving that John Ford, James Foster, Joseph Finnigan, and James Gee have for hoodsies and ice-cream sandwiches? Let us in on the secret, boys? Jean Gail's pretty red hair looks very pretty cut short. Lawrence Egan and Frank Tahmouh are very smart Algebra students. Keep it up Frank and Lorry. Hazel Fitzgerald is the possessor of the sole bottle of ink in 105. Antoinette Federico can be found studying in her homeroom everyday. We should have more like her. Proceeding to 106, we discover that the Book Club held a very successful meeting there October 26, with everyone cooperating. Congratulations to Jean Gofredo, the newly elected chairman of 107. Marie Hannifer will not be seen roller skating for quite awhile. She fell while skating and broke her arm. Room 128 misses Judy Lawson while she is out as a result of falling down the stairs and chipping her knee at the G.A.A. initiation. Speedy recovery to both Marie and Judy. Who is the boy in 107 that just makes it before the last bell every morning? *Attention:* Track Coach, here is a possible candidate for your track team. The Freshman should be very proud

of their classmates, Janet Flannigan and Carole Literi. Carole won a beautiful silver cup when she danced in an amateur show sponsored by St. Anthony's church. Janet is a very gifted artist. Has anyone told Arthur Godfrey of these girls??? It seems as though the Freshman enjoy parties, because we hear tell that Nancy Hodgekins is a very elegant hostess. Those seen having a good time at Renee Mercier's party were Kathleen Caulfield, Mary Culhane, Tommy Cooney and Bobby Sullivan. Mildred Lerman's party was also a big success. A lot of freshman are wondering what shade of lipstick Nancy Morrison wears, because it sure looked swell on them at the G.A.A. initiation day? Speaking of G.A.A. day, no Christmas wreath ever boasted a bigger bow than Pat Galjay had at the initiation. Come on, you freshman girls, let's get those freshman boys initiated into something. We had to suffer while they laughed at us so let's turn the tables on them. Did you know that Elizabeth Look has a twin sister called Ann? Beverly Pelrine looks enough like her sister Marilyn to be doubles. Sandra Lertora, is a very popular girl at the Rindge dances. Jerry Lavoie should try out for cheerleading when she's a sophomore, as she's already had experience in cheering the lads on at the Ellis Grammar School. Well, Freshman, as a washer woman brings her clothes to a line, we'll bring our lines to a close, until the next issue. Good luck, best wishes and keep studying.

Terry McCarthy '50

Colette Mailhiot '50

G. A. A. NOTES

THE G.A.A. started another successful season under the capable supervision of Miss A. Brown and its new officers: Cynthia Coleman, President; Nancy Morrison, Vice-President; Marilyn Schaub, Secretary, and the executive committee of four girls, Joan McCusker, Mary McManus, Barbara Cummysky, and Helen Kennedy.

The Freshman members were welcomed to the G.A.A. on October 25, by initiation. Every girl had to carry her books in a shopping bag to all her classes and wear a huge red bow in her hair. After school the new members were put through many acrobatic stunts which were followed by the traditional candlelight ceremony and G.A.A. song. The Freshmen left the gym with apples in their hands and G.A.A. written on their faces.

November fourth was a big night for the many who attended the Comic Strip Party. The gym was brightly decorated and entertainment and prizes were provided for the gala party, where each girl came dressed as her favorite character.

All the girls who missed the chance to join this club may cheer up, for there will be a special week before the prom set aside for the forgetful students of C.H.L.S. to join the club and the fun.

With its capable officers and wonderful enrollment this association is sure to have a more than successful year.

O. Mailhiot '50

THE PLAYBILL

BOSTON theatre-goers have been extremely fortunate this autumn to see a large number of renowned actors and hit plays, either on their way to that theatrical mecca, New York, or in the course of post-Broadway tours of the "provinces." Madeleine Carroll, Maurice Evans, the Lunts, Rex Harrison, Joyce Redman, Raymond Massey, and Mady Christians have already played near Tremont and Boylston Streets, and there is bright promise of more to come, including Katharine Hepburn and Monty Woolley.

The season started on September nineteenth when Madeleine Carroll, of movie fame, led the touring company of Fay Kanin's *Goodbye, My Fancy* into the Shubert. The play, which is still enjoying great success in New York, is a feather-light comedy about a war-correspondent turned congresswoman (Miss Carroll) who returns to her alma mater to receive an honorary degree. During the commencement festivities, she re-encounters the college president, with whom she was once in love, and finds another old flame in the *Life* photographer sent to cover the occasion. A good many amusing lines and situations relieve an excessive amount of talk about the danger of letting the policy of a college fall into the hands of its ignorant trustees. A spirited cast performed ably, although the star, who is truly very beautiful, was disappointing for the somewhat harsh quality of her voice, which is probably not yet adapted to stage requirements. Jean Casto as the Congresswoman's redoubtable secretary and Robert Webber as the *Life* man were particularly good. Miss Carroll's gowns were by Pierre Balmain of Paris; there was one gorgeous bouffant midnight blue evening gown that elicited murmurs from the distaff side of the audience when the leading lady first swept on stage in the second act.

Mr. Maurice Evans, the celebrated British-American actor, is appearing this season in a brace of plays by the modern English dramatist, Terrence Rattigan. These one-acters, *The Browning Version* and *Harlequinade*, appear on the marquees as *Double Bill*. Though they are not in themselves particularly distinguished works, Mr.

Evans, his leading lady, Miss Edna Best, and a splendid supporting cast perform them so well that they provide a most enjoyable three hours in the theatre. The subject matter could hardly be more disparate: *The Browning Version* concerns an unsuccessful classics teacher in an English private school; *Harlequinade*, a troupe of ham actors rehearsing *Romeo and Juliet*. Mr. Evans achieves something of a *tour de force*, first in the meticulous tweeds of the bitter, disillusioned, broken old classics master, then in the tights, cape, and curly wig of an aging but still vigorous Romeo. He made the most of his opportunity to display the versatility of his magnificent voice. Miss Best was hilarious as the "Wagnerian" Juliet and brilliant as the teacher's detestable wife, so brilliant, in fact, that her heartless meanness brought hisses from the audience. *Double Bill* was a very rewarding program.

Despite the stellar attractions of the intown theatres, Cantabrigians must not forget the presence of a new and excellent company in their very midst. The Brattle Theatre Company, a group of young, intelligent, vigorous actors and production people, has already proved its capacity to present performances of astonishingly fine quality on what one might call a repertory basis. Of particular interest to students in our English department was their recent production of *Twelfth Night*, with Miss Betty Field as Viola. Director Richard Baldrige chose to stress the comic, nay, even the ribald elements of this Shakespearean pot-pourri, with the result that Sir Toby was played, as one critic remarked, in the manner of W. C. Fields, Maria became a glamour girl in the most modern sense of the word, and Olivia was reduced to a worse fool than Feste. All this gave little scope for Miss Field's rather weak Viola, which never once dominated the scene as it should and seemed to miss the music in such lines as the lyrical "She never told her love" speech. As always, however, the costuming, lighting, and setting were fine, and there was one really outstanding performance in Robert Fletcher's Malvolio. The Brattle Theatre Company is worthy of your heartiest support, because it presents plays by famous playwrights from Shakespeare to Pirandello and Chekhov at very low prices, and because one can always count on it to supply a new, fresh approach to the age old problems of the theatre.

Anne Dyer Murphy '50



YOUR FASHION COLUMN

THIS will serve to introduce both this new fashion column and your fashion editor. In every issue, I propose to write about new styles and items that high-school girls will wear. A few weeks ago, at a meeting of the Filene's teen age fashion board, of which I am a member, new teen fashions were discussed and the group believe that the following fashions will be very popular this winter season.

Straight skirts with big patch pockets continue to be popular. But though the style remains a favorite, the material popularly chosen is velveteen. The new straight lined velveteen skirts with wide pockets on each hip certainly are attractive, new and "wearable" as well. The twill back on this velveteen relieves your worry on the subject of durability. Velveteen jerkins or vests also are a big item because they can be worn in various ways to complete your dressy or sports costume. The bright lively kelly green and red are the favorite shades in this fabric. Wool jersey skirts are being introduced into the stores in the bright colors of jade green, peacock, and rose and other items for you to think about.

What is new in blouses and sweaters? Jersey is still the favorite and comes in colors ranging from dark shades to bright pastels, but cotton blouses with push up and long sleeves are still neat and fashionable for school. Watch for the amigo type blouse. It has a detachable stiff collar and short sleeves. This blouse is made in striped or plain colored fabric and has all the earmarks of becoming a new fad. Running a close second to the amigo type blouse is the boy type shirt with a stiff buttoned down collar that comes in pink, white and stripe. The nylon blouses really are wonderful because they can be washed in less than an hour and no ironing is necessary. Sweaters continue to be an important part of your wardrobe but the fitted sweater is new. The old baggy look is out. Consider these beautiful nylon sweaters that dry quickly, won't stretch, or shrink, and that keep their colors.

Now that I have given you some tips on what is new in the line of blouses and skirts, let me change my subject to coats and jackets. The storm coat should be your school winter coat. It has an alpaka lining and comes with a high beaver or mouton collar. It's as attractive as well as an all-weather coat. If you would prefer a coat that will glamourize any outfit, select the popular chinchilla shorty. It is a reasonably priced fur coat that will last you for years. Three way coats and raincoats are being shown. You can wear your coat boxy, half belted, or fitted, thus getting

variety even in your one and only winter coat. As for jackets, the boy type corduroy is still very popular. Preferred colors are dark green and maroon.

A new type shoe coming out is the "shellerina," a ballerina type shoe with a strap across the instep. It can be bought in kid and suede. Barets are predicted to be a favorite this coming winter season. The last item of interest is the comical red flannelette pajamas. They come in one piece and gather at the ankles and wrists. A new and smart idea for bed time.

That's all for now girls! I hope you like this new idea in our school newspaper well enough to look forward to my next article.

Betty Watson '50

PASTIMES I ENJOY

I BELIEVE the word "pastime" is unsuitable for the three hobbies that interest me. A pastime leaves nothing to show; a hobby has results. Making and collecting vehicles of other years is my first hobby. Sketching scenes, people, and objects holds second place in my list of pastimes. Last but not least is wood carving.

Old fashioned vehicles attract almost everybody, young and old. What would I not give to have seen horse-drawn fire engines rattling up the street, belching black smoke? But I was a bit too late for those. The next best thing to riding in an old Stanley Steamer is to have my own hand-made model.

There must be a streak of creativeness in me, for I enjoy seeing what comes out of my efforts. Maybe that's why I enjoy sketching a scene of a drowsy willow fanning a cool brook. What better way is there to express my thought than to put it on paper in the form of a picture?

Truly, wood carving is the crowning glory of them all. It's really wonderful to see a life-like image appear under my fingers. When the finishing touches of sanding and rubbing complete it, I'm proud to say, "I made that."

Really, these pastimes are all very closely related. Sketches are the first step in both model building and wood carving. Some day if you have nothing to do, try drawing a picture of your brother or sister, or carving a little dog or cat. You will find it fascinating.

Robert Egan '51

REVISITING OLD HAUNTS

TO ME, one of the most pleasant experiences to be had is returning to the scenes of old haunts. As a very young child, I was forever attracted by the verdant woods surrounding our country home. There was a special spot at which I always ended my afternoon walks, where two majestic oaks, centuries old, stretched their gnarled and twisted limbs towards a small bubbling stream which ran below. In early autumn, as brisk breezes would rustle the gay, colorful leaves into dancing figures, I would sit, entranced, imagining the whirling patterns before me to be bands of merry elves waltzing to the music of the nearby insects. On returning now, to this same wood, I seem to enter into a sweet enchantment and inevitably search for my imaginary fairies and listen attentively for the shrill wood music.

Also as a child, I was especially attracted to the seashore with its rocky beaches, where I used to spend numerous summer days collecting starfish and "precious" stones. Now, I return solely for the pleasure of sitting and watching the foaming surf as it pounds furiously against the sturdy breakwaters which protect the small harbor from the violent waters. Near the shore, an old wooden pier stands out over the lapping waves. Here, I used to spend hours watching the old "salts" patiently casting their strong rods over the waters below. I often find, on returning, that it still holds a fascination for me to watch these long-experienced fishermen expertly using every trick of the trade to catch the fish which is their livelihood.

There is one old, silver-haired fisherman who has always looked the same to me, not a day older, not a day younger, as the years pass on. Around him, a group of five and six year olds are pressing near to hear, I can well imagine, a stirring story about the heroic adventures of this old favorite of mine. Even now, I find myself edging over to catch the low, rumbling strains of his deep voice as he pictures for the children striking scenes which hold them spellbound.

Things have little changed since, as a tiny child, I wandered among these favorite haunts, and I am very sure that should I come back to visit them fifty years hence, I would still find my enchanted wood, my turbulent sea, and my favorite old "salt" appearing exactly the same as they did ten years ago and as they do now.

Ann Wadden '50

ALUMNI NOTES

WE HAVE through different methods consisting of bribery, blackmail, etc., found out

about our beloved alumni in the outside world. Knowing that the present Latinites and Ex-Latinites would like to know about one another, we now distribute the following information: Isabel McCree, Pat Curran, Norma Olive, and Barbara Casey, all of '49 are working in different business houses. Dorothy Whitley '49 is a secretary and Lillian Druss of the same class is working as a bookkeeper.

Peter Pappas '48 is with the John Hancock Insurance Company and Chuck Conley '48 is studying architecture. Lenny Frisoli '49 is keeping Cambridge all lit up at the Electric Light Company with the help of Bill Kieley, '48. Ernie Anastos '48 is studying hard at Boston University — what happened, Ernie?

We'd like to wish Pauline Dooley '48 all the luck in the world in her marriage to Richie Smith '47.

In case anyone is feeling sick, just look for Ethel Gooding, class of '49 who is now in training at Gardner State Hospital.

Katherine Dumas, '48 has become a secretary and "Izzie" Conway '48 is still struggling (and we mean struggling) to become one at Katherine Gibbs. Pauline Jacobs '49 is also starting her success story by studying fashions to become a buyer. Roberta Reardon and Maureen Coleman of 1948 will soon be co-owners of New England Tel. and Tel. Of course right now they are operators, but give them time!

Barbara Tozer '47 is now Mrs. Frank Ryan of Winchester. Frances Ehler '47 will soon be taking her marriage vows. While we're on the subject of marriage, we want to wish Nancy Becker '49 and Perry Capitas '47 the best of luck on their engagement.

Without any bribery, in fact, without any effort at all on our part, we can give you these items out of a past more distant than that we have just been reviewing. First, our information goes back to the class of 1914 — a member of which, Frederic B. Whitman, has been made president of the Western Pacific Railroad; a graduate of C. H. L. S. in 1926, Jeanie Sherman, is a minister in South Dakota; Denys Myers of 1936 is doing graduate work at Harvard, as is Aaron Krute '42. The Graham brothers are both going to college — John, of the class of '45 is a B. U., and Hugh '46 is at Harvard.

With these last few facts and bits of information, we'll wind up our column and go out and refresh our supply of aspirins and ice bags etc. . . . for our next column.

Carole Conley '49

K. B. NOTES

THE initial meeting of the K. B. this year was held in school where the veteran members discussed plans for a full and successful year.

At our next meeting, which was held at Virginia Horne's house, we spent a most enjoyable evening. After the business matters were taken care of, we watched television. Plans were made at this meeting to go see *Blossom Time* on November 19.

Unfortunately, the new members haven't yet been installed and will be unable to share the pleasure of this get-together.

These have been our activities for the past few months. 'Til next time, we remain the happy members of the K. B.

Dorothea Verrocchi,
Secretary-Treasurer

Schedule

September 25		
C.H.L.S.	26 St. Sebastian 0	Russell Field
October 1		
C.H.L.S.	7 Braintree 14	Russell Field
October 9		
C.H.L.S.	0 Rindge 12	Russell Field
October 15		
C.H.L.S.	12 Belmont 6	Belmont
October 23		
C.H.L.S.	7 Revere 0	Revere
October 29		
C.H.L.S.	13 Stoneham 0	Russell Field
November 5		
C.H.L.S.	19 No. Hampton 6	No. Hampton
November 11		
C.H.L.S.	at North Quincy	
November 24		
C.H.L.S.	at Taunton	

OUTING CLUB NOTES

THE Outing Club held its first meeting of the year on Friday, October 21; the following officers were elected: Eleanor Berman, President and Beatrice Medoff, Secretary. Everyone had a wonderful time at the first activity of the year, bowling, at the Concord Turnpike Bowladrome. Anyone interested in joining the Outing Club is invited to attend the next meeting which will be announced in the notices.

Beatrice Medoff '50

LATIN HIT PARADE

I Can Dream Can't I	No school
Whispering Hope	Just passing
I Love You	90's
It's Too Soon To Know	My average
My Best to You	Freshmen
Somehow	I failed
Room Full of Roses	At graduation
Cuttin' Capers	If I pass
Some Enchanted Evening	No homework
Don't Cry Joe	There's a chance yet
	Beverly Jakeway '50

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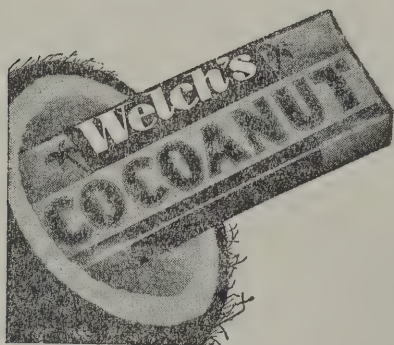
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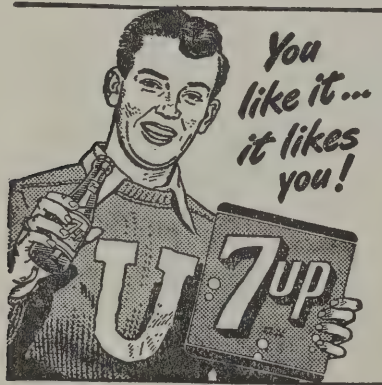
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The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

WINTER, 1950

VOLUME 65

NUMBER 2

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EDITORIAL

Why then, the world's my oyster,

Which I with sword will open.

Shakespeare, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*,

11, ii, 3-4

TO JUDGE from the sudden abundance of political, social, economic, artistic and sartorial analyses currently thronging the pages of magazines and newspapers, we have come, in the year of our Lord 1950, to a point in time that is like a retrospective observation platform, a vantage post from which to review critically the events of the past fifty years. Certainly these events form a cavalcade not only of tremendous human achievement and progress, but also of cataclysmic human struggle and destruction. Airplanes and automobiles have diminished the distance between any two points on the face of the globe to comparative unimportance. A host of devices for rapid communication has drawn all parts of the world within speaking range of each other. Developments in the medical and biological sciences have increased the average man's life expectancy and made the world a healthier place to live in. Womanhood has been almost universally emancipated to a position of unprecedented responsibility and influence; educational opportunities are everywhere being extended to more and more people; enlightened social legislation has been enacted on a larger scale than ever before. Yet the first half of the twentieth century has witnessed two dreadful international conflicts and countless widespread social upheavals; science has turned its attention to inventing devastating machines of war that can obliterate great cities with horrifying ease; the seeds of prejudice and intolerance bear their vicious fruits even in enlightened democracies like our own.

The world picture has its grim shadows, but it also has its heartening lights; and only the most complete pessimist could deny that it is a wonderful time to be alive. There are so many unparalleled opportunities for men and women with educated, unbiased minds, so many ways in which peoples of democratic nations can make their wills known to the good as their countries battle Communism for international supremacy. We, we in Cambridge High and Latin School today, are part of the multitude of heirs to the future in whose power it lies to make the years from 1950 to 2000 a shining period of peace, friendship, and cooperation among all the peoples of the earth. We have many chances, from the train-

ing we receive in school and from our life at home, to learn and to put into practice the duties and responsibilities of world citizens. The time is not long in coming when we shall have a direct voice in the conduct of our own affairs, and we must be prepared to use it wisely. The world's our oyster; our education, intelligence, and good will constitute the sword with which we'll open it.

A. D. M.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF GROWING UP

WHEN I was younger, I used to dream about the time when I would be "grown up." It always seemed so far off that I never thought I could live through all the stages of childhood. To be an adult was one of my most predominant fancies. Yet I never realized all it entailed. Now I understand what "growing up" and becoming truly adult means.

In that idyllic age of dreams, I was ignorant, so ignorant that it would seem that I had attained that peace of mind which is the eternal quest of man. For I knew very little of fear outside of the usual misgivings of childhood. I went to school and met others with childish frankness, consciously harming no one, and expecting the same consideration from others. But as I grew up, I began to see things in a new light. For example, I had always known that an essential religious difference existed between me and my friends. Yet I sang Christmas carols because they were enjoyable and because everyone else did. But passing through the higher grades of grammar school, I came to realize the full meaning of these carols, and I began to omit phrases or words which I felt were not in accordance with the formal tenets of my religion.

At this time the question of ethnic and nationality differences began to crop up in daily school conversation. The difficulty which some of us incurred in defining our origins remains with us in later life. As we mature we awaken to our "new" surroundings and the factors that guide the trend of our lives. We no longer live sheltered by that truly blissful ignorance which is the mark of inexperience. We become aware of petty differences and some of us build them up into towers of hate. No longer is it a world of "Love thy neighbor" but the slogan for many has become "Carpe diem" and let the end justify the means.

It is this aspect of growing up which I could not foresee. It is this aspect which makes me want to be a child again, living in my own dream

world. I am afraid to enter into this new life, to experience new tensions and to deal with new complexities. I ask myself, will I, as a citizen of a confused world, be able to cope with this new view of civilization? And I find that I cannot answer.

Madeline G. Schatz '50

THE SMUGGLERS

THE night was hushed and still; nothing stirred in the inky dark. There was an expectant, listening air about the dim outlines of the trees along the shore. The lake was black and murky with no motion except for an occasional ominous ripple. The great house could be dimly discerned against the hot sky. Its jutting chimneys appeared like squat figures observing the night with the mysterious silence of the gargoyles of Notre Dame. The windows seemed to be caverns of endless, unexplored dark. A boat tied to the wharf grated harshly against its chain. An animal screamed. Then, once more, the somber quiet prevailed.

Suddenly a dark figure began to inch its way toward the side entrance! Ducking behind a tree trunk, the figure halted as if listening, then beckoned cautiously toward a scrubby gooseberry bush on the lawn. From under it crawled a second dark figure who tiptoeing carefully, approached the first. Then from the murky depths of the further side of the house came a ghastly phantom in white which floated also toward the side door. As the black figures flattened immediately onto the ground, they were joined by this horrible newcomer. Some incomprehensible muttering took place and then all three began to creep forward on their bellies. The side door attained, one figure in black and the phantom entered softly, leaving the third figure standing guard. This turn of events was closely followed by a fantastic parade of small shrouded individuals each carrying a container of some sort. They hesitantly advanced, keeping anxious watch on a certain pair of windows in the dark wall of the house. Their leader had a disturbing habit of stopping abruptly so that all his followers crashed together like a chain of cars in a freight yard. Any noise, however, arising from this accident was immediately quelled with fearful glances at the windows. When the black guard became aware of their approach, he poked his head inside the door and mumbled something. Low growls issued from the door and a muffled crash followed by a distinct sound of breaking glass ensued, whereupon the members of the parade immediately flattened to the ground kicking each other violently. Soon,

however, the phantom appeared, arms laden, and began filling their baskets and bags. As soon as one was loaded, its owner would sneak cautiously down to the wharf and stow it in the boat and find a seat for himself. Last of all the phantom and the two dark figures started down to the boat with their arms loaded. The phantom in an unghostly moment tripped over a croquet wire and uttered a remarkably human word! The booty, nevertheless was safe.

Muffled words were carried about the silent night; an occasional splashing was heard and a momentary flashlight beam penetrated the darkness:

"Pete, don't step on the gingerbread!"

"Hey, Jimmie, quit cryin'; yuh can't be a baby and a pirate at the same time."

"Jumpin' junipers! Bevy, you're sitting in the honey!"

"Jimmie, if you don't stop crying, Gramps 'ill be down here with his thirty-three and he'll give us you know what."

"Would he shoot us? Oh — I wanna go back to bed."

Soon, however, the boat set off down the shore, and quiet resumed. A faint breeze sifted through the tree-tops curiously inquiring about the evening, then set off to tell the other winds about it. An owl hooted dismally in the distance and the waves lapped lazily at the beach. The old wharf groaned softly, "I'll never tell, never tell, — never tell."

Ruth Cooke '50

HOMO RIDENS

WITH the imminent disappearance of giveaway programs from the radio scene, the species comedian holds an even more prominent position in the hierarchy of the air waves, ranking well above the popular operas, soap and horse, and just below the so-called "straight" drama and the symphony concert. Indeed, the American radio comedian, over the years, has left a unique impression on the national consciousness; his name, his favorite jokes and slogans, the characters with whom he peoples his program, have time and again passed into everyday conversation as household words. There is a growing feeling, however, that despite his lofty eminence, the radio comedian's ranks are fast diminishing, as more and more of his numbers fall prey to the blandishments of television, and are heard on radio no more. It may be interesting, then, at the possible end of an entertainment era, to compare briefly the personalities and techniques of a few masters in the field.

One of these, Fred Allen, has already succumbed to the progress of video, for, disgusted with the state of radio in general and television's effect on it in particular, he has abandoned his own program and intends to restrict his future performances to guest appearances. This is truly unfortunate, since Mr. Allen employed his numerous gifts in a brilliantly original manner uncommon in his profession. His specialty was hilariously subtle commentary on contemporary affairs. Croaking out his lines in a phenomenal voice which sounded like a rolling pin grating on gravel, mouthing dry asides with a delightful air of studied nonchalance, the amiable Fred let his wit attack the whole wide range of current topics from the latest political developments to the most obscure item reported on the back page of the evening paper. The characters in Allen's Alley were satires on well-known American types: Senator Claghorn, the bragging, bombastic, dull-witted politician, Southern Democrat style; Titus Moody, the provincial, taciturn, suspicious country bumpkin; Mrs. Nussbaum, the gullible, bargain-hunting, movie-going housewife; Ajax Cassidy, the garrulous, friendly, slightly typsy Irish-American. Fred loved to burlesque everything on radio; grand opera felt the sting of his humor as often and as keenly as did husband-and-wife breakfast table programs. Every so often, he would apply his voice to a parodied aria or a popular song, with results more memorable than musical. His scripts were models of clean, clever, sophisticated dialogue that had no peer among that of his colleagues.

Mr. Allen's place has been filled, one might say, by his protege, Henry Morgan, a young man of considerable talent and intelligence. The title of master is perhaps prematurely applied to him; he is not particularly original; he often overdoes an idea that makes its point best with subtlety; the earlier part of his show tends to be weak. Yet in borrowing from Fred Allen the idea of satirizing society, he has produced some brilliant, superbly entertaining travesties. A gifted mimic with a sensitive ear for the vocal peculiarities of national types, he has poked fun at the London broadcaster (Googie Morgan), the Gallic storyteller (Oncle Henri Morgan), and the Teutonic scientist (Doctor Heinrich von Morgan). His ridicule of the "Answer-Man" type of program, the western movie, and the soap opera has been especially deft, and few performers can use their announcers (in Morgan's case the imitable Ben Grauer) to such advantage. In him there is bright promise of better things to come.

The methods of our last comedian are directly

opposed to those favored by the first two. Whereas Allen and Morgan draw upon all contemporary life for their material, Jack Benny plays upon the idiosyncrasies of personality. This is the best possible way of exhibiting his talents, for he is, to my mind, the greatest master of the *technical* aspects of radio comedy performing today. True, the people on his program are stock types; each of them has some characteristic that is played upon over and over *ad infinitum*, like Don Wilson's obesity, Dennis Day's naive stupidity, and Benny's own penny-pinching miser lines, the horrors he commits in the name of violin-playing, and his age, eternally set at thirty-nine. Perhaps, too, he relies heavily on farcical sound-effects, such as the opening of the door of his safe and the growling of the broken-down motor of his ancient car; again, his mythical feud with Fred Allen often seems dull. Yet his timing is absolutely flawless and his vocal inflections, inimitable; just to hear him purr "Good, good," once in the course of a half hour is worth all the rest of the program. He has long been acknowledged supreme in that most trying of comic arts, ad-libbing. His style is a mirthful mixture of natural wit, vocal flexibility, and keen dramatic sense.

This has of necessity been a superficial survey of the special aptitudes and methods of three favorite comedians. Of course, the traits mentioned as peculiar to one are in some degree common, to all, for they are part of every good comedian's equipment. It must also be remembered that there are other outstanding modern practitioners, like Edgar Bergen and Amos and Andy, of an ancient and honorable art, an art which, we hope, will continue to flourish, "pointing up the weaknesses of human nature and showing the part played in human life by accident or chance," no matter what new entertainment media tomorrow may devise. Anne Dyer Murphy '50

AFTERMATHS

THE worst part about Christmas is the following aftermaths. The brutally large bills run up far above the meager allotment budgeted for Christmas are, perhaps, the worst of the aftermaths. Where one may have planned to spend only seventy-five cents on cousin Suzie, he suddenly finds he has spent one dollar and seventy-five cents. Such cases as this are the rule, and not the exception at Christmas time. The jovial shopper, full of the Christmas spirit, threw caution to the "four winds and the seven seas" as he embarked upon his merry road to bankruptcy. Little did he realize then that this folly would cause him many sleepless nights in the months to come.

Another aftermath of Christmas is the business of exchange shopping. While this is a lesser ruin financially, it is by far the more dangerous of the two. You start on your way to the store full of happy thoughts of the pleasure you will get from your new gift. But once there you find out that there is no such word as "exchange" in the store-keeper's dictionary. At the mention of the word store girls clamp up and floor-walkers sneer. It takes much hard work and does ex-cruciating damage to your pride to exchange the brilliant futuristic tie for one you would have the courage to wear.

After you finally manage to exchange your gift, you are faced with unenviable and almost impossible task of concealing what you have done from the giver of the gift. If this poor misguided relative or friend comes to visit you, you must have devious excuses ready to parry his questions. One is driven to sneak, lie, and cheat in order to keep his unholy secret. Uncountable embarrassing experiences are apt to arise out of this natural act of greed. No matter how happy your Christmas may be, it can't be totally devoid of unpleasant aftermaths.

Charles Hunter '50

"DRAWL PARTNER!"

■ N the pages of any western one finds the strangest assortment of characters ever brought together. Every personality from the poor persecuted peon to the viciously vindictive villain acts western, talks western and eats westerns.

A western hero is always a hard riding, straight shooting. (This is known as Triggernometry) clean living cowhand of prodigious strength and endurance. Let us take, for example, a typical hero, Tex, who is escaping from the law after committing some petty misdemeanor.

"The poor horse, worn out by the tremendous heat of the long ride, finally collapsed, pitching Tex to the ground. Unwilling to let his noble beast fall into the hands of the pursuing lawmen, Tex hoisted the animal onto his back and ran the remaining five miles to the town of Gopher Hole. Setting the animal down at the hitching rail, he entered the Pink Elephant Cafe, and strode over to the bar.

"Gimme a Cyanide Special!" he growled to the bartender.

"The bartender half filled a glass with cyanic acid, added a handful of arsenic crystals, a jigger of nitric acid, and a squirt of poison ivy extract. Dropping two squirming black widow spiders into the mixture, he shoved it bubbling and fuming across the bar. With one gulp Tex

downed the drink.

"Nice drink," he said, "'Cept that it keeps eting the gold out ov ma teeth!"

Chief antagonist of the hero is the villain. He is immensely rich and has at his disposal thousands of paid gunmen. He resides in a castle or palace, complete with every modern luxury.

"Senor Montiere scowled and pressed a small button on his gold-plated desk. Instantly a servant appeared.

"Have they caught that devil yet?" demanded the Senor.

"No, Senor," was the reply.

"Stupid fools!" shouted Montiere. "Tell them I raise the reward to twenty million pesos!"

"Yes, Senor," answered the servant and disappeared.

"Bah!" screamed Montiere, hurling a Mexican vase at the wall. "That one fool should thwart all my plans!"

"Suddenly a shower of bullets smashed into the mirror behind the bar. The door was kicked violently open and a tall masked figure strode into the room, a gold-plated six shooter glittering in each hand. 'The Cissy Kid,' moaned the bartender, fainting dead away.

"Not a man in the West has not heard of the Cissy Kid. There are few bank vaults that do not bear mute testimony to his skill as a safe cracker. He rides a snow white stallion and has been known to race it for fifty or sixty miles against the Denver express. (Needless to say he always wins). Many are the tales that are circulated about his honesty and courage. Once, it is said, he rode fifty miles to pay back a store-keeper who had overcharged him. In his long career of holdups he has never been known to shoot a man — except in self-defense. It is no wonder that men shudder and women run screaming indoors at the mention of The Cissy Kid."

One could continue forever listing more western characters. Time and space permit the mention of only one more, the sheriff. Here we find him with his posse, ready to track down the Cissy Kid after a holdup.

"Which way did he ride?" asked the Sheriff.

"I saw him ride north," answered one man.

"His tracks lead north," said a second.

"There's a cloud of dust over the north trail," responded a third.

"Well," said the sheriff, "we all seem to agree on the direction." So saying, he jumped into his saddle and led the men straight south out of town!"

Frank Bequaert '50

CHILDHOOD TRAGEDIES

THE first ten years of a person's life are probably the most trying which that individual will ever encounter, for they are filled with many juvenile joys and woes. The calamitous happenings, however, are more often deeply embedded in the man's memory than his remembrances of more enjoyable occasions.

I still recollect perfectly my first major calamity which took place when I was only four years of age. It was a broiling July afternoon with the air so oppressively humid that even the birds refused to fly, but rather seemed content just to sit in a stupor on the lower branches of the maple trees and to gaze dumbfoundedly down upon the supposedly superior humans, who didn't have sense enough to do the same. Earlier that afternoon I had run about my house dressed in only my knee pants and my sneakers with my tongue out so far that it almost seemed as if I were wearing a red necktie on my bare chest. My mother noticed my strange condition and crossed my palm with a nickel's worth of silver which she deemed sufficient to cure my malady. This treasure I took, along with myself, to the corner store, slapped it triumphantly on the soda fountain, stood on tiptoe, and asked the soda-jerker to give me a sherbet cone; this the counter-boy did with pronounced reluctance for he naturally wished that he could have the cone, too. The great transaction having been completed, I skipped blissfully out into the afternoon sun. Halfway home with the cone, for I intended to eat it in my own domain, my eye fell upon a horde of ants who were diligently procuring food and transporting it to their ant hill on the edge of the sidewalk. While stooping over to scrutinize their labors more closely, I let the treasured cone slip from my sticky grasp and fall head first upon the toilers. My last recollection of that tragic scene before it was completely obscured from my sight by the tears which were rapidly flooding my eyes was that of many black warriors swimming an orange sea and mounting a golden spire which ascended from its center.

Another youthful tragedy occurred on a singularly beautifully balmy Spring day six years later. My parents had just presented to me a tricycle and I thought that I would enjoy taking it out for its maiden trip from my home to that of my friend, which was some three blocks distant. I eagerly hopped onto the seat, placed my oversized feet on the pedals, firmly gripped the handlebars, and started out. After I had passed the first block at the cruising speed of two miles per hour, I got the not too intelligent idea of

trying my vehicle out for speed. I leaned forward diagonally on the seat, gripped the handlebars more firmly, and applied all my weight to the pedals. I was traveling at the perilous pace of five miles per hour when disaster struck me — or rather when I struck it. Disaster took the form of a parked car. Travelling at such a tremendous speed, I completely lost control of the wheel. My bike struck the grillwork of the blue car and two of my upper teeth, to which my head was attached before the accident, collided with disastrous results against the fender. I did not bother to remain at the scene of the accident long enough to determine the extent of damage to the fender, for at that moment, I was intent on the notion of going home as quickly and as safely as possible. I ran!

These two tragedies still live vividly in my memory all these years because the former was my first experience in dealing with both legal tender and with perishable goods, and the latter was my first in becoming acquainted with real physical injury and the helplessness of man against uncontrollable mechanical conveyances.

Harold E. Karagozian '50

DRINK TO YESTERDAY

LET us gather round the table, dear colleagues, — and quaff the nectar, attained in the basement corridor, to the yesterday just passed.

As we wax mellow, weepy, and silly with each "quaff," let our thoughts and dreams of bygone days cascade onto the soppy table. The "ifs," "buts," and "onlys" begin to clutter the atmosphere and our hesitating spirits soar downwards, to wallow in the depths of impending History exams and the three last stanzas of "Der Elfkönig."

With bated breath and fluttering heart, we recall the warm, friendly bed, the breakfast at 10, the desultory attempt to finish the books started in September, and the delightfully perplexing problem of choosing between John or Gert's party, and the resultant disillusionment when, all too quickly, the time came that we had to resume our half-forgotten regime.

And, now, with all this in mind, we are assembled here to meditate on the last week and, shoulder to shoulder, drink a toast to yesterday. All eyes turn to our beloved comrade, who, with bottle in hand, utters these time-worn words, "Hurry up and finish you milk. The bell's ringing and these bottles have to be returned!"

Elsbeth Edge '51



PAGEANT OF SCHOOL PLAY OF CHRISTMAS

Photo by Al Sullivan

CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

ON Thursday, December 15, our annual Christmas pageant was presented under the direction of Miss Hartigan and Mr. Guest. Six tableaux were given, The Annunciation, The Visitation, The Apparition of the Shepherds, The Journey of the Wise Men, The Nativity, and The Madonna and Child. The Madonna was portrayed by Ann Wadden; the Angel Gabriel was Betty Watson; Elizabeth, Marjorie Taylor; Joseph, Edward O'Brien; The Shepherds, John Adams, Albert Good, and John Watts; the Wise Men, Eugene O'Sullivan, James Stack, and John Hurley; the angels, June Burgess, Elspeth Edge, Joyce Landrigan, Ann Mahoney, Natalie Souza, and Frances Tierney. The Scriptural readings were by Donald Edge. The music accompanying the tableaux was by Miss Wait and the Glee Club. The tableaux were repeated in the evening and in addition, a *Plea to The Madonna* was given by Gail Mahoney and Irene Kulsa. Also on that evening was presented a Christmas play entitled *A Child Is Born*. The cast included John Douhan, Mary MacLachlan, Ruy Soeiro, Richard Bentholt, Adrienne Knight, Katrinka Jansen, and David Noonan.

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

THE Dramatic Club has some wonderful plans for an interesting year which began at the

enjoyed a talk by Professor Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana. The subject was the difference in Shakespeare productions of the past. To illustrate his talk Professor Dana showed a series of excellent slides.

On Friday, October 14, the tryouts were held, and the Club welcomed twenty-five new members into its organization.

On December 9, the Dramatic Club produced another "Curtain Time." Under the direction of Mr. Guest, three one-act plays were given, *A Mad Breakfast*, *'Op-O-Me-Thumb*, and *Time and The Blizzard*. The cast and director were supported by a fine crew which included Edward O'Brien, James Stack, Robert Egan, Lee Kief, William Hudson, and John Geovanis. The evening proved highly entertaining and successful.

This year's Christmas pageant was, if anything, more lovely than ever before. Miss Hartigan's direction caught all the beauty and simplicity of the age-old story. The scenes were presented on Thursday evening, December 15, under the sponsorship of The Cambridge Center of Music and Drama with music by Miss Wait and the Glee Club. With the pageant was given a Christmas play entitled *"A Child Is Born."*

In the next issue we'll tell you about the fun we had at our January initiations, and also at the K.B., G.A.A., Dramatic Club Formal.

Adrienne Knight, Secretary

May we present--

BARBARA CUMMISKEY

HIP! HIP! HOORAY! Here she is, the first girl president of the Junior class, Barbara (Bibber) Cummiskey. This vivacious president, whose sparkling face has roamed these corridors for almost three years now, first saw the light of day in Boston on October 21, 1932. Nine years ago, she really saw the light and moved to our fair city of Cambridge, leaving the Alba Palmer Grammar School to enter Saint Paul's and from there to C.H.L.S.

The subject of school was hurriedly passed over and then we settled down to Barbara's Main Interest (with capital letters), hobby, etc. — sports. She is an officer in the G.A.A., member of the C.A.A., the "Y", the basketball and volley ball teams, captain of the softball team, and has appeared in the front at all games thus far. However, she did express a preference for playing boys' games with boys and disclosed the fact that she has always been a regular tomboy. Barbara confessed that dancing ran a close second to sports.

When she graduates, she intends to be a physical education teacher or just get married. Her ideal man doesn't have to be particularly handsome but have a good personality and be a good sport.

From husbands we switched to the election and believe me, Barbara was never so surprised in her life, as when she won. She thinks the Junior class is wonderful and that her opponents for the presidency are "swell guys." Personally I think the best man won. How about it?

E. E.

CAROLE THOMPSON

CAROLE THOMPSON, vice-president of the junior class, is very pretty. She has blond hair, blue eyes and a charming smile. She was born in Boston fifteen years ago, but has lived in Cambridge ever since.

She is a member of the G.A.A., the K.B., the Drill Team and the C.A.A. She likes to play volley ball but she would much rather watch a good baseball game. Her leisure time is spent at the movies and her favorites on the screen are Glenn Ford and Jane Wyman.

The ideal man must be tall and athletic and what's more, Carole claims she knows where she can find him. Miss Thompson will, no doubt, prove to be a capable and efficient officer, and we wish her the best of luck.

P. S.

MARILYN PELRINE

IT IS our pleasure at this time to introduce Marilyn Pelrine, Secretary-Treasurer of the Junior Class. For those who don't know "Mal," and I'm sure there aren't many, she is of medium height, has pretty ash blond hair, and blue eyes. Born in Cambridge some 16 years ago and a graduate of the Webster Grammar School, Marilyn hopes to go to business college when she finishes at High and Latin. Since coming to C.H.L.S., she has been quite active in G.A.A. and C.A.A. affairs, but still manages to find time for a good deal of dancing which is her favorite pastime.

Mal says without a second thought that Glenn Ford is her favorite actor. I believe the word she used to describe him was "luscious" whatever that means.

Being quite exact in everything, Amelia (that's her middle name and she hates it) gives these requirements for her ideal man. He must be tall, definitely athletic, having a nice personality and must positively be blond, brunette, or redhead. (Boys with green hair need not apply.)

All kidding aside, the juniors couldn't have made a nicer choice, and if the rest of the Junior Class shows the same kind of competitive spirit exhibited by Mal and the other newly elected officers, we seniors (ahem!) will have to watch out.

D. L.

VIRGINIA MOYLAN

TINY, vivacious, Virginia Moylan was the lucky sophomore to be chosen for this issue of the REVIEW. "Virgie," as her many friends call her, was born in South Boston and moved to Cambridge seven years ago. She is a graduate of the Longfellow Grammar School. She plans to do office work after graduation.

When asked what subjects she liked best, she said they were all the same to her.

"Virgie," with her brown hair and sparkling blue eyes, declared that her ideal man must be tall, dark and handsome and have a wonderful personality. Nothing but the best for Virginia.

Her favorite sport is hockey and she attends all the hockey games.

The sophomore class should be proud to have sweet Virginia Moylan as a member of their class.

J. C.



CHRISTENA FIRSHAW

CHRISTENA FIRSHAW, a new and very welcome addition to our Freshman Class has recently returned from Germany where she has been living for a number of years. Christina was born in Needham just fourteen years ago, but has spent most of her life in traveling which, I might add, is her favorite "hobby," along with collecting stamps.

Christina has visited colorful Costa Rica, her mother's native country. She has been to Czechoslovakia, and to France. In Germany, she enjoyed many happy years with her family, but, last October, returned once again to America and Cambridge.

She is busy in the college course, with a full program here at high school, where Art and Spanish rank first among her subjects. After high school, college is her destination. Christina's pleasing personality and mischievous smile are sure signs of a happy four years ahead here at Cambridge Latin.

A. W.

MANNING STOLLER

MANNING STOLLER is a brown-eyed, dark complexioned freshman, about five feet six inches tall, with dark, curly hair and an infectious grin. He was born in Cambridge, but has lived seven of his fourteen years in Mattapan. He graduated from the Agassiz school, ranking high in his class. Although he works afternoons in a drug store, Manning manages to stand well up on the honor roll here at C.H.L.S. Algebra is his favorite subject, with History running a close second. He is a member of both the Chess Club and the Projection Club, and his activities in the latter organization made cornering him for an interview a decidedly difficult task. His favorite sports are bowling, baseball, and football, in that order. Some of his other diversions are Chess and Canasta. Manning also plays the piano, has a large collection of popular records, and likes dancing, especially slow dancing. He declined comment on the subject of girls, but hastily added that he is no woman hater, but just doesn't have any definite qualifications in mind. R. G. D.

FRANCIS BOUDREAU

FRANCIS BOUDREAU, a Sophomore, has been a resident of Cambridge all his life and attended Our Lady of Pity School from which he graduated with honors two years ago before entering C.H.L.S. Since then he has been very active in school affairs, at present being on the Program Committee of the French Club. Because Frank plans to go to college, although he has not yet

decided on which one, his courses this year are English, Geometry, French, and Latin of which Geometry is his favorite subject. Besides collecting stamps as a hobby, Frank also enjoys baseball and basketball. Sports is Frank's favorite outside activity for not only is he a good basketball player but also he is an avid baseball fan, especially when Lou Boudreau brings his Indians to Boston, since Lou is his favorite sports star. However, Frank says that he will settle for Ted Williams as the best player on the home team.

On the subject of his ideal girl Frank says that she must definitely be interested in sports and be a good student. With a person like Frank representing the Sophomores, the class of 1952 cannot be anything but outstanding.

M. J. N.

ANTONIO REGALADO

BBROWN haired, blue eyed Antonio Regalado is a newcomer to the United States as well as to C.H.L.S. His family, having left Spain after the civil war there, lived several years in Cuba before coming to the United States three years ago. He "picked up" all of his English while attending high school here and in Philadelphia!

Antonio's chief interests are literature and sports. He enjoys both English and Spanish books, but he will drop anything for a good game of baseball. His favorite class, strange as it seems, is English! He says that he is glad of the opportunity to go to college here and he hopes to enter Harvard next year.

Antonio, when asked what he thought of Americans, said that American girls are more independent than the Spanish but that the Spanish señoritas take the prize for beauty. American men, he thinks, are much more business-like than the easy-going Spaniard. Antonio's ideal girl must have intelligence as well as common sense. He says he won't mind if she is pretty and has common dollars also.

F. B.

LATIN HIT PARADE

All Dolled Up	Winter Formal
Mule Train	M. T. A.
Where Are You	Brains
24 Hours of Sunshine	Saturdays
I Only Have Eyes for You	1:45
Now, Now, Now Is the Time	Lunch
So Tired	Mondays
You're Breaking My Heart	Failure Slips
Daddy's Little Girl	All 90's
You Were Meant For Me	Vacation
Dime A Dozen	55's
Bewildered	I Flunked
	Beverly Jakeway '50

CAMBRIDGE IN JANUARY

JANUARY, itself, is a dull month. Cambridge in January is, at least on the surface, an unappealing spot. The entire city seems to have completely erased the memory of the gay holidays and set grimly to work.

The windows of the houses, which had, so recently, smiled and twinkled with bright light, have pulled their shutters tight and transformed the fairy lanes of the holiday season to the usual work-a-day streets trodden by heavily shod feet.

In the manufacturing sections, a weak sun is reflected from the walls of buildings certainly not impressive architecturally, but which, nevertheless, inspire in the hundreds who disappear within their doors a feeling of security. For these buildings, small as they are in comparison to the giant manufacturing plants in America, provide a livelihood for the men and women who stream in and out of their doors so regularly.

The only sounds heard here among the plants are the steady hum of machinery in motion, broken sometimes by a call from one of the workers. This rhythmic chant though interrupted in our ears, is never halted by the voices but goes on in a never ceasing roar. It goes on, disregarding those who serve it and never checked in its progress by their troubles.

Cambridge Street with its many shops reflects the business-like attitude of the entire city. In some of the shop windows one may catch a glimpse of tarnished tinsel and faded paper; all that remain of decorations which shone so gaily, gladdening the heart at Christmas time. It is a little sad to see these ornaments lying fallen or sagging, unnoticed by the bustling shop-keeper, who is too busy ringing up change and taking orders to notice the now forlorn articles. So it is that things once loved fiercely and honored greatly are cast aside, discarded at the whim of man.

The streets are damp and often littered with bits of paper and refuse. Here is a candy wrapper dropped by a little boy too intent on the sweet to notice what became of the wrapping. There is a shopping list nestled against the curbing and here a newspaper, blown about and dirtied by the roaring traffic. There is a bustle of life on the street no matter how dreary the day and how wet the pavement.

But toward evening a change so subtle it is scarcely noticed takes place. The hurrying shoppers and workers are replaced by people laughing and talking. These are anticipating good times and as the street echoes with their laughter, it seems an entirely different place. The roar of truck motors and screech of brakes have been ex-

changed for the swish of private cars and occasionally the blaring horn of an impatient driver.

Cambridge has never been extremely vivid in coloring. In January it seems that the weather has adapted itself to fit the place. There is a quiet beauty which pervades the city. The beauty is that of the sun on a brick wall, the clouded sky reflected in a murky puddle. There is too, the beauty of life. Its people go from day to day living as they know how. They take enjoyment when they can, complain sometimes as people everywhere do, not really meaning what they say. Cambridge in January, though dull on the surface, is a place with its own distinct character.

Irene Kulsa '50

TRAVEL IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

AS TIME has marched on, we have seen many eras of travel. Up to the latter part of the Nineteenth Century, travel was mostly by horseback, stage coach, or covered wagon. Now as the Twentieth Century has advanced, the ways and means of travel also have advanced, until we now have streamlined automobiles, ships, and airplanes. Of course we may say that the necessity of perfection and speed, engendered by the last war, has greatly improved travel and this doubtless is true; still, I think I am justified in saying that without this war, the same results would have been accomplished in the end.

People are not long content with poor and unsatisfactory things, whether they pertain to travel, communication, or warfare; they want change and improvement. It was this dissatisfaction in shipping which brought about the great advancement that resulted in our ocean liners, battleships, and submarines of today. It is true that we do have proof of boats or ships dating as far back as the Greeks and Trojans, but it was not until Fulton's invention of the steamboat that a radical change was made in this mode of transportation.

At the beginning of our present era, travel on land became comfortable through our automobiles, primitive as they were. Although these first cars were faulty, and were many times an inconvenience when they broke down on country roads, they held promise for a great future, a future which has become our present. We of the Twentieth Century have benefited from the mistakes, tests, and the experiments of the earliest inventors; their efforts have made it possible for us to step into a 1950 model car, turn on the ignition, step on the gas, and speed away to any place on this continent.

As with water and land travel, air travel, since its beginning in 1904, has been improved and perfected into our current B 29's and B 50's. If

Washington and Jefferson had been warned of the success of this type of travel about which we never think twice, they would have deemed it an utter impossibility. Thus it would seem to us who are living in this Twentieth Century that any further perfection in travel would be almost impossible, but in the years to come we will find, just as generations before us have done, and just as future generations will do that we can never reach the peak of perfection.

Cynthia Coleman '50

THE SEA

THE woman was small and as she bent over, huddled beneath a torn shawl that offered little warmth, she appeared even smaller. For hours she had been sitting in the darkened room staring out the window. Even after she knew there was no hope left, she sat there, watching the sea. This cruel, heartless sea had claimed her husband's life and now her son's. Sometimes she wondered if it were worse to be out in the storm or to be watching it and praying for the safe return of those caught in the wind and rain. Now she knew.

The day had started just like any other. The men had put out to sea early in the morning but soon after their departure the sky had become cloudy and overcast and without any warning a storm had arisen. It lashed the shoreline and churned the waves into angry white mountains. Seaweed and dead fish piled up on the sand in a horrible mocking way, for all to see. When the distant horizon was revealed by a flash of lightning, all it showed were more mountainous waves reaching heavenward. The sturdiest vessel would have a hard time surviving this storm.

Back within the walls of her home, the hopeful mother peered into the inky blackness and shuddered. It was on such a day as this that she had experienced her first sorrow. Time and again she jumped to her feet as there hove into sight a blurred shape which proved to be only driftwood. She rejected with firmness the idea that the piece of wood might have come from his boat.

Hours later she realized the awful truth. The rain had stopped and the waves had subsided, but still there was no sign of a boat. She didn't cry. She knew tears would do no good but something inside her seemed to die and she sighed and sat back in her chair.

That was how she was found the next day when the news of the tragedy was brought to her. She was dead, but she looked very happy. Perhaps, after all, that was the best way for things to end.

Patricia Supple '51

MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

I HAVE completed my few New Year's resolutions. I haven't much faith in enforcing them because I'm still trying to fulfill last year's resolutions; however, my little collection has been drawn up.

My first and foremost resolution is contained in that wise old saying "Early to bed and early to rise." I mean early in the night, not early in the morning. This is not simply a New Year's resolution; it is a *yearly* resolution. Nevertheless I continue to make it. Too, this resolution sets off a chain reaction. In order to go to bed early, I must complete my homework early. This means I must begin early, and, once I have begun, there are to be no distractions, which consist mainly of the telephone and a gnawing feeling in the pit of my stomach which tells me that, although I didn't care for what I had for supper, I should have eaten more. Next, comes the consideration that, although I begin studying early and work without interruptions, the night is still not long enough. So, my afternoons are planned. The result is that two afternoons a week I work, if baby-sitting should rightly be called work, and I think it should; two afternoons I shall study, and if by night-time I have finished the day's lessons, I can proceed with future work. Friday afternoon is my afternoon of relaxation, when I can do as I please with no thoughts of work or school. Of course, as for week-end assignments, they will undoubtedly be completed early Sunday afternoon, or Saturday night if possible.

My last resolution is that I will be more helpful at home, or perhaps I should simply say helpful. If my mother has any faults at all it is that she has completely spoiled her offspring. Little is expected of me and that is just about what I do. The one requirement is a good report card, and even then I'm not accommodating at all. As for accomplishments in the ordinary line, if on some very rare occasion my mother is absent at meal time, I go hungry rather than cook something for myself. It isn't so much from a lack of knowledge that I do this, but just that I am in the habit of being waited upon. Of all my resolutions, this last will undoubtedly be the hardest to keep.

Thus I start a new year full of resolutions. The spirit is, without a doubt, most willing, but the flesh is decidedly weak.

Rosemary Murphy '50





JACKIE BURNS OF STONEHAM
WAS HIGH SCORER WITH
TWO TALLIES.



STONEHAM 4 LATIN 1



THE PENALTY BOX
WAS FULL OF ACTIVITY.



PAUL NORDEN LED OFF
THEN CAME TH' BARRAGE.



TAKE IT FROM ONE
WHO KNOWS IT WAS
A ROUGH GAME.

I FEEL A DRAFT SOMEONE
MUST HAVE LEFT A
DOOR OPEN



RALFIE KILFOYLE SAVED TH'DAY
WITH A LONE LATIN TALLY.



OUR CAPTAIN AND NETMINDER
DICK HEAVERN SHONE LIKE
A GEM THAT HE IS.

—DON WYMAN

FOOTBALL

NOVEMBER, 1949

C. H. L. S. 27 North Quincy 0

Latin secured its fifth consecutive victory and sixth of the season by shutting out North Quincy before 2,000 chilled fans at Quincy Municipal Stadium.

The Cantab grid machine was driven by Jim Daley who turned in the "hat trick" by scoring three touchdowns. Bill Hudson contributed one score to the cause. Daley swept left end from twenty yards out in the opening period for the first Latin score. Jim tallied two more touchdowns in the second and third frames on a two yard buck and a 41 yard sprint. McCarron added three points by conversion.

C. H. L. S. 19 Taunton 12

The Cantabs finished the season in a blaze of glory by whipping previously unbeaten, untied Taunton High 19 to 12 before an overflow crowd of 3,500 at Hopewell Park, Taunton. It was victory number seven for the Latinites the last six consecutive, and it dropped Taunton from the undefeated ranks and cost them the Class C Championship. Taunton scored early in the first period when Frank Almeida ran nine yards for a T. D. after a series of quick running plays. The first half ended with the score Taunton 6, C.H.L.S. 0. In the third period Jimmie Daley ran 35 yards to the Taunton line and scored on the next play. A Jackie Murphy to Bill Hudson pass was good for 40 yards and a T. D. in the waning moments of the third period. McCarron converted and it was 13 to 6. Early in the fourth period Al Kirklys intercepted a Texeira pass and ran twenty yards for a score. The final score came in the final two minutes with Frank Almeida scoring from the 6.

BASKETBALL

Alumni 64 C. H. L. S. 55

The experience and height of the Alumni composed of such former C.H.L.S. stalwarts as Yaka Kelley, Dick Tufenkjian, Jackie Hannon, Charlie Durakis, Jack Cawley, to mention just a few, proved too much for the smaller, lighter and inexperienced Latin five. After leading most of the first three periods, the game Latin men finally surrendered to the Alumni. The speedy play of Dick Tufenkjian, who scored 10 points, provided the spark for the Alumni while Captain Eddie Asaley proved his leadership and ability not only in scoring the most points, but also in showing spirit. Coach Koslowski revealed a potent first team but he seems to lack reserves. Nevertheless, the team will make the school proud of them in the suburban league this year.

TRACK

C. H. L. S. 43 Revere 34

Latin won its first dual meet of the season by defeating Revere at the Newton Street Armory by a score of 43 to 34. The first event, the 45 yard hurdles, was won by Latin's James Coleman while Revere captured second and third place. The Cantabs took two out of three places in the 50 yard dash, Tom Mooney winning and Ed Corsino taking second. Latin's speed merchants swept the 300 yard run when Hennessey, Bowman and Shrago finished one, two, three. "Choo-Choo" Foley won the 600 yard jaunt while Donald Smith placed third; George McCarron and Deighton Ashby grabbed second and third in the 1000 yard run. Latin was shut out in the mile but bounded back in the shot-put event when Dawson and Corr took second and third place. Al Kirklys was the only Latin winner in the high jump which saw Revere take first and third place. With the score 38-34 in favor of Latin, Mooney, Hennessey, McCarron and Foley won the mile relay, five points and the initial track victory of the season.

HOCKEY

C. H. L. S. 2 Belmont 1

Latin hung a 2 to 1 decision on the stout chin of Belmont High to win the first game of the 1949-50 campaign. Belmont drew first blood when defenseman John McDougall managed to be beat Dick Heavern in the second period. In the last period Latin's Jim Daley pumped in the equalizer on passes from George Boudreau and Jack Murphy. Daley then combined with Ralph Kilfoyle and Ray Kelly to score the winning goal.

Stoneham 4 C. H. L. S. 1

Stoneham handed Latin its first loss of the season by winning 4 to 1. Brothers Jack and Dick Burns were the thorns in the Cantab's sides. Jack scored twice in the first period and Dick chipped in a second period goal. Latin's Ralph Kilfoyle deprived Stoneham of a shutout when he scored Latin's only goal of the game.

Medford 1 C. H. L. S. 0

Medford found the Latin stalwarts a very hard nut to crack but managed to hand the Cantabs their second loss in as many weeks. Medford although looking not quite as smooth as usual dominated the play. The Cantabs, however, played their best game of the season and barely missed defeating Medford. Larry Kinchla scored the decisive goal at 6:18 of the second period when he took a Bob Gorman pass and slid it past Dick Heavern.

Harry Goldstein '51
Jerry Murphy '50

THIS ONE WAS WORTH TH' TROUBLE!



BY TH' LOOKS OF TH' LOCKER ROOM DOOR, TH' TEAM DIDN'T WAIT T' OPEN IT BEFORE GOING OUT!

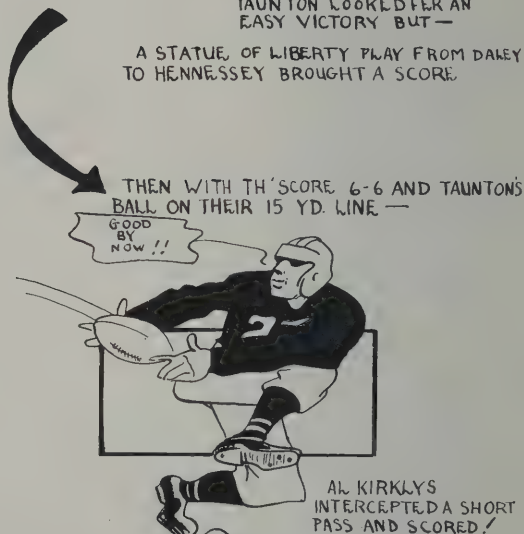


LEADIN' 6-0 AT TH' HALF TAUNTON LOOKED FER AN EASY VICTORY BUT—

A STATUE OF LIBERTY PLAY FROM DAKEY TO HENNESSEY BROUGHT A SCORE.



LATIN DID IT AGAIN! WE BEAT TAUNTON THANKS TO DAY 19-12



AL KIRKLYS INTERCEPTED A SHORT PASS AND SCORED!



AFTER TH' GAME, SOME OF TH' BOYS FORMED A QUARTET IN TH' CORNER!



IN TH' FOURTH PERIOD, A PASS FROM MURPHY TO HUDSON GAVE US SIX MORE POINTS. TH' CONVERSION WAS GOOD MAKIN' TH' SCORE 19-6. TAUNTON LATER SCORED IN TH' LAST MINUTE OF TH' GAME. FINAL SCORE, LATIN 19-TA'NTON 12

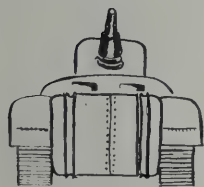
THE ALUMNI GAME !



TH' JOINT WAS REALLY BUZZIN' FER HARRY GOLDSTEIN WHO WAS MANAGER, ANNOUNCER, SCOREKEEPER AND THE TIMEKEEPER.



NOT THAT THEY WERE ANY TALLER THAN OUR LATINITES- BUT IT SURE LOOKED AS IF THEY COULD DO THIS!



NEXT TIME WE'LL ROLL OUT TH' HEAVY ARTILLARY!

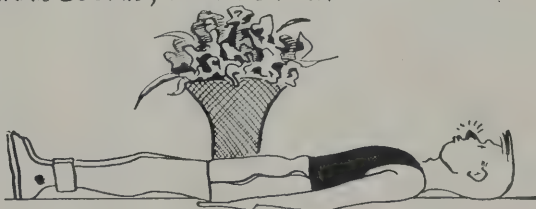


MR KOSLOWSKI PLAYED HIS USUAL GAME —

SO THEY WERE TALL! TH' VARSITY PLAYED A GOOD GAME, STAYING WITHIN 9 POINTS OF TH' ALUMNI.
TH' FINAL SCORE, ALUMNI 64-LATIN 55



SOME OF TH' BOYS MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN TH' FOOTBALL SEASON WAS OVER!



TH' ONLY CASUALTY OF TH' NIGHT WAS CLIF ERWIN WHO SUFFERED FROM A NOSE BLEED!



WELL, we're back again, (knock on wood) and it really is amazing considering the outcome of the last issue. I wouldn't say anyone was offended by what was printed, but the day the last REVIEW was distributed, I narrowly escaped injury from a sniper's bullet, a poisoned salt shaker at lunch, and three automobiles that almost got me crossing Trowbridge Street after school; all accidental, of course. But I made it, and feeling thoroughly protected by a newly purchased suit of armor, I shall continue to edit all material upholding the "life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness" of the C.H.L.S. inmates, I mean students.

Another election has taken place since the last issue, this time with the juniors putting in their two cents worth. The result was the first all girl command to be chosen for quite some time. The title-holders are Barbara Cummiskey, Carole Thompson and Marilyn Pelrine taking the honors for President, Vice-President, and Secretary-Treasurer, respectively. With a trio like this, this year's Junior Class should be a success.

Congratulations must go to the officers of the Digger D Club of America who are doing a wonderful job. President Eddie O'Brien and Veep Jimmie Kelley have increased membership over 300 percent, while "Louie" Wolozin, III, has collected about \$4,000.00 in club dues. (Resignations will be cheerfully accepted.)

We knew the sophomores were comic characters, but 109 got more than its share in Robert Butt and Norman Butler, who have more tricks than the Katzenjammer Kids. A certain junior Lillian Sherwood by name, has a Joe Palooka to contend with. He's an amateur boxer and must be quite good with a nickname like "Canvasback."

We interrupt this chatter for an important announcement. It is a special request of Eddie (Oh you kid) Corcoran, that everyone; friends, students, admirers and otherwise address him henceforth as "Dimples." Let's all do this as a special favor to Eddie. I'm sure he'll be surprised, in fact, I know he'll be surprised.

Some wise sophomore filled out transfer papers to Rindge for Joan Kramer. That's what she gets for going with Rindge boys. Bet she won't be

lonesome. Some girls are content at Latin, however, and Pat Harrington likes it so much she either trips or swan dives down the stairs at 1:45.

It looks like Charlie Gaudette has changed his mind about girls; ask Ruth Pampel, she'll show you the bracelet. Seems everyone gets bracelets these days; Jackie Pelrine carries around a poster pointing out her Christmas gift. Is it from the same one that helps with the homework, Jackie? A Harvard man no less.

Mary Lou Lynd went to a New Year's Eve party with a "simply luscious junior." Funny how freshmen go with sophomores, sophomores go with juniors, juniors go with seniors, and seniors go with —? Who do seniors go with? Never mind, don't answer that question.

There were many New Year's parties and we can't mention them all, but it seems everyone had a great time with the exception of Al Sullivan and Steve Donaghey who spent a lonesome evening sitting on the curb of the Concord Turnpike singing "Auld Lang Syne" to the accompaniment of John Paul Jones.

A new tune is the Thompson Rag with the Pelrine orchestra, which sure was a hit. And speaking of cutting capers, Pat Stevans is thinking of cutting that blond hair of hers. (I just happen to belong to the barber's union and have my license with me.)

The Baseball season is here as far as Ethel Murphy is concerned. She likes Tommy Holmes, but this one doesn't play right field for the Braves. The reason Doris Bulcamino leaves Room 203 at 12 o'clock has been learned. She has to get home to hear "One Man's Family."

Anyone desiring instructions on any subject should apply at the REVIEW Office. Lessons in shorthand are offered by Carole Nigro, singing lessons by Raoul Santos and Clare Devito, and Elaine Delorey offers lessons in — ahh music.

Big question of the month is, what does the word MUNG stand for. (I know, MIDGETS UNIFIED for NARROW GARAGES; Oh well, it was a good try.) Another problem is why Barb Howard and Joan Corkery went into their home-room carrying a can of blue paint and brushes

while singing, "*We'll have a Blue Room.*"

Some girls would like to know what makes Jimmie (Red) Healy blush so. It sounds like a question for the professor, "Mr. Personality" Billy Saideh. "Mrs. Personality" in the person of Glendora MacKenzie got her nickname from that Pepsodent smile of hers.

Having Newton High on our basketball schedule is a real favor for Joan Kelley, she's been out there scouting already. And this Carol Sullivan must be quite tall if she can walk to school with her head in the clouds.

We hear Jeanne Hurley is a real "Royal Rooter." She goes to the Catholic League games besides our own G. B. I. ones. And it's a mystery what Paul Sebastian does at those Latin hockey contests. We know he doesn't watch the game.

Pat Monahan doesn't know whether she wants a "Slumberland" or a "Castle in the Clouds" to improve her sleeping. She ought to take tips from Eleanor Day who seems to dream all day long now that she wears a beautiful gift from Buddy of Lexington. (A minute man no doubt.)

Dorothy Burgess' every second word is Jimmie. We didn't know Durante had such a rating. Speaking of gentlemen, Adela Sawicz would like some gallant knight to aid her crossing the library grounds. Damsel in distress!

Here is the inside dope on why everyone crowds around Susie Nilson's locker each morning. It has a built-in radio and they tune in to the "Contented Hour."

The *Ice Capades* was a great success. Wonder why Mary Dwyer didn't go? Another feature was the C.H.L.S. Alumni basketball game; Margie Cahill was naturally present to see her favorite team. They won, too.

A play was put on quite recently and was a great success due to the versatility of Muriel Nissen and Doris Perry. The title was "Folks from Cactus Junction" and one plays the engineer and the other the fireman on a B and M Express. Great fun, eh girls.

These Latin girls sure get around, last time it was telegrams from Harvard men, now Pat Haley gets mail from Canada. What next? Everybody blushes these days, even Lena Lombardi when anyone mentions the name Gus. Gus who it is? I'll bet Joan O'Brien had to write her congressman to get her Navy man home for New Year's. Worth the trouble, I'd say. Oh yes, and Jane Aldenberg is very happy to be Jane Aldenberg. This may sound crazy, but I had to write something or she'd murder me.

The latest thing is the recent accident of Ruy Soeiro. In his father's car no less. Of course it

was the other guy's fault, and Bobby Neal will swear to that. He was the first one on the scene, but he got there through the front windshield. "Pop" Soeiro wasn't mad, however, oh no, Ruy's just walking now for the exercise.

Wally Curcio is quite fascinated by a certain young lady's toll house cookies. Isn't that so, Mary Williams? Home cooking, oh boy! And what is it that attracts a certain party to Helen Kennedy? Not cookies, I'd say.

More trouble with lockers lately — Marian Christy can't get hers open while Joyce's, opposite 318, is so crowded, Joyce has to wait in line. I think she's hiding a full length mirror. Time out here, for a special word of congratulations to Jean MacDonald, heading a fine Prom Committee consisting of Barbara Abbott, Phyllis Ciccarelli, Lorraine Hanafin, and Marilyn Schaub. Claire Hanson and Therese Desmond had a couple of handsome escorts to the University Theatre the other night. Bet they can't tell you what show they saw.

B. C. High draws its share of Latin girls. See Patsy Dinan or Peggy Nichols. Charlie Dubay has some interest in South Orange, N. J. Why doesn't she move closer, Charlie?

The Pepsodent Company wants to sign up Charlie Smith after seeing his picture taken with the Glee Club. To squeeze out toothpaste, that is. Talking about clowns, there is another one in 208 and it's either Nick or Charlie.

Ever since Gloria Grossi heard that the best way to a man's heart was through his stomach, she's been catching up on cooking and home-making. It's rumored Conrad Racine plans to imitate a girl singing "Some One of These Days" in a talent show. Should be tops.

Betty Linehan's classmates are all waiting for her to be well again. Her shorthand seat is a bit dusty. Hurry back, Betty, we're a bit short-handed.

John Douhan put on a fine New Year's Party and among those present were: Margie Ratchford (naturally), Pat Oullette, Henry (handshake) Grunbaum, Mary Jane Noonan, and Ann Wadden. Everyone got home early. Ha! Ha!

The Christ Church Young People's Fellowship ran a fine New Year's dance at which were seen Adrienne Knight, Barbara and Fred Hollett, Barbara and Virginia Beckman, Paul Stella, Don Edge, Harold Pantan, and Barbara Soper.

What shy junior girl just hates to walk through the boys' lunchroom with two other eager beavers? You think the boys watch the girls down there? — that's a laugh. It's quite natural that some of them eat their orangeade and drink their sandwiches.

Rollie Dansereau (one of the best) makes a daily trip around the home room in a mad search for a pencil. Is that all he's looking for. While on the subject of money, (we never are, but I had to get this in some way) everyone is interested in the recent "Damon Rowley Cancer Fund," he's better known as Fran Rowley to his friends. It's a good cause, but few winners — ask Steve Dooling.

All were sorry to hear of the recent injury to Jakie Boudreau. Jake's a real star. Ed Asaley and Dickie Heavern deserve mention here for being the spark of our basketball and hockey squad.

Ann (Howdy Doody) Donahue on the candy counter at the Central drew more patrons than "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon." Ann has a beau too and he's in uniform. Usher's uniform I mean. When the seniors came up with Penny Powers, the juniors kept step with a new addition of their own. This is pretty red-headed Joan Coughlin.

Eleven happy kids can testify to the capacity of a certain automobile. It was a real experience; four in front, seven in back; one person took left turns, one took right turns, one gave hand signals while some poor girl sat terrified in between. The owner insists he did not know how many were in there until he started counting heads, and promises it won't happen again, officer.

Lillian Salvato, one of those "Muscrats" or "Hepkatz" or what ever it is, has the worst time at her locker; I refuse to call her "Lil." I just don't like it. Dick Grabowsky, our second Michael Angelo, has other things to show off, he's a real artist.

Beverly Paulis thinks we don't know who she went to the show with but we do. The REVIEW knows everything, and I mean everything. We even know where Mike is before fourth period when Mickey can't find him. He's out looking for her. You two ought to get together.

Edward Saxe was seen early the other morning on Harvard Street. Seems he was at an all night vigil at the *Florida*. And Eddie Quinn has given up South Cambridge (wherever that is) for North Cambridge. Could the reason be Margie Barrett?

"Whispering Smith" has come to Latin in the person of "Two-Gun" Ralph Kilfoyle and Billy Comfort. What's the secret, boys? It's no secret that Terry McCarthy and her fighter seem to be a sure thing but what about Chickie Mailhiot and her cattle man R. T. (Bet he can sling the bull).

Attention, Barbara Rose; who is the Harvard boy everyone wants to know about? Do you realize the trouble you're causing? It's even got the D. D. T. Club concerned. (If that means

Drop Dead Twice, I'll die.)

The New England Deaconess Hospital has a strong attraction for a certain sophomore boy. Could pretty nurses be the reason? Gene O'Neil should be the one visiting hospitals, he's always having accidents and turning red when asked about them. "She Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby" is the song being sung by George Fay lately. Has baby sitting got anything to do with it.

Room 308 has been voted "The Place Where We'd Like to Be Most at Recess." Looks like Grand Central Station. Could people in this room be responsible for Ras Lakis' continual laughing. It isn't "Hollywood Calling" that keeps Ann McCarthy busy, but it is long distance calls. How about the *why*, *when* and *where* about those calls, Ann?

Hear this: Bob Kennedy and Charlie Helberg set an all time record by coming to school one week straight. The manager of the RKO wasn't too pleased however, since Bob and Charlie were his feature attraction. They're cards all right, ought to be dealt with.

Richard Spencer is always changing his seat. Guess he wants to be a traveling salesman. Happy daze are here again for Anne Sousa who got quite a surprise for Christmas. Thanks to Rudolph the bugle-beaked reindeer.

If anyone should get hit in the eye with a left hand while walking around the corridors, it isn't because Connie Ippolito and Norma Bond are showing off their new watches received from Jack Castelha and Johnny Jones respectively. Not much! And the Riverside Boat Club is thinking of having a "Peggy and Freddie Night" for Peggy Nichols and Freddie LaGreca who keep the place in business.

The teacher in 217 has purchased some oil to quiet down a person known as "Little Squeaky." And Dagwood Bumstead has a relative in 108, it's Shirley Iodice who arrives at 8:29 carrying her morning coffee, sugar and cream, plus spoon. How does she find room for her books?

Bill (Pray-tell) Snell has a new heart beat, it's rumored; but when questioned, he said her initials weren't J. T., but he made a slip because we didn't even ask what her initials were.

Square dancing has become quite popular of late and some of its strongest supporters are Helen Sahady, Nick Kagdis, Evelyn Spillan, Richie Wyshak, Joanne Diab, and "Red" Kershaw. Belmont is their favorite spot. And say, what brought on the sudden change between Jeanne Ennis and Shirley Colby?

We hear that the C.H.L.S. secret police are out after Phyllis Ciccarelli for holding back informa-

tion on a certain Paul; better speak up, Phyllis, the bloodhounds are getting close. Another character sought by these same "Private Eyes" is a famous Valentino known as "Dupe" who courts the ladies. His description is as follows; between five and six feet tall, brown and blue-black eyes, light dark blond hair with a reddish tinge; he is believed to be operating in the vicinity of Cambridge High and Latin School. Anyone filling this description may turn himself in at headquarters (Precinct 4). Guess where that is?

Connie Grogan sure makes the days a little brighter with her happy smile for everyone. We could really use a score more like Connie. Another happy-go-lucky face seen around the corridors is that of Jackie (The Pro) Leaman who doesn't know what he's laughing at but just keeps laughing. Takes brains to do something like that.

Something about Geography that fascinates Connie Budda; she's even figured out the latitude and longitude of his seat. It was a little embarrassing the other day when a Janitor rushed into 113 asking which radiator was making all the racket, only to find it was Jimmie D'Ambrosio singing. Worse than that, the janitor was carrying a fire extinguisher. Why, I'll never tell you. It will take more than a fire extinguisher to get Pauline Lewis to give out with her latest nickname. We hear it's quite cute.

What's the big attraction at Camp Massapoag that's been drawing the interests of Latinites. Must be quite a spot. Someone has also asked if that very special formal that Peggy Stewart attended during the Christmas vacation was held in Tom's River, N. J. I'd say it was.

Is June Burgess going to keep her New Year's resolution? Billy Hudson wants to know, but only June can give the answer to that one. Why is it Francis Gosson is so quiet about the boy who asked her to the prom? Maybe she's worried about riding his bicycle built for two.

Richard Johnson, they say, is quite concerned about the condition of a very dear friend. It's his 1934 Ford which some folks say has enjoyed its best days. She was a gallant ship and gave her life for the cause. If anyone is in search of a dangerous adventure, he should visit a certain 5 & 10 cent store in Central Square where every salesgirl has a familiar Latin face. Beware, if you don't buy anything.

We still have a few traitors with us, Dorothy Jackson prefers Watertown High. We ought to make her walk the plank.

We take a breather here to make one big announcement about the romantic standings of a number of girls just recently returned from

Christmas and New Year's vacation. We have one girl married, three or more engaged, five wearing friendship rings and one whistling "Dixie." Our marriage was a junior girl who had a honeymoon in Connecticut. Engagements include Sally Cois, Maria Louiza Melini, and Mary Anne DeRose. Those sporting other rings are Lucille Marcotte from Pete, Rose Marino, Jeannine Mailhiot from her steady, Dot Schauman, Carole Thompson from her "Big Train" Wally Johnson, and Evelyn Polowski. Don't think we forgot Mal O'Brien and Mary Burns' hope chests. Who wouldn't be excited about them.

With this thought I will leave you until next time; remember, NACTE EST UNE REICH BELLUM GESUNDTHEIT which means, "Can't keep writing forever, you know."

Desmond LaPlace '50

FRESHMAN NOTES

N EWS that is news, hot off the wires of the C.H.L.S. press. We hear that Patty Andrews will be out of a job once Decca Recording Company hears the beautiful voice of Shirley Iodice. Keep at it, Shirley, and C.H.L.S. will be able to boast of another radio star. Speaking of musical ability, a little bird told us that Claire Farrell plays the piano, Davy Ellison plays the drums, and Henry Butler is pretty handy with the bass fiddle. We all wish to express our best wishes for the speedy recovery of two of our classmates, Marie Martone who had her appendix out, and Peter Cassidy who hurt his knee. In Cupid's Corner, we are all interested to know why Mary Allen and Helen Borelli are always following Roaul Santos? Maybe Roaul has some connection with the Pied Piper. What girl in 106 has an interest in B. C. High? Joanne Velonides left J. M. to go back to her old flame. Is there a romance blooming between Sylvia Moore and Corcoran's Santa Claus? Or is it just because she wanted better gifts this year? From the "complaint department" we are warning Jimmy Kelly that he is going to get a "shot in the head" if he doesn't stop trying to find the Latin base of Louise Kassabian's name! **FOR GIRLS ONLY** — Who's this handsome boy in room 128 that all the girls are ga-ga over? Now Steve you shouldn't get the girls all excited. **FOR BOYS ONLY** — Have you boys noticed the cute dimples that Helen Borelli has? The latest thing in fashion is the bright yellow shirt that John Bargoot was sporting. The Pemberton Braves who won 20 games and lost only 3 boasted of having Gregory Leonidos of 128 on their team. Not many boys can say this. Gigi Boudreau of the famed Boud-

reous of Sterns Street is following in the same footsteps as the rest of the athletic family. Martha Murphy is certainly living up to the standards set by sister Anne. What is the explanation for that mischevious gleam that Jeannie Graham has in her eye? Some people have strange hobbies, but this is the strangest we've heard of yet. Imagine having admiration for reptiles, especially turtles. You think it's impossible? Well, it's a fact. A certain red-headed sophomore boy likes turtles. In case we forget to mention it, the turtle is of course, Pat Turtle. Pat Galgay should start the new year out right by getting to school on time. Christine Firchow who arrived from Germany about three months ago is doing excellent work in school. We're awfully glad to meet you, Chris, and don't forget that we're all your friends. Barbara Dixon and Anna Rancatore are as inseparable as potato chips at lunchtime are. Next issue there is a big surprise in store for you. Hush! Don't let on — a slip of the tongue must sink a ship — Curious? — Want to know? — Well — We'll never tell. Get the next issue and you'll find out.

Next issue when we're back again

And the gossip begins to fly

If there's a speck of news we missed this time,
Don't say we didn't try.

Terry McCarthy '50

Colette Mailhiot '50

ALUMNI NOTES

WELL, here we are again scraping news for you by every manner and means. We have learned that Latin is well represented by the class of '43 at Boston College; among those who are seniors are Paul Ericson, Bill Smith, Frannie Donovan, Bill Moriarty, Bill Farrell and John Sameulson. We have learned that the following members of the class of '46 are all anticipating graduation in June: Joan Howard from Emmanuel, Lorraine Palmasanno from Simmons, Lois Hanlon from Leslie, Florence Kelley from Regis, and Regina Tierney from Framingham. We also want to wish Pat Sargent '46 the best of luck in her future studies and Bryant and Stratton.

News from the class of '47: Mary Becker is about to married — Lois Moran is a junior at Framingham State Teachers College — Dave Walsh and Frankie MacNamara are juniors at Boston College; from the class of '48: Mary Kennedy is working as a secretary and Dottie McNeice as a bankclerk — Nancy Case and Norma Higgins are sophomores at Framingham State Teachers College.

Out of the more recent class of '49 we hear that Claire Russell and Rita Curry are very busy

studying at Regis. Gael Lynch is a freshman at Mount Ida and Joan Mitchell has a fine position as receptionist for a large law firm. Angela Contieri is studying at Northeastern in the pre-medical course. Laurie Jones is a bookkeeper and Jack Rici is doing fine in the same line of work. Richie Doyle and Bill (Boop) Murphy are going to be our future garage owners. We find that Dick Tafenkian, Ernie Anastos, Roland Dansereau, and Jackie Hannon have pushed their way into the league games and from past performances we know that Lady Luck will be with them. Bill Kakinakas '46 is one of their most ardent fans and Charlie Durakis '48 of Harvard will have to do some heavy looking on also because of the fact that the playing interfered with his studies.

Alice Foley '49

'TEEN-AGE PROBLEMS

HOW many times have I heard the exclamation, "Oh, to be your age again!" The person who makes such a wish is, in my opinion, an idiot. He is looking back upon the so-called "best years of life" and glorifying them. He has forgotten the heartache and indecision a 'teen-ager experiences, remembering only gay times and old friends. Moreover, I wonder if this person knows of the many perplexing problems which we 'teen-agers of today must cope with. Indeed, I doubt it, for in numerous instances the 'teen-ager himself does not know what is troubling him.

The chief problem confronting a 'teen-ager is his lack of knowledge of himself. The old Greek philosophers had something in the phrase "Know thyself." Young people in their teens are trying out their wings. They do not know the extent of their limitations, talents or energy, and they must find their way by means of a trial and error method. Thus it is that Mary Jane discovers through experience that she can turn out a delicious cake, but cannot for the life of her sew on a button. In the same way, John finds that he can play any tune on the piano by ear, but he cannot read music even after taking lessons for three years.

Another problem disturbing young people is that of a suitable curfew hour. Some 'teen-agers have been fortunate in agreeing with their parents upon a deadline satisfactory to both. Others have not been so lucky, and their fun is being constantly dampened by an early curfew. The problem here is to persuade one's parents that one is old enough and responsible enough to come in at a later hour. Parents, however, expect a 'teen-ager to act like an adult, although they won't treat her like one. They think that twelve o'clock is

too late for their darling, baby Alice, who is sixteen and who earns her own spending money, to be out with her boy friend.

Still a different type of social problem arises in connection with popularity. Every 'teen-ager desires either secretly or openly to be popular. Popularity means that members of both sexes must find one attractive, fun to be with, and easy to get along with. A 'teen-ager must feel socially secure in order to be reasonably happy. Torture is not the word for the agony a youth goes through when the crowd which is always doing things, or the particular boy or girl whom a youth is interested in, either rejects or pays no attention to him.

Whether a kiss is proper on a first date, the choice of a vocation or of a college after high school, the big dance, but no date in sight, and many other problems confront and confuse all young people. As the years go on, the 'teen-ager will find the answer to his problems; he will know himself. And with the knowledge which has been acquired through bitter experience, he will gain a new measure of confidence which will be his passport to the adult world.

Violet Parechian '50

THE PLAYBILL

SINCE continued box-office slumps have made the glittering fastnesses of Hollywood aware of a slowly but definitely increasing maturity in the tastes of the movie-going public, it has become the fashion for film stars to turn stage actors. The more thoughtful and intelligent among the cinematic idols of the day are attempting periodic escapes from the sensational, tremendous, super-colossal atmosphere of the studio to the smaller, quieter, more critical environment of the legitimate stage. Thus do they seek to perform, for "live" audiences, a wider variety of roles than type-casting makes available to them, and to have their work evaluated by more impartial critics than the producers to whom their every move is stupendous. For many of them, of course, these stage appearances are but a return to the form of acting by which their careers began. Such is the nature of Miss Katharine Hepburn's current Shakespearean venture, in *As You Like It*, which came to the Colonial a fortnight before Christmas.

Miss Hepburn has always been one of the most individual of Hollywood personalities. Her agile slenderness, her vivid face with its high cheekbones, candid eyes, and frame of burnished hair, and, particularly, her wonderful drawly voice, all stamp her as unique. Opinions as to her acting ability, however, differ radically: one either loves

her or loathes her. This reviewer has always loved her, and is sure that many members of the opposite camp must have been converted by watching her wonderful Rosalind.

To say that she dominates the present production is by no means an exaggeration. The plot of *As You Like It* is, after all, incredibly silly in its bare essentials, and despite Shakespeare's dazzling dialogue and high humor, the play depends so much upon its Rosalind to give it pace and charm that it comes close to being a one-woman show. Miss Hepburn was more than equal to her task. Surpassingly lovely in her beautiful feminine attire, comely and gay in her boy's clothes for the forest scenes, she was by turns sad or light-hearted, love-sick or jubilant, swaggering or coy — but almost always she was the tender, lyrical, womanly Rosalind, who is one of the Bard's most engaging heroines. Every so often, Shakespeare was diluted by Hepburn; now and again, some little detail, usually vocal, would mar the impression ever so slightly. Such moments, however, were few and far between, for Miss Hepburn's radiant performance set a high keynote for the rest of the large cast to follow.

It was in the main a company of young and attractive people, which is as it should be, for is not this play a comedy of young love in a fairy forest? Cloris Leachman was a pretty and winning Celia, and William Prince (of movie fame), although not as forceful as one could wish, was, as Orlando, handsome, gallant, and, to use a favorite word of Jane Austen's, amiable. Bill Owen was a splendid Touchstone, magnificent in his brilliant suit of fool's motley. But the most outstanding portrayal, next to Miss Hepburn's, was Ernest Thesiger's melancholy Jacques. Grave and dignified in bearing, resonant of voice, he received spontaneous applause for his superb delivery of the famous "All the World's a Stage" speech.

There is a criticism, however, that one is forced to make of many of these young actors, spirited and earnest though they be, and that is, they do not seem to have had enough Shakespearean training. Their voices and enunciation especially lack that certain "grand manner" which Shakespeare demands. It is a very difficult quality to define clearly, but I hope no one will accuse me of being a theatrical Anglophile when I say that it can be found in any British Shakespearean production, in which each actor, down to the most insignificant servant, acts in a time-honoured but not out-dated tradition. Perhaps some day intensive training in Shakespeare will be made available to more of our young actors.

The last paragraph of a review is perhaps a

grossly inappropriate place to mention James Bailey's wondrous setting and costumes, for certainly one of the outstanding features of this *As You Like It* was its marvelous physical beauty. There was but one basic set, marked by lofty trees with spreading branches, yet upon this Mr. Bailey and his lighting technicians rang a multitude of breath-taking changes. Painted backdrops and transparent curtains evoked now the splendor of Duke Frederick's court, now the fey-like shades of Arden. Some of the special effects, like the forest brook, seemed astonishingly real. The orchestral music and the splendid singing further enhanced the mood. Let us hope that the Theatre Guild, the producers, have several more such combinations of fine acting and gorgeous mounting on their agenda for the next few seasons.

Ann Dyer Murphy '50

YOUR FASHION COLUMN

HERE we are again with Spring just around the corner and new spring wardrobes appearing in all the store windows. In order to give you a clear idea of what will lead the fashion parade in teen-age clothes, I will begin with fabrics and colors and continue with a few tips on various clothes that you will need for Spring wear.

The basic season color will be navy blue although blues tinged with black and even green may brighten up the blue spring. Beige, browns, reds, and various shades of pink will appear in checks and printed cotton. The new worsted gabardine that does not wrinkle and resists grease will certainly be popular in spring suits. Checks are definitely in the lead for the coming season, in coats and suits particularly. Tweeds on the honey colored shade may be top favorites. So girls, keep your eyes open for a spring full of checks and tweeds.

What is new in suits? That is probably your first question when spring arrives, so here are a few suggestions. Picture a straight navy blue skirt with a fitted hip length jacket in a small check. It's a smart idea and right in style. All suit jackets will be short this year and many of them belted in the back. Shirtwaist collars which resemble the collars on men's casual shirts are the very newest for suit jackets. The open collar enables you to wear a sweater under your jacket and still look neat and stylish. Now let me suggest a wool gabardine suit in a light beige with a short boxy jacket trimmed neatly with white pique collar and cuffs that can be removed to give

variety to your outfit. If you like gay colors why not look for a red, white, and blue costume? An example would be a blue skirt with flaring red jacket and a red and white striped blouse. In any case your jacket will be short and your skirt slim.

Jersey dresses in blooming pastels with slanting shoulders and full pleated skirts are very popular in the West and will be here this Spring. The dainty prints have small pointed collars, soft shirred skirts and velvet belts this year and are destined to be the dressy dress of the smart school girl. A new touch is the jacket dress which is the clever color blending of a dress and short fitted sweater, that looks like a casual jacket. A real novelty is the unusual shirt tail dress which can be worn in a dozen different ways. It looks like your brother's shirt only the tails hit you below the knees. A pocket added to the side of the shirt and a wide belt around the waist gives you a sporty dress to lounge around in. It can also be worn as a night gown or a blouse. If you wear it as a blouse, you will need no extra slip.

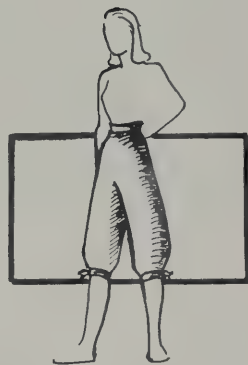
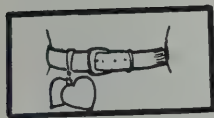
Soon to be your favorite blouse for school is the crisp cotton pique blouse with tucks in the front and long sleeves. A dainty dress-up idea is the thin white batiste trimmed with lace. The latest trick is removable collars and cuffs on tailored blouses for a change of scenery. The pink shirt with a high boy's collar and starched cuffs will be worn with the new straight skirt as well as with slacks and pedal-pushers. High collared sleeveless blouses in denim may be big attractions in sportswear. Keep in mind that the soft shorty sweater remains a favorite even for dressy occasions and your jerseys will be right in style for spring wear with perhaps one of the new brighter colored scarfs added around the neck.

Slacks are up around the knees now, either in the form of pedal pushers or tied in a bow at the bottom to look like knickers. Bright orange and pale blue are favorite colors in these sporty trousers.

The season's coat is short, to flatter the slim skirts, with slit pockets and a full fly effect back. In accessories, hats will have the cloche effect fitting snugly to the head, and shoes will be mostly sandals in bright colors for the pastel spring colors of your dresses. For a last item, I might mention the cosy quilted lounging jackets worn over your favorite pajamas.

Betty Watson '50

FASHION HINTS





GLEE CLUB

*Photo by Al Sullivan***G. A. A. NOTES**

THAT'S right! You missed a lot of fun if you missed the G.A.A. Christmas Party.

The party centered around a poor little girl (Ruth Shea) who put on her night dress and prayed fervently that Santa would visit her. When jolly old Santa finally did arrive, he was in a gay holiday spirit and laughed and joked with everyone.

He asked for a tiny girl to sit on his knee and called for Ruth Fennell. To her embarrassment and the delight and amusement of the audience, Santa hugged and talked to the red faced lass.

Santa felt very sorry because he did not have enough gifts for everyone, but because he did not expect such a big crowd, he was caught unprepared. Those who did receive gifts had to read a little ditty which brought gales of laughter from the crowd. To make up for his lack of gifts, Old St. Nick had a bag of candy and a pleasant joking word for all of his followers.

Grab your man, girls!!! The big event of this term is the much anticipated formal sponsored by the G.A.A., the K.B., and the Dramatic Club which will be held January 20, at the Hotel Commander where everyone will dance to the music of Bob Norris and his Orchestra.

Even this isn't all; there is a definite hint of another social event on the heels of this one. We wonder what it is??

Odile Mailhot '50

SPANISH CLUB

THE first meeting of the Spanish Club was held in November in the Cleveland Auditorium. Pupils of all Spanish classes were invited to attend, and many responded to this invitation.

The meeting was opened by the new President, Leo Fitzgerald, who also introduced our entertainers. We were fortunate in having Frank Pelazzo, who delightfully whistled "Indian Love Call" and the Italian "Tarantella." Also for our entertainment, Vivian Larson and Helen Sahady harmonized "La Golondrina."

As the highlight of our meeting Miss Ready showed us some pictures she had taken on her pilgrimage to Rome. These pictures, which, incidentally, were in color, were principally of Spain, with a few of Portugal and Italy. Miss Ready also described the places she had seen as she showed the slides of them.

We are looking forward to many more interesting meetings in 1950, so until then "Adios."

R. Therese Barry '51

Secretary

FRENCH CLUB NOTES

THE Christmas meeting of the French Club was held on December 21, 1949 in Room 226. The French, German and Spanish, and Italian Clubs joined together for their Christmas meeting. The entertainment consisted of a talk on, "Christmas in Spain," by Antonio Regalado of the Spanish Club. Also Anne D. Murphy and Anthony Branco acted out a short play in French. Some members of the German Club sang a German Christmas Carol. The Spanish Club also sang a few carols. The meeting was concluded with refreshments and everyone left with the Christmas Spirit.

Last month the French Club went on a trip to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts to hear a lecture on French Art. Following the lecture we heard a delightful harp concert.

Marjorie Ratchford '50

K. B. NOTES

HELLO, again! The new K. B. members were initiated on December 9 at Anne and Dorothea Verrocchi's home. After the initiation, we sang carols, ate tasty delicacies, and had a pleasant time. Helen Devereaux held the lucky ticket for the door prize — a lovely box of stationery.

With the coming of the New Year, K. B. bids a fond farewell to Miss Mary Young. After five years as one of our capable advisors, Miss Young has been forced by her many activities to leave the K. B.. We welcome Miss Elizabeth Schuler to the club to assist Miss Esther McDonald.

Plans are being completed for that wonderful K. B. Formal which will be held at the Hotel Commander on January 20. With the co-operation of the G.A.A. and the Dramatic Club, we are sure to have a successful and enjoyable affair.

Be seeing you next issue.

Dorothea Verrocchi,
Secretary-Treasurer

CHESS CLUB NOTES

THE C.H.L.S. Chess Team dropped into fourth place in the G.B.I. Chess League by losing to Milton, 8-2, and to Boston Latin by the same score, although it salvaged a 6-4 win over Roxbury Memorial in a return match. Boston Latin, in the first place, holds a long lead, and it seems doubtful that this fine team will be overtaken. It has yet to lose a match.

This school was represented by five players at the Junior State Tournament in Boston on Saturday, December 3rd. Raymond D'Arcy finished a

very strong fourth in a field of about thirty. On Friday, December 2nd, Mr. Franklin J. Sanborn, noted New England chess expert, won 10 of 15 boards played simultaneously.

Our Club is most fortunate, indeed, to have as its new sponsor, Miss Mahar, well-known member of the C.H.L.S. faculty. She has taken great interest in the organization. Again, may the Club extend to the entire student body a cordial invitation to join our group.

Francis Duehay, *Secretary*

FRESHMAN HONOR ROLL

First Marking Period 1949-1950

Ackerman, Marcy	Leonardos, Gregory
Alexander, Phyllis	Lermond, Edward
Anderson, Theodore	Lexth, Beverly
Babcock, Gordon	Lord, Margaret
Barrell, Anne	Lucey, Walter
Blank, Roseline	Luongo, Angelo
Boyle, Bernadette	MacDonald, Barbara
Bresnahan, Francis	Mahoney, Gael
Bulcamino, Rosemarie	Malley, Irene
Carr, John	Maloney, Judith
Chapman, Shirley	Mark, Herbert
Churchill, Judith	Martens, Reinhard
Conomacas, Dolores	Martin, Charles
Corcoran, Philip	McCabe, Richard
Crocco, Lawrence	McCusker, Mary
D'Arcangelo, Mary	McFarland, William
Egan, Lawrence	McLaughlin, Barbara
Estrella, John	McLaughlin, Loretta
Farrell, Claire	Mercier, Renne
Flanagan, Janet	Murphy, Martha
Forrest, Norine	Nelson, Joan
Galt, Jean	O'Neil, Robert
Giffen, Judith	Penney, Phyllis
Gil, Dorothy	Peter, Natalie
Gilbert, Valerie	Pfeuffer, Joachim
Goffredo, Lorraine	Power, Jane
Goodridge, Myra	Rancatore, Anna
Hanafin, Marie	Reycroft, Lucia
Hebberd, Gail	Ring, Audrey
Hodgkins, Nancy	Rodrigues, Pauline
Jenkins, Phyllis	Sanderson, Richard
Jordan, Donna	Soeiro, David
Kassabian, Louise	Soper, Alice
Keating, Geraldine	Stoller, Manning
Klein, Carol	Sussmen, Arlean
Koplan, Stephen	Tamoush, Frank
Larris, Paul	Velonides, Joanna
Lawson, Judith	Vitale, Florence
Lee, Jean	Zukas, Dorothy

SOPHOMORE HONOR ROLL**First Marking Period 1949-1950**

Agretalis, Athena
 Antunes, Rosemary
 Azadian, Harry
 Balakin, Joan
 Baptiste, Evelyn
 Benevento, Mary
 Bennett, Constance
 Boudreau, Francis
 Boyajian, Barbara
 Brennan, Evon
 Cabral, Dolores
 Carrier, Nancy
 Coleridge, Doris
 Colby, Joy
 Collins, Joseph
 Cooke, Carol
 Daum, Patricia
 Doody, Eleanor
 Eatough, John
 Ettenburg, Muriel
 Evangelista, Grace
 Ezzo, Bernice
 Ferreira, Mary
 Flu, Charlotta
 Foglia, Mary
 Francesconi, Loretta
 Goldberg, Richard
 Guida, Tina
 Hoffman, Sandra
 Horton, Doreen
 Hudson, Barbara
 Hurley, Patricia A.
 Hutchings, Muriel
 Hyde, Helen
 Idelson, Beldon
 Jason, Barbara
 Jennings, Barbara
 Johns, Elizabeth
 Joseph, Dorrit
 Kaufman, Roberta
 Kendall, Robert
 Kizik, Irene
 Magalhaes, Zulmira
 Marathas, Georgia
 Marcin, Mary
 Martin, Carol
 McIver, Norman
 Melim, Marialuiza
 Miano, Mary
 Michalchik, Lillian
 Moore, Sylvia
 Nicewicz, Jean
 Nichols, Barbara
 Nicholson, Jane

Pereira, Gilda
 Perry, Elvira
 Petralis, John
 Ryan, Beverly
 Santos, Robert
 Savioli, Catherine
 Silva, Anne
 Soper, Norma
 Stein, Marcia
 Steinfield, Ida
 Tasonis, Marian
 Thompson, Beverly
 Totty, Gordon
 Valerio, Nancy
 Wickham, Doris

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL**First Marking Period 1949-1950**

Anderson, Susie
 Atwell, Elsie
 Barry, Rose Therese
 Beckman, Virginia
 Benson, Donald
 Boyce, Dorothy
 Bulcamino, Doris
 Centrella, Angelina
 Clark, Catherine
 Coughlan, Joan
 Delorey, Elaine
 Deluca, Natalie
 Devereau, Helen
 DiPietro, Doris
 Duehay, Francis
 Edge, Elspeth
 Farrell, Ann
 Feloney, Mary
 Fraser, Donald
 Gosson, Frances
 Gregory, Mary
 Head, Doris
 Kennedy, Robert
 Kirkpatrick, Anne
 Laucus, John
 Linnehan, Elizabeth
 Lombardo, Joseph
 MacKay, Sylvia
 McLaughlin, Joan
 McNamara, Eileen
 MacLachlan, Mary
 Manetas, Peter
 Miceli, Marie
 Miller, Lucille
 Morrissey, Robert
 Muse, Elizabeth
 Obelsky, Shirley

Ormond, Marilyn
 Polcari, Helen
 Proulx, Jean
 Ranschausen, Jeremy
 Robinson, Joan
 Rudy, Ann
 Salinas, Mary
 Sawicz, Adela
 Soper, Barbara
 Souza, Florence
 Spinney, June
 Strohminger, Frances
 Sullivan, Richard
 Supple, Patricia
 Sylvester, Nancy
 Theodoulou, Clara
 Totino, Elizabeth
 Uglietto, Rosina
 Watson, Peter
 Wheelock, Jeannette
 Wilson, Mary

SENIOR HONOR ROLL

First Marking Period 1949-1950

Abbt, Eleanor
 Barrett, Marjorie
 Benson, Doris
 Bequaert, Frank
 Berman, Eleanor
 Bond, Norma
 Burden, Elsie
 Capabianco, Annamarie
 Caroli, Carol
 Carrieri, Guy
 Corcoran, Joseph
 D'Arcy, Raymond
 Dignan, John
 DiNapoli, Pasquale
 Donagher, Frances
 Dubay, Charles
 Dunlap, Betty
 Feld, Stephen
 Giragosian, Queenie
 Griffin, Mary
 Gunn, Phyllis
 Hagopian, Elaine
 Horne, Virginia
 Hudson, William
 Jansen, Katrinka
 Kaufman, Gloria
 Knight, Adrienne
 Kulsa, Irene
 Martell, Frank
 McPartlin, Nancy
 Medoff, Beatrice
 Morin, Thomas

Murphy, Ann Dyer
 Nogueira, Beatrice
 Noonan, Mary Jane
 Parechanian, Violet
 Ratchford, Marjorie
 Salto, Anna
 Saxe, Edward
 Schatz, Madeline
 Sheehan, David
 Shoer, Doris

Smith, Roberta
 Stanevitch, Anna
 Vaudo, Elda
 Verrocchi, Anne
 Verrocchi, Dorothea
 Wadden, Ann
 Wagner, Constance
 Warnas, Albert
 Williams, Mary

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"HOLIDAY AFFAIR"

February 5, 6, 7

"INTRUDER IN THE DUST"

W. C. FIELDS

"THE BANK DICK"

February 8, 9, 10, 11

DANNY KAYE

"THE INSPECTOR GENERAL"

"CHALLENGE TO LASSIE"

February 12, 13, 14, 15

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The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

SPRING, 1950

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NUMBER 3

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D'Arcy, Raymond	Parechnanian, Violet
Day, Eleanor	Phaneuf, Rosemary
DeSimone, Ida	Presho, Barbara
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Dignan, John	Salto, Anna
DiNapoli, Pasquale	Saxe, Edward
Dubay, Charles	Sherlock, Leona
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Giragosian, Queenie	Soeiro, Ruy
Hagopian, Elaine	Smith, Roberta
Hollett, Barbara	Stanevich, Anna
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AT THE END OF ANOTHER FOURSORE AND SEVEN

A THOUGHTFUL *New York Times* editorial, written in commemoration of the one hundred and forty-first birthday of Abraham Lincoln, raises a point that, while all too often overlooked, should be considered and remembered by all modern Americans. The writer remarks that one "birth of freedom" cannot suffice for one nation, that freedom must be reborn in each generation as each generation faces new problems; he goes on to observe that our own generation must effect a renaissance of freedom as it were, not only for the United States, but for the world. This line of reasoning leads to some very interesting and timely considerations on Americans and world history.

Back in 1789, when George Washington was inaugurated as our first Chief Executive and our infant nation embarked upon her constitutional course, the world no doubt regarded our forefathers as courageous, if extremely idealistic, participants in a democratic experiment. Many among the onlookers doubtless realized what the success of this experiment could mean to humanity as a

whole, but just as many were inclined to skepticism and scorn of our attempt at self-government. The United States had comparatively little contact with the rest of the world in decades of national existence; there was, it is true, a war with England in 1812, and another conflict with Mexico in the mid eighteen-forties; and of course our diplomats faced the usual number of international problems and "incidents." For the most part, however, we tended to follow the policy of non-interference and non-entanglement in foreign affairs so earnestly formulated by President Washington in his farewell address to his fellow citizens.

All during these early years, however, we were developing and strengthening our democratic principles and traditions within our own borders, borders which kept moving westward as our continental territory increased. The period from 1789 to 1860 was marked by dynamic growth in the practical application of republican theories and ideals to actual political life. And when in the Civil War, the American system faced its first major crisis and was put to its first great test, it won a remarkable victory. The rights of all men were vigorously defended and upheld; the Union

was endangered and heroically preserved.

Some thirty years later, by her role in the Spanish-American War and the resultant acquisition of colonial territory, the United States made her entrance onto the stage of international politics — and almost immediately became its bright particular star. We had risen quickly to a position of extraordinary world eminence; through two all-involving cataclysms the war-weary, spiritually exhausted peoples of Europe looked to us as the prime preservers of the western democratic ideal. There is no doubt that our importance was appreciably aided by the seemingly endless wealth of our natural sources and our tremendous industrial efficiency, but the recognition of the world came primarily as an acknowledgment that our experiment is a success, as an expression of confidence in our ability to withstand the new challenge of Communism to our lofty principles. Now is the time for us to prove to them that their faith and trust are not misplaced, that our system and all it represents can survive an international as well as a domestic crisis. It is our duty if this world, "under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

A. D. M. '50

THE TURN OF THE HALF CENTURY

IN the past fifty years the people of America have seen some wondrous things and have lived through some great incidents which have made America the most decent country in which to live. Through the great genius of Ford, Edison, Dupont, Bell, The Wrights, and many other great inventors, we have been given some outstanding luxuries, some of which we now consider primary needs. All of these inventions, however, have helped to make America a better place and have brought about a prosperous country.

Because of Henry Ford's constant experiments with the automobile, the average American family can today afford one for a reasonably low price. Perhaps the greatest inventor of the half century was Thomas A. Edison. He made daylight possible in the night time. To realize his importance in the world, ask yourself this question: How much studying could I do without lights? It would take a volume to list the different things in plastic and cellulose that DuPont has contributed to the world. Bell has, through his tireless efforts, given the people of the world the telephone, a means of communication which has given enjoyment and aid to countless thousands. Because able to win two wars with the aid of the airplane. of the courage of the Wright brothers we were

Now we can travel from one end of the country to the other in a matter of hours. These are just a few of the many men who did things not for the money and glory involved, but for the love of their country.

As the term of the half century approached, America was in the midst of the worst war she had ever known. When it was over, she found herself on top, but responsible not only for the lives of her own people, but for the lives of millions more. During that terrible war scientists met some great problems, and during their solutions discovered astonishing things. Through the deductions of these scientists we now possess radar, atomic energy, jet propulsion, and many more wondrous discoveries. From the reports of Admiral Richard E. Byrd we know that there is a great tract of land with unknown possibilities waiting to be opened up.

The questions which are uppermost in the minds of many people today are: What awaits us in the next half century? Will we emerge from the Electronic Age and enter the Atomic Age? No human being knows.

I think that if the second half of this century is anything like the first half, we can look forward to an age of push buttons and atomic power, an age in which the dreaded diseases of cancer, polio, and T.B. will be destroyed.

James Kelley '50

THE BOOKSTORE

THE bookstore stood where an empty shop had been the day before. I always passed this shop on the way home and I was sure it had been as dirty and deserted as ever the evening before. Yet there was the bookstore, casting a sanguine glow over the pavement as if begging me to approach.

I paused and looked at the window display. It was funny, but all the books in the window were faded and dust covered. Funny! It was weird! You just don't find dust covered books in a shop that is less than twelve hours old. It all seemed so strange that I felt I must go into the store and investigate.

I entered the shop. The walls were lined with old decaying volumes and the tables in the center were piled deep with more dusty tomes. Strange for such a new bookstore to have such odd books! Then the proprietor appeared. With his bent head, shrunken hands and greying hair he seemed almost as dried up as the books he sold. He came shuffling out of the shadows at the back of the shop where I could have sworn there had been no one a moment before. Yet his first words startled me even more than his appearance.

"Won't you come in the back of the store and have a nice cup of hot tea?" he asked.

"No thank you," I said, "I'll have to be running along in a minute." I must admit I was a bit frightened by this time.

For a moment he looked almost insulted. Then a smile broke over his face, a smile half sardonic and half jesting. He seemed to be saying in that smile, "I'll make you wish you had come!"

I decided to end that nonsense then and there.

"I'm looking for a good biography," I said in the most businesslike tone I could muster.

"Anything special in mind?" he asked, still grinning.

"Yes," I said, "Have you got any of those explorer type biographies? You know what I mean — big game, natives, jungle."

"Yes," he said, "We have Sir Edward DeCay's new book *Mummy Mad* and that other one, *Safaris I Knew*. Sir Edward is on the Best Seller List, you know."

"May I see that Safari book?" I said, disregarding his continued smirking.

"Certainly," said the old man, handing me a gaudy red covered book with a surrealistic giraffe.

I opened the book in the middle.

"On the seventh day our natives camped us in a rather swampy clearing. I captured there two fine specimens of *Agoriorius Plensesias*, the green whiskered swamp rat. The pair were both males with short tufted fur running around the crenesium. We were, however, running rather short of tea . . ."

I thumbed back to the beginning of the book.

"One thing I made sure of before embarking on our voyage was that we had an ample supply of tea. Tea is a requisite to jungle travel . . ."

I frantically turned to the back of the book.

"On the twenty-first day out from camp one of the bearers had a nasty run-in with a lion. Worse still our dwindling supply of tea finally gave out forcing us to turn back for camp. No one who has not been in the 'bush' can know the delight of sitting around a warm campfire sipping hot tea . . ."

I closed the book, determined not to look annoyed.

"This isn't exactly what I had in mind," I said. "What have you got in the way of historical biographies?"

"Well, we have that new biography, *The Peabody Brothers of Oshkosh*," he said with a grin. "It's a dull book about dull people, but everyone's reading it nevertheless. And then there's *Paul Reverse and World He Turned-Around In*. This book brings the reader into contact with such

notable historical characters as General Washington, Nathaniel Hawbramble, and Sam Glockenshlocken — names that are familiar to us all."

I opened the copy of *Paul Reverse* he handed me.

"The part played by Paul Reverse in the Boston Tea Party . . ."

I handed him back the book thinking frantically for some type of book that would not have tea in it. Politics was all I could think of.

"Have you any of those political biographies about famous names in the news today?" I asked tremulously.

"Yes," the proprietor replied, his grin broadening slightly. "We have *This I Rehash*, by Mrs. Runabout. It tells all about her experiences as the wife of Mr. Runabout. She also wrote *This I Forgot* which has everything in it that she forgot to put in *This I Rehash*."

I opened the copy of *This I Forgot* that he had handed me.

"On January first I held another tea . . ."

I dropped the book with a shudder. I was resigned to my fate.

"What other biographies do you have?" I asked dejectedly.

"There's *Alaskan Diary*," he said almost gleefully. "That's all about a schoolteacher in an arctic village."

I was ready for him this time! I knew where to look where there wasn't any tea. I turned quickly to the dedication.

"This book is dedicated to all my arctic friends and to the tea that made life bearable in those regions . . ."

I slammed shut the book and turned to leave. I was defeated. I was sick and tired of the old man's nonsensical tea! I made straight for the door. But there was no door! A wall of books stretched across what should have been the front of the store, and right where the door had been stood a glass case displaying various types of tea leaves. I turned and confronted the proprietor.

The old man was laughing now. "I'll teach you not to make fun of my books!" he cackled. "Where's your sense of humor now? Why don't you crack some clever or appropriate witticism?" He broke into gleeful convulsions.

I was in the act of jumping forward to wring his scrawny neck when an idea struck me.

"Please give me," I said, "*The Evolution of the Motor Car*."

"Certainly," he chuckled, handing me a copy from a nearby shelf.

I opened the book and read the passage I had expected to find.

"Early experiments proved that the Model T . . ." I was ready for it this time, however.

"Wouldn't you call this book an auto-biography?" I asked innocently.

Instantly the joviality disappeared from his face. Anger burned inside him instead.

"Curses! Foiled again!" he screamed. With a flash of fire, a puff of smoke and a smell of brimstone, he and the books vanished and I found myself alone in the empty store.

Frank Bequaert '50

WHAT COLLEGE MEANS TO ME

FROM observations in Harvard Square one might, on hearing the word "college" think of bow-ties, berets, and horn-rimmed glasses, of knee socks, short bobs, and English bicycles. Such thoughts would, indeed, be justified. College to me signifies a new life, completely different, exciting, and vital. From outward appearances this life is crammed full of friendly arguments while sprawled on the roommate's bed, mad dashes through the yard to get to class on time, and shouts, thumps, and bellows while the flustered fellow next door is trying to talk on the dormitory telephone. Behind the apparent whirl, however, are many hours of hard work and concentration. An old familiar quality is brought out in all who step through the heavy portals, that of being responsible. One is responsible for himself, his neighbors, and his work.

The college student must learn to be self-reliant to plan to have his money last the rest of the month. He must be his brother's keeper by convincing his roommate to be in on time next week-end. As for his classes, he is especially responsible to see to it that he plans his time in order to finish those two novels over the next four weeks. College has a way of keeping a person on his toes and at the same time down to earth.

There is an intangible, ineffable feeling about belonging to such an institution. Some call it spirit. It can be seen at dances, to which everybody gives all his energy to make the evening successful. The feeling is prevalent at outdoor games where the waving banners, cheering stadium, and gay colors express what words cannot, an eagerness, an intenseness that surges over the atmosphere. Even the smallest of plans is executed with the same spirit. Students from all parts of the world are thrown together to live and work; yet, that feeling is found there and nowhere else. It is felt because these men and women are in college of their own volition with individual goals, but, unity of purpose. It is the school of their choice; and, therefore, all are faithful to its

doctrines, proud of its reputation, and eager for its success.

I look at college as a stepping stone, and one of the most important, because we who are about to enter college are at an impressionable age. College will compel us to decide many problems, and form many definite opinions. We are living in a world that demands all our interest, our intelligence, and our strength; therefore, we must be prepared. The bow-ties, berets, and knee socks may signify college life, but they also represent future citizens of the world, for whom vast horizons will open, multitudes of opportunities arise, and from whom much is expected.

Adrianne Knight '50

FELINE AND CANINE

ALTHOUGH I have no figures available, I believe statistics will support my contentions that dogs and cats are the Great American House Pets. Most families have a specimen of one or the other *genus*; many households maintain two of a kind, or one of both, and there are even establishments, mainly rural, of course, that provide room and board for several of each. Some people have canaries — we did once, but we never will again! — or parrots or love-birds; children with a certain zoological bent are fond of harboring white mice and guinea pigs; but that mythical mean of the pollsters, the Average Family, is almost sure to have a cat or a dog.

People who do not give much thought to the matter probably feel there is little difference between the species, but certainly, no two kinds of animals could be more dissimilar. The distinction lies in an attitude of mind that is inculcated into puppies and kittens almost from the moment they are born. The mother dog, like all mothers, loves her children; she feeds and washes and warms them, and gives them a feeling of security and well-being in this strange new world. She is extremely confident, however, that her playful mites are the most appealing pups that ever were, that any prospective dog owner would take any one of her babies on the strength of his cuteness and his gay personality alone. When the time comes, then, for her to send her children forth into the world, she dispatches a litter of happy, playful, totally uninhibited puppies, with abundant appeal and not the slightest notion of social propriety.

The mother cat is a good deal like her canine counterpart — to a point. She too gives her kitten food, warmth, and security, but she gives them something else. She shudders at the thought of their beginning life as unmannerly, boisterous,

romping individuals; that would be a slur on their upbringing! She puts them, therefore, through a rigorous course of training, so that when you take a new kitty home to be your own, you have a pet who is the soul of modesty, cleanliness, and decorum, who even plays with grace and airy daintiness, and scorns the romping ways, big, awkward feet, loud voice, and sloppy table-manners of the neighbor's puppy.

This early training is reflected throughout the animal's later life. A dog was made for human society; he infinitely prefers it to that of his own kind; if his master is good to him, he will do anything for him. He lives for the companionship and comfort his family affords, and he gives hours of fun and enjoyment to anyone he likes. He asks little in return; a pat on the head or a kind word in response to the wag of his tail will completely satisfy him. Kitty, on the other hand, is glad to live where she can have constant access to good food and a soft bed, but aside from this she can do very nicely without human beings. She is the most independent of creatures, even if she is strictly a house-cat; she goes and comes wherever she likes, with little concern for the affairs of her family. When she rubs against your legs or pushes her face against your hand, she does not do it for love of you, usually; she does it because it makes her feel good. Her motto is definitely "Every man for himself, and devil take the hindmost."

Of course, different people like different pets. Some people could not bear to have a cat; indeed, they need the friendliness and faithfulness of a loving, trusting dog. Other souls scorn canine demonstrativeness as the tactics of a yes-man; they prefer the proud condescension of a cat. I am a dog fancier myself, but it's probably different with you. It all depends on your personality.

Anne Dyer Murphy '50

GRANDMA'S IDEAS OF TELEVISION

GRANDMA! This appellation has long been revered in my household, and to understand this fact thoroughly, you must picture a sweet, little old Scotch lady, who makes the best gingerbread men in the western hemisphere, and who considers cards, drinking, and smoking, "works of the devil." She lives in a small rural area that got electricity only last year; and upon her visit to the "big city" (in this modern age) this year, our sense of humor was exercised afresh.

To begin with, she has never gotten over our toaster, washing machine, and vacuum cleaner; now, imagine her when she saw the television set. It squatted complacently in a corner of the living room and greeted Grandma with a wide smirk as

she entered. An odd silence fraught with hostility was noticeable and war had been declared between Grandma and "that set."

For the rest of her visit, Grandma ignored it completely, particularly in the dusting line and I had to sneak downstairs or in from the kitchen, when Grandma's back was turned, not only to dust it but even just to watch it! To make matters worse, whenever I was caught watching a particularly gruesome show, I was given a long lecture on the sins of mankind in general and television's in particular. All of mother's friends, father's associates, and my pals disappeared from the house and vicinity thereof.

However, after two weeks of a nerve-racking visit, Grandma, the backbone of Calvinism, decided to go home and all treaties and alliances of war were cordially discarded, and peace reigned again!

Elspeth Edge '51

NECESSARY TROUBLES

IN our daily life, from the time we are small children, we are confronted with many problems, both large and small. At the time we are wrestling with them, they often seem to be more important than they really are. When we look at them in retrospect, we see in many of these difficulties the medium of our progress and growth of character.

Think back now! You are a child and have been eagerly awaiting the arrival of the circus in town, for you have been promised to be allowed to attend it. At the last minute, as a punishment for misbehaving, that pleasure has been denied you. Oh, the heartache you experience! Could anything possibly be worse? Yet you learned by that lesson, did you not?

In school, perhaps you have received an unsatisfactory mark from a teacher you believe to be unfair in a subject you don't like. Is it not, rather, your own attitude which causes you to slack up on that subject? When you learn to look at yourself objectively and analyze the problems fairly, do you not often find that the cause lies in yourself, and not in the "unfair" teacher? If the hard time you have with a certain subject is corrected through this discovery, what a blessing it is!

And so you find as you progress in life. If you can meet your problems face to face and stand up to them, learning by past difficulties how to handle them, making them stepping stones to success by not letting them drag you down to despair and failure, you shall have learned one of life's greatest lessons.

Mary MacLachlan '51

MY MOTHER'S FRIENDS

MY mother's friends may not be exactly the type you might expect from the title of this essay; but at least when they are asleep, they are indeed her friends. Their friends were born three days before Christmas, and are now ten weeks old. Being kittens, they have a never-ceasing imagination concerning the uses of household articles. Perkins, the male, was born with a great fondness for Shakespeare, and can often be found scanning the pages of *Hamlet* with an active eye.

Although Perkins was rather on the cultural side, Missy, the female, was endowed with an interest in the light washing, and took great pride in hanging up my socks just the way she thought they should be hung. From early morning till late at night, they roamed the house, running up curtains, crawling into cupboards, hiding in my aunt's sewing machine, ripping the large blotter on my father's desk, and pestering their mother until she went nearly mad.

Although my own Mother grew a trifle upset at these things, the thought that her friends would soon pass through the destructive phase kept her in a fairly cheerful mood. When I was at school, all the doors had to be shut, for Perkins broke a good vase, began to scratch the furniture, and made long runs in the curtains. Missey, too, swung gayly on my aunt's bedspread, ripped up a box of Christmas ornaments and chased the bells all through the house. We have found a home for Missy, (heaven help its occupants), and I am starting a vigorous campaign against the disposing of Perkins. Nancy Sylvester '51

BARGAIN HUNTERS

A SPLASHY advertisement in Friday night's paper telling of a big dress sale in Filene's basement on Saturday, indicates that early tomorrow the streets of Boston will be literally jammed with intent, hurrying women, all heading for one destination.

The doors open at nine-fifteen, so from eight forty-five on, women of all kinds and from all walks of life arrive in droves, and gather before the doors, for everyone likes a bargain. Friends meet friends in this milling mob, and a wave of unceasing chatter fills the air. But, hark! a sudden silence comes over the crowd as they witness a small, timid-looking man coming to unlock the doors, and showing indications of terror that he may not make a quick enough "get away."

All signs of friendship cease as the doors are pushed open, and the manners of all these shrieking women are transformed almost into those of wild animals. Everyone is born along in this

great mass toward the long, unending rows of dresses. On the end of one rack an exceptionally vivid blue dress is spied, unfortunately, by two women at the same time. Both make a grab for it, one shrieking, "I had it first," and the other practically landing a hard right to her opponent's jaw because she won't let go. Both pull with the super-human strength which comes with hot anger; and suddenly, without warning, the spun rayon is rent in half, and both women go flying backwards, each with half a dress in her hands. Getting up, they grin a little sheepishly at each other, both realizing that if they had taken time to think the dress would have done at least one of them some good.

On the whole I think bargain hunters have great qualities; they must have a lot of courage to become part of that stampeding mob. They need a quick wit; they have to learn how to take in at one quick glance the best articles, because in less than ten minutes the racks are completely emptied, and in order to acquire any worthwhile articles at all, they have to be very fast indeed.

Pat Stevens '50

LIFE AS SEEN FROM OUR LOCKER ALLEY

BEFORE describing the views on life gained from our picturesque locker alley, I must first describe the alley. It is made up of a series of drab, dusty, brown lockers, unsteadily arranged in rows facing one another with all of two yards of walking space between the rows. This, of course, is just fine if you happen to be one of those pupils who arrives at school at eight-ten each morning and leaves after the seventh period each afternoon, wisely avoiding the rush.

As for myself, however, I never seem to reach my locker before the warning bell and am always sure to be there right after the last period. At this time of day, not much can be seen of life as one is lucky to be able to catch a glimpse of his own small locker door, let alone pay much attention to his surroundings.

However, getting back to life, it is rather miserable in my locker room. People are constantly rushing to and fro; many, I am sure are merely getting their morning exercises completed, as I know they own no lockers in our alleys.

If one is fortunate enough to arrive at his locker before the crowd does appear, a great variety of human life can be seen through the door. A very business like senior with horn-rimmed glasses and sneakers is seen very briskly walking along, trying desperately with no luck whatsoever to get by a group of chattering sophomores, who are ambling along at a pace that might compete with the snail for slowness.

This amusing group passes slowly out of sight to be followed by a very frightened looking boy who fairly streaks by the door on his way to a pre-school appointment with his Latin teacher — He must have been a Freshman.

These are but a few of the examples of life as seen from my locker alley, but they help to lighten any day that is laden with work, and if I am ever bored, a few minutes spent at my locker are always a sure way of raising my spirits.

Ann Wadden '50

IN THE POST OFFICE

THE building is a massive grey structure that appears grim and bleak at first sight, sturdily built and impressive at second sight. This is the post office, a building that houses a service that is important to us all, the mail. The workers are loyal and devoted to their positions, serving the people happily

The very appearance of the inside of the post office with its over-stuffed mail bags and barred windows almost makes the bygone days of the mail service live again. One can almost see a Pony Express rider, forerunner of the modern mailman, swing from a jaded horse in a distant outpost, leap upon a fresh mount, and ride into Indian territory with a cry of "The mail must go through!" The rider looks suspiciously like a famous motion picture star, but he brings back memories of the past as well as anyone else can. The pictures of hard-faced men show that the post office is a rogue's gallery of uncaught criminals who in past days even dared to rob post offices and, with a sack of mail under each arm, ripped their pictures from the wall.

The people in today's post office, however, are quite unlike the desperadoes and hard-riding mailmen of the past. A dozen clerks are giving people stamps and announcing that "I'm sorry, but you won't be able to send this package to your aunt without more postage." Some people are leaning on the center table writing mail orders.

Although the excitement that once was part of the post office is gone, the building is still a place where one's fellow man may be observed. Here are brought to light the character of all who come to carry on business, such as the very important looking gentleman who fumes about the length of the line in which he has to stand, threatens to take the matter to his congressman, and finally, after tossing a penny at the tired clerk, says, "Give me a post card, fellow; I want to send away for a free premium."

John Laucus '51

DAY DREAMING

DAY dreaming is a habit into which it is very easy to fall, and of which many of us are guilty. We tend to cultivate this habit most in spring and summer. but we do a great deal of day dreaming in autumn and winter also.

There are many reasons for spring's being one of the seasons most conducive to day dreaming. It is indeed a remarkable feat if you can keep your mind on what you are supposed to be doing when the sun is streaming brightly through a half opened window. Outside, a gentle breeze stirs the budding branches of the trees which are beginning to come back to life after the cruel winter. Birds, the harbingers of spring, are chirping merrily in the same trees. Everyone can feel the touch of spring fever in the air, and a wanderlust grows on all of us, from the oldest down to the youngest.

What kind of day dreams does one dream? They are many and varied. They may range from going to a dance to exploring an undiscovered continent or from taking a walk through the cool clean woods to venturing a first icy dip in the old swimming hole. For the old, sitting in the beneficial rays of that burning planet, day dreams recapture rapturous moments of days gone by. The young, as they sit dreaming, look forward to the time when they will be on their own, and being only children they do not see the dark side of life, only the bright, and they sigh because they must wait so long.

To some people day dreaming is a moment of relief from cares and troubles. It is a period of rest in a hard day, and an escape from gloom into an atmosphere of perfect happiness in doing in thought what you know you will never have a chance to do in reality.

On the other hand, day dreaming can easily lead you into trouble. In school your name may be called two or three times, and only a nudge from a mirthful classmate brings your mind back from the lofty heights of dreaming. In a street-car, acquaintances are often overlooked, much to your chagrin, and on the street you may bump into other pedestrians when your mind is a thousand miles away.

Take my advice, then, and choose some spot where you won't be disturbed, lean back and watch the clouds float by, and dream to your heart's content.

R. Therese Barry '51



Popularity Poll

Most popular girl	June Burgess
Most popular boy	Bill Hudson
Prettiest girl	June Burgess
Handsomest boy	Bill Hudson
Best-dressed girl	Carol Caroli
Best-dressed boy	Ruy Soeiro
Best all-around girl athlete	Cynthia Coleman
Best all-around boy athlete	Bill Hudson
Best-natured student	Desmond La Place
Best girl dancer	Marilyn O'Brien
Best boy dancer	John Rogers
Most likely to succeed	Anne Dyer Murphy
Wittiest student	Desmond La Place

Here they are, seniors — the long awaited results of the REVIEW Popularity Poll. A quick glance down the above list will indicate right away the common denominator, as it were, of this year's voting — a marvelous like-mindedness among the members of the class. Nearly all the winners triumphed by very large margins; in a few instances the tally was almost unanimous. June Burgess and Dezzi La Place won top honors in two categories, and Bill Hudson walked off with three titles, all of which multiple successes, incidentally, are very well deserved.

1950's extra curricular tastes are also surprisingly uniform. Boys and girls agree that there's no sport like baseball, that Vaughn Munroe need yield place to no other baton-wielder, and that June Allyson is the brightest star in the Hollywood feminine firmament. Opinion between the sexes is divided on a few other matters, how-

ever. When it comes to amusement, the boys stick to the sports field, while the girls much prefer the dance floor. The rough-and-ready histrionics of John Wayne are all right with the fellows, but the ladies' palm goes to Glenn Ford (not without stiff competition from Montgomery Cliff). For reading matter, the girls turn to *Seventeen* and the boys to *Life* for their favorite periodicals, with a small but discriminating minority preferring the REVIEW; on the lighter side, the girls like *Blondie* and the boys go for *L'il Abner*. The big surprise comes in the listening department: the girls, naturally enough, like the Lux Radio Theatre, but the boys — hold your hats! — glue their ears to Ye Boston Ballroom!

Thus runs the opinion of the mid-century class. What will '51 have to offer?

A. D. M.

May We Present —

PENNY POWER

THE name Penny Power alone is enough to attract one's interest, but Penny herself proved even more interesting despite the fact that her given name turned out to be Frances Penelope Power. Penny, a newcomer to Latin this year, is about five feet, seven inches tall, with pretty light brown hair and sparkling brown eyes.

Born in Boston some 18 years ago, Penny did considerable traveling before finding her paradise here at C.H.L.S. (How can I say stuff like that) Nickel, I mean Penny, attended Roosevelt High School in St. Louis before coming to Latin. Since September, Dime, sorry I mean Penny, has made many friends and has been active in many school functions. She is a member of the G.A.A., French Club, and English Book Club.

As for the future, Quarter, confound it, I mean Penny, wants to be a teacher and will attend Wheelock upon graduation. Her loves include skiing, swimming, tennis, and Art. Art, by the way, is her boy friend and he works for the F.B.I. She loves New England in particular and wouldn't swap it for any other part of the country.

Penny describes her ideal man quite emphatically. He's six feet, two inches tall, with light brown hair. He's an all-around guy with a fine sense of humor. Art seems to fit this description to a "T", so Penny need not look further.

Penelope (that'll settle it) seems a right nice gal and has already proven a welcome addition to the Senior Class. Although it may not be economical, I'd say that without a doubt this is one Penny for which we'd all gladly give a great deal more.

D. L.

THOMAS CONNORS

ONE of the most interesting members of the freshman class is Thomas Connors, a friendly lad with brown eyes and light brown hair, who, like so many of our interviewees, was born in Cambridge, but who, unlike most of us, has travelled far and wide in a comparatively brief space of time. Tom's excursions have taken him as far north as Canada and as far south as North Carolina and the beautiful country of Texas, the wide open spaces of which particularly intrigued

him. Since the war, however, Tom has come back to Berkshire Street in our fair city, and he graduated last year from the Kelley School.

Tom's love of travelling is reflected in his interests. His favorite subject is history; his hobby is his stamp collection, which boasts some rare Air Mails, and naturally, contains a large number of United States stamps. After graduating from C.H.L.S., Tom hopes to make B. C. his next stop; after that, a career in aviation strongly appeals to him.

On the lighter side, sports are definitely Tom's favorite amusement, with baseball, the Red Sox, and Ted Williams as the special favorites. His taste in movies runs to the acting of John Wayne and Jane Russell. As for girls, he has no stipulations beyond good looks at the present, but I'd like to check with him when he's a senior!

A. D. M.

DORIS WICKHAM — SOPHOMORE

DORIS WICKHAM, winner of the sophomore Spelling Bee, came here two years ago from Dayton, Ohio. She is fifteen years old, of medium height with wavy ash-blond hair, blue eyes, and a merry laugh. Doris is a smart girl; she does her homework in the afternoons so that her evenings can be free for more pleasurable activities. These include listening to the "Boston Ballroom" or going to movies in which Richard Conte plays. Still, she finds enjoyment in the more academic side, especially in languages and geometry. As to the future, Doris has planned only as far as college after graduation from high school. Doris speaks of summer vacations with enthusiasm in her eye. She loves to swim in the great ocean especially on the Cape, but best of all she is a zealous mountain climber. She has already conquered the dizzy heights of Mt. Washington, Mt. Jefferson, and Mt. Adams and still mountain climbing is her favorite sport. About her ideal man Doris makes very few specifications. He only must be tall, dark, handsome, a good dancer with an excellent personality, and positively older than herself. If there is anyone conceited enough to think he fills this description, he should report to Room 304 for inspection.

R. C.

RICHARD GRABOWSKY

PRESENTING L'Artiste Richard Grabowsky! who upped the population of Cambridge sixteen years ago on July 11, 1933. Unfortunately little, or better, nothing is known of this enterprising young man until he entered kindergarten at the Longfellow School. The next year he transferred to the Russell and is now a Junior here at Latin, deep in his favorite subjects — Chemistry, art and algebra!

Richard is Vice-President of the Art Club and I'll give you one guess as to who draws the pictures in the REVIEW — that's right, Richard.

Leaving school behind for a time, we passed on to hobbies. And, after a low mutter that sounded something like "women," he confessed that he made model cars in his spare time.

After Richard leaves school, he hopes to go to the Rhode Island School of Design and be a commercial artist or else go to the General Motors Tech and be an engineer. However, Richard, whatever you do, here's long life to you from the class of '51.

E. E.

JOHN DIGNAN

GOOD natured and a wonderful sense of humor, those are the outstanding attributes of our senior classmate, John Dignan. John had a long and colorful history before he finally arrived at our alma mater. After two years of studying at Rindge, he decided to leave for the more exciting life of a Coast Guard Seaman. From there he was sent to the Orient spending most of his service years in China and Japan. It was here that he formed a sense of love for meeting people and educating himself through traveling. Finally when his service years were completed, he returned to finish his last two years of High School education at dear Latin.

John's favorite subjects are English and History; his very worst subject, math. When he graduates, John is going to attend St. Michael's College in Vermont. His greatest ambition is to teach History and English.

Our blue eyed veteran loves to dance and takes a great interest in swimming, skiing and hiking. His ideal girl must be attractive, good natured, intelligent, and have some knowledge of the domestic chores. What about it, girls? Sammy Kaye's orchestra is tops with John and here is a switch! "Red Shoes" is his favorite movie because ballet is his favorite entertainment.

B. W.

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

THE most important event that has taken place since the last issue of the REVIEW was the KB, G.A.A., Dramatic Formal which was held on January twentieth at the Hotel Commander. The couples whirled to the music of Bob Norris, former student of C.H.L.S. Behind the orchestra was a gay backdrop, made by Club members, of snowmen, fir trees, and beautiful snowflakes. All who attended voted the evening most certainly a success.

On Saturday, February eleventh, a large group from the Dramatic Club attended the High School Conference of National Thespian Society at Emerson College. Events of the day included a lecture in the morning by the entertaining Professor Knickerbocker, a delightful luncheon at Thirty-nine Newbury Street, a talent show sponsored by several high school groups and finally, the Emerson Players in action at a dress rehearsal of Cervantes', "La Malquerida." We had the opportunity of seeing Mrs. Kay, well known director of Emerson College, skillfully direct the young men and women who worked so patiently and strenuously for her to dramatize the quick, fiery passion of Cervantes' play.

In our next issue we shall be able to tell you about our production of the third act of Disraeli at the Massachusetts Drama Festival being held March thirty-first and April first at Hingham.

Adrianne Knight, Secretary

K. B. NOTES

IT'S me again! The K. B. has been pretty busy the last two months. Two enjoyable evenings were spent at the homes of Cynthia Coleman and Gloria Kaufman. The meeting at Gloria's house is especially noteworthy for the exceptional dramatic talent displayed by Mary MacLachlan. Six members took part in a play commemorating the anniversary of Lincoln's birthday.

On February 23, a few of the members got together and went bowling. Everyone had a good time, although some complained of aches and pains afterwards.

Plans have been made to hold a Roller Skating Party at one of the popular rinks — so save your pennies, students.

Thanks should be given to June Spinney, Virginia Beckman, Helen Devereaux, and Ann Rudy for the wonderful job they have been doing as members of the Refreshment Committee.

See you next issue.

Dorothea Verrocchi '50

THE PLAYBILL

CONTINUING the procession of distinguished actors who have played in Boston on their way either in or out of New York this season, Miss Helen Hayes, by many considered the First Lady of the American Theatre, opened a pre-Broadway engagement of *The Wisteria Trees* at the Colonial on Valentine's Night. Miss Hayes' new vehicle is an interesting work, adapted by Joshua Logan from Anton Chekhov's Russian drama *The Cherry Orchard*. The plot concerns the Andree family, powerful and wealthy plantation owners in pre-Civil War days, who have been reduced to a sort of genteel poverty by the development of the New South, and who must watch their beautiful Louisiana plantation auctioned, their time-honored wisteria trees cut down, by a newly-prosperous neighbor they once classed with their servants. Mr. Logan has succeeded admirably in transferring the action from a parallel Russian period of social change, and in adapting Chekhov's characters and incidents to an American locale; the main faults of the play appear to be in its rather loose construction, which can in all probability be improved before it reaches New York. Incidentally, author Logan was also the director — a position he has filled for such notable successes as *South Pacific* and *Mr. Roberts* — and co-producer with Leland Hayward.

That Miss Hayes is, however, the brightest asset of the present production no one can deny. Never having seen her before, I approached the performance with much pleasure, in view of her stellar reputation, but also with a great and not unnatural fear of expecting too much and being disappointed. To say that I was utterly captivated is to express my feelings mildly. As gay Lucy Andree Ransdell, the former Southern belle returning home from a long sojourn in Paris, Miss Hayes was a complete delight from the moment she swept gleefully on stage in the first act till the time she walked sadly off at the end, softly singing a little Louisiana folk-song as she left her family home forever. She is a tiny person with a wisp-slim figure, a wonderfully mobile face, and such a superb command of stage technique that she gives one the impression she is not acting at all. She was at her most charming in the second act, when she sang "Froggie Went a-Courtin'" for the very youngest guests at a party at Wisteria Plantation. That scene was art — great art.

The other players gave their radiant leading lady excellent support. Walter Abel of the movies was particularly good as Lucy's befuddled brother, Gavin, who was perpetually trying to come to grips with a reality that forever eluded his com-

prehension. Kent Smith was splendid as Yancy Loper, the newly-rich neighbor who had long adored Miss Lucy from afar, and Bethel Leslie was suitably sweet and wholesome as Lucy's daughter, Antoinette. There was a wonderful household of servants, notably Alonzo Bosan as the imperious old valet, Scott, Maurice Ellis as Henry Arthur Henry, whose astonishing vocabulary qualified him as a minor male Malaprop, Vinie Burrows as the pert little maid, Dolly May, and Ossie Davis as Jacques, with his delightful veneer of Parisian refinement and his smattering of "conversational French." One must admit, however, that the cast presented the most diversified pot-pourri of southern accents ever assembled north of Dixie — that is, when the actors didn't forget they were supposed to be drawling. Jo Mielziner's setting of the faded children's parlor of the plantation, with its vista of the ever-changing foliage of the giant wisterias, was little short of inspired.

Turning from Boylston to Brattle Street, one finds that Cambridge's own Brattle Theatre Company continues to present worth-while plays in stimulating, fresh new productions. The middle of January saw a return engagement of Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*, which the group had previously staged last spring. This is a bitter, cynical drama about war, having as its setting the citadel of Troy and the camp of the Greek army during the third year of the Trojan War. Names glorious in the world's literature form its *Dramatis Personae* — Hector, Achilles, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulysses, Priam, Aeneas and the fascinating Helen herself — but the romantic or sentimental reader would probably be amazed by the Bard's portrayal of these demi-gods and heroes. Imagine the shock of one who has always idealized the Greek warriors when the curtain, ascending on a council of war in the Grecian camp, revealed a group of pompous old fuddy-duddies, with the Commander-in-Chief, Agamemnon, bandying pedantic speech with his aged crony, Nestor, and that noblest of Spartans, Menelaus, sound asleep on a stool in a corner! The play is a savage satire on human folly and treachery in wartime; even the comedy is of the most cynical sort. There were several very fine performances, especially Jerry Kilty's brilliant portrayal of the wily, cunning Ulysses — a masterly characterization, the very best thing I have seen him do. Albert Marre was a properly roguish Thersites, Will West was all one expects of the strapping, sullen Achilles, and Bryant Haliday was a commendable Troilus. Jan Farrand's Cressida was rather disappointing, however. She looked very lovely indeed, but her tendency to hop, skip, and jump about the stage

in fits and starts can be most disconcerting.

Late February saw the Brattle company's most ambitious, and, in many ways, most rewarding Shakespearean venture to date, that massive, overwhelming tragedy of filial ingratitude, *King Lear*. Some critics have maintained that *Lear* is too difficult to stage, but the present company faced its many problems bravely, and solved most of them admirably. To play the great role of Lear himself, the company imported Mr. William Devlin from London's famed Old Vic Company, the former bailiwick of such luminaries as Sir Laurence Olivier and Sir Ralph Richardson. Mr. Devlin, now 38, became at 22 the youngest actor ever to play the aging king of ancient Britain, and the performance we see today comes after 16 years of study and increasing familiarity with the part. Its keynote is the all pervading royalty of the man. This is a truly majestic Lear, "aye, every inch a king," regal in its every word and gesture, terrifying in its anger, kingly even in its madness. By emphasizing so much this aspect of the character, Mr. Devlin sacrifices some of its more human side; his Lear does not excite as much pity as it could. But it is a really tremendous performance, both in its broad scope and in its smaller details — a triumph of tragic acting.

Again the supporting cast was excellent. Leslie Paul was very lovely as Cordelia, Lear's youngest and only faithful daughter. As her wicked sisters, Goneril and Regan, Joan Croyden and Jan Farrand were horrifyingly venomous, although Miss Farrand has a regrettable tendency to lay on her effects, from her make-up to her gestures, with a very heavy-handed trowel. Albert Marre, who directed, had a field-day with the villainous Edmund, while Robert Fletcher was a paragon of virtue as his righteous brother, Edgar. Thayer David and Jerry Kilty again proved their amazing versatility with very fine studies of the Earl of Gloucester and the Fool. To my way of thinking, the egregious fault of the production was the costumes, which featured a sheet-metal material for Regan's gown, small castles for the adornment of the various royal heads, Foreign Legion military for the soldiers, and a fabulous assortment of colors and fabrics for everyone in general. To be sure, the date of the action of *King Lear* is somewhat obscure, but not sufficiently so to justify such a sartorial assortment as this!

At this writing, the prize-winning Italian film, *The Bicycle Thief*, is playing at the Beacon Hill Theater, where it will probably be holding forth for many writings to come. This movie is one of the very best of the bumper crop of fine movies to come out of post-war Italy. Its director, the gifted Vittorio De Sica, has employed the casting

technique of many of his cinematic countrymen; instead of using established actors, he finds men and women from the streets and factories and homes of Italy, and has them play, as it were, themselves. Certainly the story of *The Bicycle Thief* is close to the hearts of the common people. A poor Roman worker, unemployed for two years, finds a job as a bill-poster, on condition that he own a bicycle. His wife pawns her dowry sheets to buy the precious bike, and the worker sets off jubilantly to start his rounds. As he fixes his very first poster, his bicycle is stolen. The whole next day he and his little son, Bruno, search the great city for the thief and the stolen goods. They find the culprit, but, since there were no witnesses, they can prove nothing against him. They go home, hopeless, their search futile, the job lost.

You do not need to understand a word of Italian to be moved by this great film. It presents a heart-rending picture of the poor in contemporary Europe, of their weariness, their despair, their glimmering hope. De Sica's amateur actors are magnificent. Lamberto Maggiorani is superb as the worker, Lianella Carrell is perfect as his tired, patient wife, and Enzo Starola, as little Bruno, is the most appealing child to appear on the screen since Ivan Jandl in *The Search*. The photography is memorable and the sound track is used with telling effect. The movie shows wonderfully the great bond of affection between the father and son, summed up when, at the close, the child takes his father's hand and looks trustingly up in his face as the two start their homeward journey after their long, vain search. This is the cinema at its very finest, its best potentialities developed. Hollywood might well take notice.

Anne Dyer Murphy '50

CHESS CLUB NOTES

THE conclusion of the 1949-1950 chess schedule finds the C.H.L.S. team in fourth place, just one point behind Milton.

ings are:

Sporting the best individual record for tournament play is Manny Stoller with four wins and no losses; however, the best record for competing in all the tournaments goes to Louise Welsh, who outshone all the men with an eight win - two loss score.

In an exhibition match with Boston Technical, we triumphed 5½-3½. A return match with this school will be played soon. Since the majority of our team consists of seniors, a fine opportunity for making next year's team is provided. The C.H.L.S. Chess Club is open every Friday afternoon and new members, players or non-players, are invited.

Francis Duehay, Secretary



TEMPIS FUGIT or *It's Later Than You Think* is the watchword of this third issue of the Spotlight. With a year's half way mark reached, and a faint view of graduation in the distance, it's time now to pause, ———— Now that we've paused, let us remember that there are more important things than graduation (Oh Yeah) and it's about time we got around to the purpose of this column, whatever that is.

The big event of the last few weeks was the Valentine Dance, put on by the Senior Class. It was a big success and everyone had a good time except some poor junior who got her places mixed and ended up attending a Donkey Basketball Game. It was a little disappointing, but she said some of those donkeys weren't bad dancers.

The Seniors have been kept busy lately examining each other's graduation pictures. With all the photos around, it would be a good idea to hold a contest to choose "*The Girl Most Likely To.*" Applicants pictures for this contest will be cheerfully accepted.

The whole Junior Class welcomes back their likeable president, Barbara Commiskey, who has been out for quite some time with a serious illness. On the subject of illnesses, anyone who wants to stay healthy had better steer clear of Mal Pelrine and Ann Petropolis who, believe it or not hope to have their driver's licenses soon. Women drivers are bad enough, but these two like to drive on the left side of the highway when everyone else is on the right side, because "It's not so crowded over there."

Some of the many students have already smiled winsomely and posed for class pictures — among those are Joanne Holloway, Jeanne Hurley, and Pat Haley; Don Rigazio enjoys washing girls' faces in snow. Peggy Chase is very much interested in becoming a nurse. Connie Doyle, Pat Monahan, Dutchie Baronowski seems to have a great interest in Medford. Barbara Howard, Joan Corkery, and Midgie Bush were seen recently at the Totem Pole with three handsome escorts from

Somerville. Alan Keating is known as the boy with the Pepsodent smile. Among the faithful rooters at the hockey games were Barbara Rodley, Rosemary Phaneuf and Ruthie McKeween. Jane Aldenberg has been seen driving a car around the city — how about a ride, Jane? Bobby Rousseau is a very popular boy. Question of the month, "What does SANSEL BEES mean?" Buddy McCarron's and Bob Tashan's theme songs seem to be "Margie." Why has Joan Pennell suddenly taken such a great interest in Fords? Come on, Joan, let's confess. Joan Thompson and Ruthie Shea are quite interested in Belmont. We are all glad to see David Burgess back at C.H.L.S. after a long illness. Connie Budd is very lonesome in her geography class lately. Seen at the Rindge dances lately have been Sally Duncan and Betty Curcio. Louise Madigon has to catch one certain street car daily. Joanne Dias's television set has attracted Freddy — or is it television! Eddie Casino seems to be a very promising track star. Why does Jean Doherty take such a great interest in the Cambridge City Hospital all of a sudden? Thinking of studying nursing, Jean? Paul Sebastian seems to like the atmosphere of the Big Bear. A television party was held at Joan Anzalone's house; among those that attended were Pauline Nugent, Kay Dooley, Carol Robertson, Barbara Rose, Pat Jordan, Cynthia Conway, and Jackie Murphy, Eddie Asaley, Eddie Fratto, Eddie Quinn, Tommie Vessala, Tommie Cusick, Jimmie Duffy and Gene Palaro. Anne Spera is a great fan of track meets. Lunch time is a laugh time when Larry Roche is around. Muriel Clancy knows all about St. Thomas's University in Canada. Constance Varney is a regular contributor to the REVIEW notes; let's keep up the good work Connie. Who is "Little Jake"? Mary Frank has a very handsome boy friend whose name is Frank. Jane Thompson was one of the lucky ones who saw Vic Damone in person. Congratulations to Jeanne Brooks who was chosen Miss Valentine at the Senior Class Dance. Inseparable are Joan

Sarasino, Mary Lou Rind, Beverly Ryan and Maureen Murphy. At a recent bazaar at St. Peter's, many hidden talents were brought out. Among the entertainers were Celia Davis, Don Edge, Charlie Dubay, Joan Whitehouse, Larry King, Sylvia McKay and Thelma Mooney. Why do Joan Whitehouse's eyes light up when Canada is mentioned? Everybody is talking about Ronny Curry's sharp green sweater. Rindge Tech attracts Beverly Paulis. What are the big discussions that Eddie Asaley and Ruthie McKeown have during recess periods?

Jean Gould had a fine time recently when she attended a military ball at B. C. But some girls stay right at home for their good time and the G.A.A. Formal was a real success, thanks to the patronage of Joyce Landrigan, Lennie Frisoli, Joan Kidston, Jack McInnis, Ann Mahoney, Joe Landrigan, Mary Dwyer, Ricky Byron, Anne Murphy, Jay O'Rourke, and many others.

Here's something new in the line of news: Birdie Swartz has a new love in his Biology Class. It's one of the new guinea pigs and she's quite cute. Only trouble is, she will have to grow some before the Senior Prom. Eddie O'Brien, "Lefty" to his friends, is making a real sacrifice during Lent. He's giving up Horseshoe Pitching and Harpooning. Dodo Murphy's doing him one better though; she is giving up boys in Lent. Only catch is, anyone over twelve years old isn't a boy to Dodo.

A swell kid, Laurice Eddy, has recently acquired the title of "Miss Acrobat of 1718." Can you guess why? Other acrobats seen around the corridors include Sally Flowers showing off that sharp new watch of hers.

I'd like to know what this, "*Little Brown Jug*" is that so interests Colette Mailhiot and Fran Tierney. Parties are still being held and Betty Muse had one recently which was a howling (and I do mean howling) success. Those seen there were Ber McElroy, Dodo Murphy, Margie Wood, Jean Power and a few Harvard boys.

Ann Mahoney is the lucky girl who gets a ride home most every day in a nice red '49 Chrysler no less. Wish we all were as fortunate. Some go by MTA, however, and it's going to be a long trip for Charlie Gaudette now that a certain Miss has moved to Malden. This same young lady plus Joanne Nauffts do their share of traveling at lunchtime on the second floor when they visit their Junior Romeos.

They say Gentlemen Prefer Blondes; well, that works both ways for a certain Mary goes for a blonde named Chet. John Geovanis is making a fine vice-president. All the girls will tell you how

hard he's working. You can see *Geo* going about his business in the halls every day. Business is good I'd say. Business is good at the Totem Pole too, much to the credit of Dot Carolina and Mac MacCarthy.

Three Musketeers seen around the school are Pat Monahan, Phyllis Nauffts, and Dutchie Baronowski, a cute trio in anyone's league, but I sure hope those muskets aren't loaded. Prepare for inspection, girls. When it comes to talking, Helen Chandler takes the cake, especially when the subject is Stevie.

"I'm worried stiff about the Junior Prom" that's the cry of most of the Junior girls; but don't worry kids, all arrangements for an ideal partner can be made through the editor. Carol Caroli was the topic of conversation the other day when a certain bunch of Senior boys got together, but the whole story is not yet known.

Irene Kulsa thought she had the last laugh with Dimples Corcoran but you know we wouldn't let that happen. Miss Kulsa it seems has a great fondness for the "Buffalo," and is willing to go through the whole routine at the drop of a hat, anytime, anyplace, anywhere. Let's give her a chance to show her stuff.

Frannie Rowley must have a real magnetic personality, for it seems he attracts the Freshmen all the way from the first floor. While on the subject of the first floor, two certain freshmen must be mentioned here. Gail Mahoney and her friend Gail II had better watch their step when invading Senior territory.

Whatever it is that changes the dispositions of the girls in 331 between fourth and fifth periods to cause them to sing at their lockers, is a mystery. I could use a class like that.

While searching for *Spotlight* notes this time, I was quite alarmed to find that one of my principle sources of "info" was mising. This was none other than Jackie Pelrine, who has been quite ill. Hurry back, Jackie, I'm lost without you.

Tee Keohane has been trying her luck at Rindge Tech lately; Fred Maxwell might be his name. And Laura in 235 has been receiving mysterious phone calls from a certain Jim. If she wants to know who Jim is, she can ask the Answer Man, Lo Presti. Peggy Dempsey seems to have a new boy friend named Hank Dempsey — no relation we hope.

There's something very interesting at Mary Aceto's locker that attracts Helen DiPietro, Gloria DeMaio, Susan PiPierro, and Frances Petinge every morning and afternoon. (If it's a picture of Glenn Ford, I wouldn't be surprised, that guy's got more admirers at C.H.L.S. than Seabiscuit.)

KB. GAA. DC. FORMAL

WALTZ KING,
DICK COOPER
AND QUEEN
COLETTE
MAILHIOT.



FRESHMEN
LOST IN CHAIR.



..WHICH LOVELY
YOUNG LADY
LOST HER HOOP?



KEN CARWYLE
AND M. JANE
NOONAN BEHIND
THE MASK.

K.B. PRES.
GLORIA
KAUFMAN
WAS PROM
CHAIRLADY...



...IN THE
GRAND MARCH...
ANNE WADDEN,
NANCY MORRISON,
SHEILA MONTEITH,
MARILYN SCHAUB.

G.A.A. PREXY CYNTHIA
COLEMAN AND DATE, ROBERTA
KAUFMAN, DAVE NOONAN.



The two best of Frans (friends too) Fran Donagher and Fran Tierney respectively, plus Betty Watson must have had quite an experience at the Emerson Drama Festival, because they haven't stopped talking about it yet. Shopping good, eh girls. Some boys from Lawrence are the current interests of Pat Haley and Jean Hurley. Can't keep those girls satisfied I guess.

Hey! Have you seen Carole Thompson's new haircut. Me, I haven't even seen Carole Thompson. Maybe I just haven't recognized her because she looks so different. Where are you Carole? Seen at the Fresh Pond Tennis Court was Jeannie McDonald and her *coach* Tommy O'Connor. Tennis in this weather, must be love.

A girl in Mr. Barry's home room is coming back for a P. G. because of a certain someone; but Portia in 304 is anxious for graduation; her interest lies in Boston College.

A cheer for Susie DiPierro who's always on the go, collecting money for the REVIEW. (Thirty-five subscribers wins a gold-plated Mule Train.) With Flora Peters going to Somerville quite often, and Joyce Grigby seeing a good bit of Boston, it's no wonder they get their schools mixed.

Everyone has their favorite class but it seems Anne Gandiosi, Anna Pantheis, Joan O'Brien and Jean Murphy all like the same one. (We'll have to investigate that.) Eleanor Day shouldn't have much trouble trying to decide on a new way to fix her hair. Vangie Christo could give her a hand for we hear she does all right at hairdressing. Even yours truly could get out the old shears and lash a few locks. Pleasant work. Look at the job I did on Eleanor DeVito's bangs. Pretty sharp, eh wot!

Ruthie Seely has a liking for the third floor at the end of fourth period. Jackie Bowls couldn't be the reason. Not much! The Boston Skating Club has its Latin followers also; Joan Delaney, Mary McManus, Lorraine Conley and Shirley Hamilton are frequent visitors. Everyone has outside interests, but if you asked Mary Dempsey to name her favorite three, she'd list Avon first, Avon second, and Avon third. Not hard to please, I guess.

A moment here to express congratulations to:

1. Dick Heavern and Ray Kelly for being chosen on the G. B. I. All Stars.
2. Rose Russo for winning the election for representative on a second attempt.
3. Dick Foley, Tom Mooney, Mac McCarron and Dick Hennessey, members of our track team which competed in New York.
4. Marge Janjanian and Bev Jakeway for the swell poster work that bedecks the corridors.

It's a toss up in 209 between Mary Maguire and Mary Amice in a contest to decide the girl with the longest hair. But it seems no contest with Eva Mercer. Everything she says is *Bill*. Some inquisitive soul would like to know why Pat Keegan is seen every Tuesday boarding a Jamaica Plain bus with a certain friend. Should we tell, Pat?

Has anyone noticed the friendship ring on Dottie Lingley's finger? Who's the lucky boy . . . Bruce, maybe? And Bea Miller's theme song lately has been "It isn't fair that you should haunt me." Could Bonnie be the reason?

Joan Crockett and Betty Totty are continually writing notes to each other; I wonder what's so secret. Other notes are being frequently passed by Charlie Dubay and Mary MacLachlan. Just my luck they'd be in French, and I can't make head nor tail of them. From what I could make out they looked pretty good too. Speak English, kids.

Nick Kricketos is quite proud of his PROJECTION CLUB MEMBERSHIP and he agrees with us that they're doing a fine job. Pat Stevans is doing a fine job too, of keeping everyone smiling. I have a special poem describing Pat, but limited space and other reasons prevent printing it. Other poems have been written for Betty Dunlap and Marjorie Taylor but fear of a shot in the head prevents their publication.

Ruy Soeiro seems to have found his perfect match in a young miss named Trudy Merrill — from what we've seen and heard she sounds like a real nice kid. Phil Ciccarelli seems to be missing the bus quite frequently. Is there a reason, Phil?

Evelyn Spillion held a party and Dickie Knolls, Ann Petropolos, Joan Dias, Rickie Barker and Helen Sahady were only a few of those present. Another party seems to be held fourth period when Billy Saideh, Joyce Landrigan, David Johnson, Pat Connors, Ronnie Curry and Donald Graustein all joined in the fun.

Shorthand, shorthand, shorthand! that's all we hear in 203. I'd say Carol Nigro and Arleen Williams are to blame. Lefthand! Lefthand! Lefthand! That's where you'll see Claire Pevrinis' ring from Dennis Sullivan.

Two pretty pals, Bernice Lerman, and Jackie Burnham must be the sparkplugs of the basketball team. The way they run around, they should be elected "1950 Sweethearts of the Court" or a better title that I'll have to keep secret.

Who is the certain person in 302 whom Sheila Montieth is slowly driving crazy? I can see how she could do it. And Cynthia Coleman was

being discussed the other day by a group of Senior boys over by 317. Don't worry Cyn, all the remarks were compliments, I think.

Terry McCarthy's quite proud of the golden gloves she carries on her wallet; from Frank no doubt. Say Terry, let me know if he needs a sparring partner; I don't know any. Among the many who did a grand job working hard at the Valentine Dance were Connie Grogan, Eleanor DeCarlo, Mary Williams, June Diodati, Colette Mailhot, Rosemary Murphy, John Geovanis, Billy Hudson.

Jeanette Popiel has an admirer in Harvard Square; can somebody give us his name? And Theresa Gandiosi flies home after school each day in search of a certain letter. It seems everyone has problems, but Irene Griffin manages to get out of her home room quite often. Who's the certain someone, Irene?

Anyone interested in learning how it is possible to sleep until 8:20 in the morning should see Gerald Gross, who arrives at 8:20 and $\frac{3}{4}$. Some people have all the luck. Ginger Casey of 304 is planning a trip to Hawaii after graduation. What's this about Ann Spera wearing Raoul Santos' jacket. Don't let that Rindge boy find out.

Who's the certain redhead from Stoneham that Gerry Mandis is chumming with? Could his name possibly be Marty Manley? (Last year's hockey star?) Marguerite Benedict has a very interesting career planned upon graduation; it's on the stage and if it's what we think, she can count on John Geovanis and me to have front seats on her opening night.

Norma Bond and Connie Ippolito are still kept busy talking about Johnny Jones and Jack Castelano while Joan Worman and Freda Faggas' interests lie in Timmy and Bob.

Janet Taylor and John Coughlin seem to have become permanent fixtures at Brigham's in Central Square. They're seen there so often that the place looks deserted without them. That's a compliment, *kids*.

Anyone interested in a good laugh, should ask Ann Donahue to tell you what Ray Kelly had to say about her graduation miniature. (I should have thought of something like that.) People say that Susie Nilson can be spotted anywhere by her blonde halo. This may be true, but Susie Nilson with a halo is as likely as Ted Williams with a knitting needle.

That's all the news that the wild goose knows So I must go where the wild goose goes
Mother Goose, Brother Goose who knows best
It's up to you to fill in the rest.

Joan Crockett '50

Desmond LaPlace '50

FRESHMAN NOTES

TO BEGIN with, we're all apologies about that surprise we promised you for this issue; we thought we'd make it an even bigger surprise and keep it till next issue. Apology accepted? Thank you. Now to get on to the news that everyone waits for. There are quite a few questions that certain Freshmen would like to have answered, but one of the most puzzling is why does Gail Hubbard guard the back door in room 109 every day during fourth period? Nancy Hodgekins is teaching Joe Phifiere how to skate, so if any of you other boys would like lessons, the line forms to the right. Is it true that Anna Hudson really has time to eat three desserts at lunch time? Is there any special reason why Phyllis Alexander walks so fast getting back to her room after lunch? Does she like it that much? Evelina Patterson's birthday party was a big success, and if she eats all the candy that she received, she'll certainly gain weight. Helen Powers is often seen around 114, while Janet Taylor is seen around 306. What's the big attraction, girls? Barbara Rogers seems to find her (beau) interests outside of C.H.L.S. Gee, Barb, if you look around you'll find a good selection at C.H.L.S. Bobby Loralie and Margie Starby make a cute couple. The teachers who deem Nancy Avery quiet should see her outside of school. She's quite different. Florence Vitale and Anne Barrell finally got Jean Lee to show her pretty dimples. How come Joanne Vahey has acquired the name "Miss Giggles" of 119? What is the reason for Francis Wynn and Beatrice Vosconillas wearing their hair up on Friday? Meredith "Tibbie" Thibodeau is very fond of gym. Some of the Freshmen seen dancing at the G.A.A. — K. B. and D. C. Formal were Rene Mercier and Mel Cabral, Nany Hodgekins and Joe Pheifer, Martha Murphy and Dick Sanderson. What is Gail Hubbard's interest in Cambridge Center of Music and Drama. Seen at Martha Murphy's skating party were Nancy Hodgekins, Johanna Velonides, Mary Jane McCarthy, John Carr, Dick McCabe, Dicky Sanderson, and Joe Pheifer. Lucky Gail Forrest went to California for the winter vacation while we were freezing to death in Cambridge. John Ford and Joseph Finnigan represent the Freshman Class on the Safety Patrol. Robert Dwyer is the jumping jack of room 105. He seems to be everywhere at once. Have you noticed Norinne Forrest's becoming new glasses? Joan French and Lorraine Frances are the greatest of friends both in and out of school. William Flaherty finds "Silence is Golden," and his high marks certainly show it. See all, hear all, but say nothing. That's a good rule to go

by. Attention Toni Twins: Has anyone noticed the striking resemblance between Joanne Velonides and Jane Parnell? Toni is looking for you girls. Janet Flannagan must be going steady with a pair of Latin books judging from her high mark. Room 120 seems to boast of a lot of talent. One boy can sing like a bird, and one of the girls, above all things, is captain of a hockey team. Huh? A girl captain? Is it an all girl team? When two lipsticks were found, Peter Farren was the only claimant. Does the color look good on you, Pete? What do Steve Kapler and Mildred Lerman find to talk about during recess periods? Room 109 extends a warm welcome to newcomer Nancy Valentine. There never seems to be a dull moment for the pencil sharpener in room 107 Dottie Pumbo nad Helen Borelli are competing for the title of "Miss Dimples." Cast your votes students. Among the Freshmen who recently had parties are Pat Turtle, Joanne Vahey, Nancy Hodgekins, Virginia Sousa, and Carole Literi. Nancy H. claims it her last party because they're too much work. Dorothy Zucos, who received all 90's and above on her report card, should take Mr. Sheehan up on his proposition of "all the funny books you can read if you get marks of 90 and above. What happened to Arlene Sussman's gym suit in the boy's lunch room? Talk about embarrassing moments. Signing off until next time — Keep well and happy. Remember . . . nothing is ever all wrong; even a clock that stops is right, twice a day.

Colette Mailhot '50

Teresa McCarthy '50

G. A. A. NOTES

NEWs while it is news!! Although we have two questions that are pending, we hope they become a reality. The first one is a possible hayride in the near future; what could be more fun! Second is a super informal dance at the *Boat Club*.

Best o'luck to all the girls who are in the finals for the cheer-leading. We hope you all make it. We'll write up the names of the winners in the next issue.

Everyone had a wonderful time at the combined formal. Colette Mailhot and her escort Dick Cooper won the elimination dance and poise contest.

We feel for Mr. Guest who had to tell the dancers when they were eliminated; but we won't hold any hard feelings, Mr. Guest.

By the way, don't any of you forget the G.A.A. picnic; it will be here before you know it. I'll tell you all about it; date and all in the next issue.

O. M.

THE ART CLUB

THE first meeting of the Art Club was held February 14 under the guidance of Miss Morton, Miss Willoughby, and Mr. Santoro. The purpose of this meeting was the election of officers and committee members. Those elected were as follows:

President, Marjorie Taylor; Vice-President, Richard Grabowsky; Secretary-Treasurer, Jane MacKenzie; Committee: Marian Christy, Chairman; Martha Ann Folkins, Harriet Forte, Beverly Jakeway, Juanita Smith, Clara Theodolou.

The large group which attended is looking forward with keen interest to the lectures, museum visits, and other activities for this year. All art pupils are welcome to join the club.

Jane MacKenzie

THE ITALIAN CLUB

IN December the Italian Club met at a joint meeting of the French, German, Italian and Spanish clubs. Our president, Grace Evangelista, gave us an interesting explanation of the customs of the Italian people in the celebration of the Feast of Christmas in Italy.

During the February vacation period we had the opportunity of seeing the film *Rigoletto*. Most of us who are familiar with Verdi's opera enjoyed the film immensely. The beauty of the language, the excellent music and the superb acting by the all-Italian cast we shall long remember. This experience gave us, too, a deeper appreciation of the broadcast of *Rigoletto* on Saturday, March 4.

Tina Guida '50 Secretary

YOUR FASHION COLUMN

SINCE most of your girls will be Easter bound shoppers in a few days, let us change our topic from seasonal fashions to Easter fashions. First keep in mind that your Easter outfit will be worn on other occasions. If you buy a dress, remember summer is on the way so keep to the lighter materials of nylon, linen, crepe, and silk. In case you decide to buy a suit, nothing is more fashionable than a waistcoat worn under the jacket. These waistcoats enable you to wear simply the skirt to your suit and the vest with perhaps the added touch of a carnation at the neck on warm summery days. Keep your accessories on the lighter shades so that you can fit them in well with your summer frocks.

The all important part of your outfit is your hat. Without a new hat, Easter just wouldn't be Easter. Therefore, let us first think of the newest in the chapeau trends. The main feature is the slant. Most hats will be worn straight on the head in a sailor hat effect or tipping over the

eyes. Bright straws in cherry red and gay green are topped with sprightly sprays of wild field flowers and are tied under the chin with a velvet tubing. Natural straws with wide upturned brims and large portrait straws are worn becomingly with dainty taffeta dresses. The new daisy splashed bonnets are so colorful and springy, they will brighten up even the darkest suit.

As long as we started from the top, we might as well continue down the line so our next stop will be the neckline. The colors of suits, dresses, and even the coats are flowery this year. A splash of color to a navy blue suit is effected by a bright carnation pinned to the collar or a bunch of daisies in a cluster. Even the bows are returning, especially in dresses. The most flattering of bows is the filmy white organdy puffed out at the neck of a small checked dress.

Since spring is now popularly considered the buying season for dresses, this Easter will be a dressy one. Big print and little print dresses with small shoulders and tiny waists top the list of favorites in sheer nylon, pure silk, and dainty rayon crepe. Rayon surrah is the new material that whispers as you walk. Bright pastels in linen are embroidered with open-work lace on the bodice. These lace embroidered dresses are dressy enough for the nicest of parties and yet suitable for school wear. White pique collars and cuffs are always the neatest touch to a dress and a grand idea for Easter wear with white gloves and hat.

The Easter suits have rounded shoulders with a bulky look in the sleeves. Navy blue, grey and beige suits will be brightened with yellow waistcoats, bright carnations, and filmy blouses with voluminous bows. The bowy blouses, however, are not the only stylish blouses shown with the spring suits this year. A distinct top favorite is the sleeveless pleated front blouse complete with fancy rhinestone buttons — comfortable with jacket and attractive without. Dotted swiss makes for the daintiest and lightest blouse imaginable and in white or tulip pastels, no blouse could surpass it in sheer loveliness with your suit.

Jackets are mostly boxy for Easter with back pleats, loose back panels, and horse shoe collars. The horse shoe collars are low and rounded allowing for ample use of the bow effect in blouses. The latest favorite is the bright red boy jacket with small pique collar and red carnation attached to the neck.

Side scooped calf pumps are found in the brightest of colors, for example, sunset yellow and bamboo. A very neat and attractive shoe is the soft kid flat with double strap over the instep which is fastened on the side by a pair of pearl

buttons. With your shoes, of course, go your pocket-book and gloves! The barrel bag is just what the name implies and is the best suggestion for teenagers this Easter. It ranges in colors from bamboo tans to the brightest shade of orange. Tailored cotton shorty gloves barely reaching the wrist complete your attractive outfit.

Betty Watson '50

"MILBERARTGODSPORT"

STANDING room only!" You'll have to guess a second time; you haven't stepped into the University, but you have stepped into our front parlor, darkened except for the light coming through our TV set. Someone once said, "Home is where the heart is," but I am inclined to believe all our friends feel that "Home is where the TV set is."

We used to have such a good time with the Joneses, talking and reminiscing about the warm sunny days, and the good times we have had at the beach. There was never a quiet moment then; now there is only complete silence interrupted once in a while by a soft chuckle, or a loud guffaw when Milton Berle cracks a particularly funny joke.

Poor Dad used to come home tired from a long day at the office to settle back with the evening paper in a chair reserved only for him. Since TV invaded our lives, he often has to relinquish that favorite chair to Mrs. Jones because she is his guest, and therefore must have a good seat with a clear view of the screen. Mom's day used to end after the dishes were washed and put away in the evening; now, she rushes around trying to serve everyone at once, and never seeing anything. Her job seems to be that of a waitress instead of that of a gracious hostess trying to keep the conversation from lagging. I used to read to Junior about "Little Black Sambo," or "The Engine That Could"; now his entertainment consists wholly of "Howdy-Doody" and the completely nonsensical antics of that clown, Clarabelle. Even I must give up an evening of dancing at the Totem Pole because Bill simply must see the fights, or the hockey game, or the B. U. basketball team in action. We have had many wonderful inventions, such as the moving pictures, the telephone, or the radio, but nothing has ever completely disrupted home life like this nightmare they call "Television."

Every week there appears in some periodical an article, "What Price Peace?" This, of course, means peace among the nations of the world. Let's rephrase that title to "What Price Peace in the Home?" Before TV there was something at least a little like peace, even though Junior and I often

quibbled over who would wash, or who would wipe the dishes. How I long for those friendly quarrels now! If only that person could have been locked up, or shot, or even hanged before he invented this thing, we might now be free from the incessant "dropping in" of our friends.

I envy that recluse Thoreau who lived in complete solitude for two years at Lake Walden. I am seriously thinking of going on some sort of retreat myself, even if only to get away from the crowds, the smoke-filled room, and the incessant chatter of Arthur Godfrey.

Cynthia Coleman '50

THE RE-READABLES

TO every man there cometh, oftentimes in this life, a gap in the normal course of occupation when he finds himself with nothing to do. Such a situation can be very distressing, engendering the uncomfortable feeling that, while other people are busily engaged in various worthy and gainful employments, he himself is temporarily totally useless, without any specific function in the universal scheme of things — or at least, if he has a function, he is certainly not performing it. When I am thus rendered, however, a non-combatant *pro tempore*, as it were, I find that my conscience is not overly particular on the point, but is perfectly content to let me idle away the time until something, usually a maternal summons to set the table, calls me back to usefulness. One of my favorite methods of idling is re-reading favorite passages from favorite books, especially books whose acquaintance I first made when I was much younger.

It is often a revelation to pick up a once well-loved children's book and to realize just how childish it is. I shall never forget the shock which the re-discovery of the literary inanities in the *Bobbsey Twins* series or *The Five Little Peppers* caused in me, or the disappointment I experienced at finding the sentimentality and moralizing in Miss Alcott's lesser known books. There are some works, however, like the poetry of Robert Louis Stevenson and A. A. Milne, which, being the products of master craftsmen, never fail to charm and delight not only children, but much older readers as well.

Certainly Dickens presents a wealth of material for the browsing re-reader. One can suffer with poor little Oliver Twist, the helpless toy of crafty thieves and brutal criminals; one can hate Scrooge, adding his profits and freezing his clerk with equal zest; one can pity Smike in his hopeless love for Kate Nickleby; one can shudder at Madame Defarge, behind the wine-shop counter, "knitting,

and seeing nothing"; one can despair with David Copperfield of ever "forming" little Dora's mind and making her read the Cookery Book; one can chuckle at Mr. Attorney-General's bombastic attempt to cajole the jury into quartering Charles Darnay; one can laugh aloud at a host of people, like Jerry Cruncher, Aunt Betsey, Dick Swiveller, the Micawbers, and the Infant Phenomenon, conscious, while one laughs, of the tears behind many of the smiles; one can do all these things, not once, but hundreds of times, with unabating pleasure.

To scan another corner of the literary world, there are the volumes customarily designated as "girls' books." Of the many I have read, L. M. Montgomery's *Anne of Green Gables* stands out in perspective as my favorite. Truly this tale of an imaginative, warm-hearted, impetuous little orphan who brought youth and laughter into the home of a lonely middle-aged brother and sister is one that can be picked up and delved into over and over again. There is miserable Anne, lamenting over her beautiful red hair accidentally dyed green; mortified Anne being rescued by her arch-enemy, Gilbert Blythe, after a disastrous attempt at playing Lancelot's Elaine in a leaking "barge"; studious Anne, peerless in English and hopeless in geometry; persevering Anne, never tired of reminding people that her name ends in *e* — a task of education with which I have much sympathy, because my pupils include my own relatives!

I have reserved for the last the re-readable I love best, the books I pour over half a dozen times yearly, the one I always take away in the summer, parts of which I can quote verbatim — Booth Tarkington's immortal trilogy on the early twentieth-century American boy, *Seventeen*, *Penrod*, and *Little Orvie*. Tarkington's understanding of boys, parents, big sisters, little brothers, girl friends, dogs, cats and horses will never cease to delight me. I always laugh uproariously at a re-perusal of the account of poor Willie Baxter's "At Home," at which he never appeared for want of the proper attire; or of the time Penrod could not dance the "cotillon" because he had "fell off the barn"; or of little Orvie's pathetically heroic efforts to maintain a nondescript mongrel pup without parental detection. Tarkington is my favorite American author.

There are, of course, other books which I like to meet again — *The Late George Apley*, for instance, and *Tom Sawyer*, *Treasure Island*, and *Little Women*; doubtless there will be many more when I am older. They are the stuff that leisure hours are made on.

Anne Dyer Murphy '50

Sports

January 7, 1950

TRACK

North Quincy 54

C. H. L. S. 21

Latin's track team lost its first dual meet of the season to an excellent North Quincy team by a score of 54 to 23. North Quincy started off the day's proceedings by taking all three places in the 45 yard high hurdles. Latin having recovered from the shock, bounded back as Ed Corsino and Tom Mooney placed second and third in the 50 yard dash. Dick Hennessey then waltzed off with first place in the 300 yard run as North Quincy took second and third. Dick Foley was the only Latin man to finish in the money as he grabbed second place in the 600 yard run. North Quincy dominated the 1000 yard run, taking first and second while Latin's George McCarron took third place. In the mile, Burt Kelley of Latin captured third place with North Quincy taking first and second. North Quincy sensing victory swept the shot put event and took first and second in the high jump with Dick Hennessey finishing third for Latin. Latin finished in a blaze of glory as their excellent relay team of Mooney, Hennessey, Corsino and Foley captured the event but by then the horse had been stolen.

January 14, 1950

TRACK

Concord 56

C. H. L. S. 21

Concord High followed the example set by North Quincy as they handed Latin its second defeat by a score of 56 to 21. In the 45 yard hurdles Jim Coleman captured the only place for Latin as he finished third. The 50 yard dash was a repetition of the hurdles as Ed Corsino took third place for Latin's only points in the dash. The atmosphere took on a brighter hue when Dick Foley and George McCarron placed first and third in the 600. Dick Hennessey finished second in the 300 for Latin's only place in the event. Concord took first and second in the 1000 leaving third place for George McCarron of Latin. Dick Foley found himself in the same position as he captured third in the shot put. Tony Prasinos was the only Latinite to score in the mile when he took second place. Concord swept the high jump while Latin ended the meet on a bright note by winning the relay with the team of Mooney, Corsino, McCarron and Foley.

January 29, 1950

TRACK

C. H. L. S. 41 4/5 Malden Catholic 35 1/5

Latin reared back and landed a solid 41 4/5 to 35 1/5 decision on Malden Catholic. Latin showed that they meant business when Jim Coleman and Al Kirklys placed first and second in the hurdles. Determined to build up an early lead, Latin swept the 50 yard dash by placing Corsino, McCarron and Morin. In the 300, Dick Hennessey and Tom Mooney took first and second. Latin continued to roll up points as Dick Foley and Don Smith captured first and third in the 600. In the 1000 Burt Kelley and George McCarron finished second and third. Malden Catholic won first and second in the mile while Latin's John Simone placed third. Dick Foley and Jim Johnson took second and third in the shot put. Jim Coleman and four Malden men finished in a five way tie for first in the high jump. The meet ended when Malden Catholic won the relay.

February 12, 1950

TRACK

Milton 48

C. H. L. S. 29

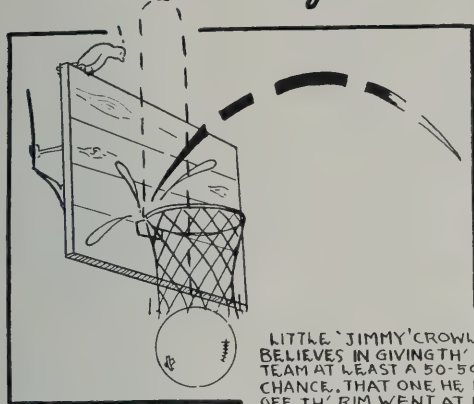
Latin ended the track season with a 2 and 3 record as they were beaten by Milton by a 48 to 29 score. Jim Coleman was the lone scorer for Latin in the hurdles as he captured second place. In the 50 yard dash George McCarron and Ed Corsino took first and third for Latin. Dick Hennessey and Tom Mooney finished first and second in the 300. In the 600 yard jaunt Dick Foley and Bill Hudson finished first and third. At this point the meet seemed to be on ice for the Latinites, but they suffered some crushing defeats in the long distance events and field events which were to follow. Milton swept the 1000, the mile, the high jump, first and second in the shot put and therefore the meet. Latin, however, possessing the best relay team of the league, easily beat Milton's relay team and set a new league record.

February 5

STATE MEET

Latin's track team turned in an outstanding performance as they captured 11 points for fourth place in Class B. Dick Hennessey placed second in the 300 yard run and Dick Foley took second in the 600. The best performance of the day for Latin was the relay. The relay team composed of Mooney, Hennessey, McCarron and Foley shattered the class B record and earned the chance to compete in the national schoolboy champion-

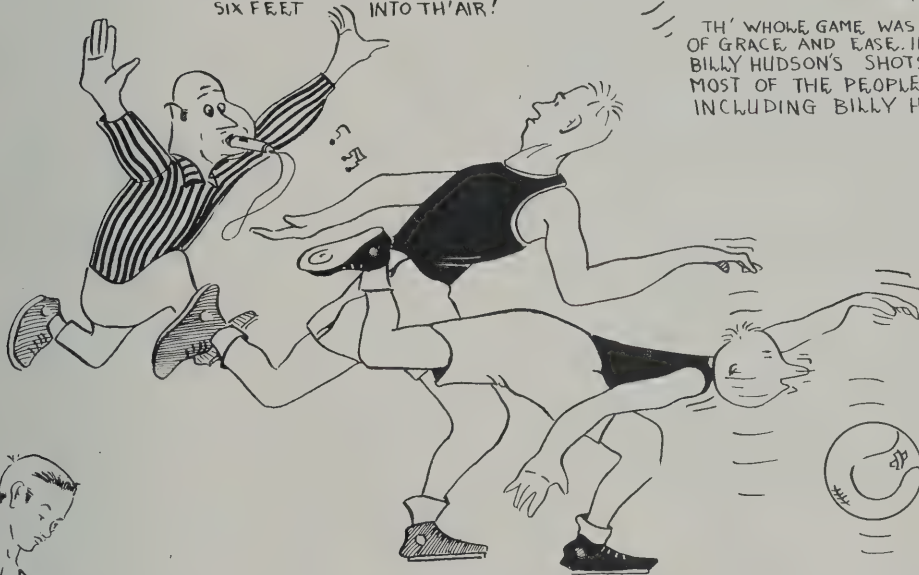
GET Ripley MAW, WE WON—!



LITTLE 'JIMMY' CROWLEY BELIEVES IN GIVING TH' OTHER TEAM AT LEAST A 50-50 CHANCE. THAT ONE HE BOUNCED OFF TH' RIM WENT AT LEAST SIX FEET INTO TH' AIR!



TH' WHOLE GAME WAS ONE OF GRACE AND EASE. IN FACT BILLY HUDSON'S SHOTS SURPRISED MOST OF THE PEOPLE THERE, INCLUDING BILLY HUDSON!



IT'S A LITTLE LATE, BUT HERE ARE SOME OF TH FACTS OF TH' FIRST RINDGE-LATIN GAME. WE WON, TH' SCORE BEING LATIN 41-RINDGE 25!



TH' TWO EXTREMES, HUDSON AND LEAMON.



QUIT PUSHING!

WHO SCORED?

WHO'S THROWIN' PEANUT SHELLS?

OUCH! SOMEBODY GETTING WISE?

NOT SAYING IT WAS CROWDED BUT FROM TH' OUTSIDE IT MUST HAVE LOOKED AND SOUNDED LIKE THIS!



TO EVERY PLAYER ON THE LOSING RINDGE TEAM! BY TH' OUTCOME OF THE SECOND GAME THEY MUST HAVE STUDIED IT. WE LOST! 'NUFF SAID! —

DICK GRABOWSKY
MARCH 1950

ships in New York's Madison Square Garden on February 18. Lady Luck was not kind to the Latin relay team in New York. Tom Mooney led off the relay and had a four yard lead when he passed the baton to Hennessey who was running second. Hennessey then had the misfortune to pull a muscle as he rounded the first corner and was unable to continue. Thus ended the Latinites hopes for victory. However, congratulations are in order for the excellent work of the relay team throughout the season.

HOCKEY

Arlington 2

C. H. L. S. 0

Latin lost its third game of the season to Arlington High. The Cantabs' worst problem was Bobby Babine who scored one goal and sparked the Arlington attack. The outstanding player for Latin was Captain Dick Heavern who played his usual excellent game as he turned aside all but two of 16 shots. Latin had several scoring opportunities but was unable to cash in on any of them.

Rindge 3

C. H. L. S. 2

Latin's intercity rival eked out a 3 to 2 victory which cost Latin its fourth game of the season. Rindge's first line of Mulvey, Duffy and Peloquin accounted for two goals, Mulvey and Peloquin scoring one apiece. Latin's two goals were scored by Boudreau and Ray Kelly.

Melrose 3

C. H. L. S. 2

Time didn't run out quick enough for Latin as a fighting Melrose team scored three goals in as many minutes to defeat Latin for its fifth loss of the season. The Melrose attack became furious in the last several minutes of the game. Dick Heavern used every trick in the book to turn aside the 23 shots fired at him but he was unable to stop all of them. Dick Baker, Melrose's goalie, had only nine stops. Ray Kelly amazed the crowd when he scored one of the two goals 24 seconds after the opening faceoff. George Boudreau scored the other Latin goal in the final period before the Melrose "blitz."

C. H. L. S. 5

Newton 4

Latin broke into the winning column again as they defeated Newton for the second victory of the year. Latin matched Newton goal for goal in the first two periods as Kilfoyle, Murphy and Boudreau scored one apiece. Ralph Kilfoyle and Jack Murphy unloaded their second goals of the game to break the deadlock and ice the game for Latin.

C. H. L. S. 1

Belmont 0

The Cantabs won a close one from Belmont by the margin of one goal. Captain Dick Heavern

played a terrific game to achieve his first shutout and Latin's third victory of the season. Heavern turned aside 20 Belmont shots. Jim Daley provided the goal which beat Belmont and gave Latin its second straight victory.

Stoneham 5

C. H. L. S. 0

Latin ended the season on a sad note as they were defeated by Stoneham by a 5 to 0 count. The Burns brothers made the most trouble for Dick Heavern as they scored three of the goals between them.

Jerry Murphy '50

BASKETBALL

Newton 53

C. H. L. S. 39

The boys from the Garden City spoiled the opener for the Cantabs as they took a 53 to 39 decision at Newton. Bob McQueeney led the Newtonites with 16 points, while Captain Eddie Asaley had 12 and Jim Crowley and Bill Scott each had 9 apiece.

Waltham 54

C. H. L. S. 49

Led by Joe Arseneault with 12 points, the men from the Watch City handed the Cantabs their second defeat of the year, 54 to 49. Captain Asaley led the Cantabs with 14 points while Jim Crowley had 11.

Arlington 37

C. H. L. S. 35

Captain Asaley threw 18 points through the hoop, but it wasn't enough as the Latinites lost, 37 to 35 to Arlington. They were leading almost the whole game, but lost out in the final minutes of play.

Watertown 50

C. H. L. S. 35

There was no doubt about this game as the Arsenalers led by their fine Center Phil Stackpole, poured one on the Cantabs 50 to 35. Stackpole scored 27 points for Watertown. Jim Crowley led the Latin scorers with 12 while Asaley had 11.

Brookline 63

C. H. L. S. 40

Brookline really gave the Cantabs their first good beating of the year by beating them 63 to 40 at Cambridge. Six foot, three inch Charlie Smyth led the Brookline attack with 22 points. Asaley had 14 and Crowley 13 for the home team.

Waltham 52

C. H. L. S. 28

Defeat number six was had at the hands of a good Waltham team. J. Arseneault and Thel Eckles each had 10 points for the winners, while Jim Crowley had 10 for the losers.

St. Sebastian 39

C. H. L. S. 26

St. Sebastian took revenge for the pasting they had from Latin in football by handing the Cantabs their seventh straight defeat, 39 to 26 at Newton. Al Shea had 12 points for the winners while Jim Crowley had 7 for Cambridge.

C. H. L. S. 41**Rindge 25**

Rebel Bill Hudson played his best basketball game since coming to us from the South and threw in 17 points to lead the Cantabs to their first victory of the year, shellacking Rindge 41 to 25. The Cantabs went out in front early in the game and never relinquished the lead. Eddie Asaley had 12 and Jim Crowley had 10 for the victors while Bill Boudreau had 7 for Rindge.

Arlington 34**C. H. L. S. 30**

It was back to the loss column again as the Spy Ponders handed the Latinites another defeat. Jack Cosgrove scored 11 points and Bill Keneally 10 for Arlington. Captain Ed Asaley led the Latin scorers with 8 points.

C. H. L. S. 47**Watertown 46**

The Cantabs gained their second victory of the year by upsetting Watertown in a real thriller, 47 to 46. Eddie Asaley played brilliantly and really proved that he is an able leader. The Cantabs went off the court at half-time leading 28 to 21. Then the Watertown boys started to get hot and went ahead, but Latin was not to be denied. Captain Asaley led the Latin scorers with 18 points. Joe Barry had 18 and Phil Stackpole 13 for Watertown.

Newton 48**C. H. L. S. 46**

Latin continued to lose the close ones as Newton edged the Cantabs 48 to 46 at Cambridge. Henry McQueeney led the winners with 20 points, while Jim Quinlan had 15. Captain Asaley had 15, Jim Crowley 13 and Bill Hudson 10 for Cambridge.

Brookline 47**C. H. L. S. 31**

Led by Fred Allard with 13 points, Brookline pinned defeat number ten on the Cantabs 47 to 31 at Brookline.

Rindge 42**C. H. L. S. 36**

The Cantabs rang the bell on the end of another season, losing to a revitalized Rindge team 42 to 36. Captain Ed Fratto led the rejuvenated Technicians as they built up an early lead which the Latinites tried valiantly to overcome but couldn't. Fratto scored 13 for Rindge and was their mainstay even though Juliano scored 15. Bill Hudson led the Latin scorers with 13 and Asaley had 10.

The Cantabs had one of their poorest seasons in years, but they could have won many of the games they lost had Lady Luck smiled the other way. They had only two lettermen return from the previous year and had to start from scratch. Bill Hudson is the only Cantab leaving, so "wait till next year." Special mention should go to Captain Eddie Asaley who shone brilliantly every time and also to Jim Crowley and Bill Hudson.

Harold Goldstein '51



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FRESHMAN HONOR ROLL**Second Marking Period 1949-1950**

Babcock, Gordon	Leonardos, Gregory
Ackerman, Marcy	Lexth, Beverly
Anderson, Theodore	Lord, Margaret
Barrell, Anne	Lorris, Paul
Blank, Roseline	Lucey, Walter
Boyle, Bernadette	Luongo, Angelo
Bulcamino, Rosemarie	MacDonald, Barbara
Carr, John	Mahoney, Gael
Christy, Charles	Mark, Herbert
Churchill, Judith	Martin, Charles
Corcoran, Philip	McCabe, Richard
Dobrovolsky, Frances	McLaughlin, Barbara
Farrell, Claire	Mercier, Renee
Federico, Antoinette	Mosca, Angelina
Firchow, Christina	Murphy, Martha
Flaherty, William	Nelson, Joan
Flanagan, Janet	O'Neil, Robert
Forrest, Norine	Penny, Phyllis
Galt, Jean	Petrillo, Rosemarie
Giffen, Judith	Power, Jane
Gil, Dorothy	Ring, Audrey
Gilbert, Valerie	Rodrigue, Pauline
Hamlin, Lorella	Rourke, Anna
Hebberd, Gail	Sanderson, Richard B.
Hodgkins, Nancy	Stoller, Manning
Jenkins, Phyllis	Sussman, Arlean
Jordan, Donna	Tamoush, Frank
Kassabian, Louise	Velonides, Joanna
Keating, Geraldine	Vitale, Florence
Klein, Carol	Ware, Josephine
Keith, Barbara	Woodland, Jean
Lambert, Elizabeth	Zukas, Dorothy
Lee, Jean	

SOPHOMORE HONOR ROLL**Second Marking Period 1949-1950**

Agretalis, Athena	Ezzo, Bernice
Ambrose, Marjorie	Ferreira, Mary
Antunes, Rosemary	Francesconi, Loretta
Azadian, Harry	Gigante, Roberta
Balakin, Joan	Goldberg, Richard
Baptiste, Evelyn	Guida, Tina
Benevento, Mary	Hoffman, Sandra
Bennett, Constance	Horton, Doreen
Boudreau, Francis	Hudson, Barbara
Boyajian, Barbara	Hurley, Patricia Ann
Brennan, Evon	Hutchings, Muriel
Cabral, Dolores	Idelson, Beldon
Carrier, Nancy	Jackson, Dorothy
Chatfield, Constance	Jason, Barbara
Colby, Joy	Joseph, Dorrit
Coleridge, Doris	Kaufman, Roberta
Collins, Joseph	Kendall, Robert
Cooke, Carol	Lockwood, Mary

Dehmer, Mary	Marathas, Georgia
Evangelista, Grace	Martin, Carol
McIver, Norman	Ryan, Beverly
Medeiros, Paul	Santos, Robert
Melim, Marialuiza	Savioli, Catherine
Miano, Mary	Stein, Marcia
Michalchik, Lillian	Steinfeld, Ida
Nicewicz, Jean	Tasonis, Marian
Nichols, Barbara	Thompson, Beverly
Nissen, Muriel	Totty, Gordon
Pereira, Gilda	Wickham, Doris
Petrulis, John	Willwerth, Shirley
Potter, Mary	

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL**Second Marking Period 1949-1950**

Ablett, Patricia	Manetas, Peter
Anderson, Susie	McLaughlin, Joan
Atwell, Elsie	McNamara, Eileen
Barry, Jean	Miller, Audrey
Barry, Therese R.	Miller, Lucille
Benson, Donald	Mondello, Camille
Bulcamino, Doris	Nigro, Carol
Cabral, Paul	Obelsky, Shirley
Cogan, Ann	Polcairi, Helen
Coughlan, Joan	Robinson, Joan
Delorey, Elaine	Rudy, Ann
DeLuca, Natalie	Salines, Marie
Devereaux, Helen	Salvato, Lucy
Dinan, Patricia	Santos, Elaine
DiPietro, Doris	Sawicz, Adele
Duehay, Francis	Shanley, Constance
Edge, Ellspeth	Soper, Barbara
Farrell, Ann	Spizio, Dorothy
Feloney, Mary	Strohming, Frances
Head, Doris	Sugrue, Eleanor
Howard, Shirley	Supple, Patricia
Jones, Dorothy	Thompson, Carole
Larson, Mildred	Uglietto, Rosina
Laucus, John	Wheelock, Margaret
Levenson, Miriam	Wilson, Jacqueline
MacKay, Sylvia	

SPANISH CLUB

THE next meeting of the Spanish Club will be held on Friday, March 17. There will be singing and games in Spanish in which all members may participate. Dues for the year, twenty-five cents, will be collected.

All Spanish students who wish to join are invited to attend. Please come and help to make this year's club successful.

R. Therese Barry, Secretary



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SENIOR HONOR ROLL

Second Marking Period 1949-1950

Abbt, Eleanor	Jansen, Katrinka
Adelman, Ruth	Kaufman, Gloria
Allen, Anna	Knight, Adrienne
Barrett, Marjorie	Kulsa, Irene
Bequaert, Francis	Martell, Frank
Berman, Eleanor	McGinn, Joan
Bond, Norma	Medoff, Beatrice
Brennan, Marilyn	Murphy, Anna D.
Burns, Mary	Nogueira, Beatrice
Carlson, Barbara	Noonan, Mary Jane
Carrieri, Guy	Oster, Arthur
Christy, Marion	Ratchford, Marjorie
Cooke, Ruth	Sahady, Helen
Corcoran, Joseph	Salto, Anna
Costa, Natalie	Saxe, Edward
D'Arcy, Raymond	Shoer, Doris
Dignan, John	Stanevitch, Anna
Dubay, Charles	Stevens, Patricia
Feld, Stephen	Vaudo, Elda
Fitzgerald, Leo	Verrocchi, Anne
Giragosian, Queenie	Verrocchi, Dorothea
Gunn, Phyllis	Wadden, Ann
Hagopian, Elaine	Wagner, Constance
Horne, Virginia	Warnas, Albert
Hudson, William	Williams, Mary
Hurley, Jean	

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The Cambridge Review

CAMBRIDGE HIGH AND LATIN SCHOOL
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
COMMENCEMENT, 1950

VOLUME 65

NUMBER 4

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Special thanks are due to Therese
Barry and Jeanette Blank, who ably
assisted us with this issue.

EDITORIAL

THERE are few people busier than high school seniors a scant two or three weeks away from the solemn procession and the mayoral handshake which will transform them into alumni. Drama rehearsals, final tests, shopping for prom and graduation outfits, marching practice leave them with very little time to themselves. When they do have a few minutes for a breathing spell, however, it is very probable that they indulge in that favorite pastime of people who are about to experience a marked change in their lives — reminiscence.

Certainly we members of the Class of 1950 have many pleasant recollections for our leisure hours. We have the knowledge that we have received superior academic training in whichever of the several courses of study we may have elected to take. We can look back with pleasure at dances and talent shows and sport nights, at the brilliant record of our splendid relay team, and at the remarkable rise of the football varsity from the mires of repeated losses in the '46 season, to the heights of a near championship record for the '49 schedule. We can point with pride to the handsome new boys' lunchroom, the renovated science laboratories, and the increasing use of visual aids in all courses. We can especially congratulate ourselves on our production of the first Senior Drama since pre-war days, a rollicking performance of George Kelly's *The Torchbearers* by some of the best actors to appear on the Auditorium stage in many months. But we recognize regretfully that there will always be something to overshadow all these agreeable reminiscences, a most important something from the viewpoint of any student. We realize that during our four years at C.H.L.S., there has been a woeful, a miserable lack of that priceless quality known as school spirit.

What is "school spirit"? Nothing more than a love for one's school. School spirit brings enthusiastic crowds to football games to cheer the team on to victory; it supports club and extra-curricular activities with unflagging zeal; it sells all the tickets for a play or a dance the success of which means the success of some important class project. With this spirit, there is nothing a school cannot accomplish. Without it, a school is little more than a building, where pupils gather for so many hours a day to learn prescribed lessons, and whence they go forth immediately in the afternoon, each to his own private interests.

Of course, there is some school spirit at Cambridge Latin, but there is not enough. It is argued that we are too big for effective organization, or that too many of us work after school. But our

very size should be our strength, by providing our organizations with a wide variety of talents and interests with which to work; and even part-time job holders can patronize week-end games or Friday night plays. I think we are a student body that desires preeminently to be entertained; when we cannot derive easy entertainment from our extra-curricular activities, we withdraw our membership or let it languish away to listless, perfunctory attendance. Thus too many of our clubs are dying on their feet because their leaders — and there are always leaders, eager and willing to contribute their efforts — get no cooperation from their fellow members, the great body of the club. We want things done for us; we have not yet learned the fun, the joy in community activity that comes in doing things ourselves.

We of the Class of 1950 realize that we have failed to see the incitement of greater pride in our school, of a new spirit of co-operation, in the student body. That is the mission, then, that we entrust to those who will take our place.

A. D. M.

The prize examinations in English, known as the Caroline Close Essay Contest, were held on April 25. The REVIEW is privileged to present the following essays, prize winners for 1950. The winners' names appear immediately below:

CAROLINE CLOSE ESSAY CONTEST

ENGLISH I

Phylis Penney

Honorable Mention

Valerie Gilbert

Louise Kassabian

Anne Barrell

Martha Murphy

Judith Giffen

ENGLISH II

Peter Downs

Honorable Mention

Joy Colby

Nancy Valerio

Nancy Carrier

Barbara Boyajian

Mary Rose Sheehan

ENGLISH III

Francis Duehay

Honorable Mention

Eileen McNamara

Jeremy Ranshousen

Elspeth Edge

Mary Maclachlan

Adele Iriberry

Ann Cogan

Theresa Barry

ENGLISH IV

Raymond D'Arcy

Honorable Mention

Anne Murphy

Gloria Kaufman

Beatrice Noguera

CHANGES BROUGHT BY TELEVISION

NOT too long ago, Father bought us a television set. Since then all family rules and regulations have been broken or upset.

Father, who before would spend an hour at the supper table talking to us, now comes home, eats his supper at a speedy rate, and rushes into the parlor. He seats himself in the most comfortable chair and there he remains, watching television, until midnight when he totters off to bed.

Mother now does all her housework in the morning and then watches television fashion shows all afternoon. She cooks supper, rushes through the dishes, and then resumes her post by the set.

We children would much rather watch the ballgame than play, now that we have a television set. And so, every afternoon after school, each of us brings his friends home to watch the Red Sox or the Braves. By five o'clock the living room floor is well covered with cracker crumbs and tonic bottles are on every table.

But the greatest change which television brought about is the amount of people who come to visit. Every night aunts, uncles, cousins, distant relatives, close and almost forgotten friends stop in to "pay a call." My poor mother has to get up and find something for them to eat. By the time she returns with the food, her comfortable chair has been taken by a neighbor. The company gobble up the food as if they had been fasting for days, and then call for more.

Sometimes I wish we could get rid of that television set, for no one comes to see us any more but Arthur Godfrey and Milton Berle. Maybe by the time I'm fifty years old television will be a natural thing to have around and my home and other homes will be back to their normal routine again.

Phylis Penny '53

A MORNING IN SPRING

THE sun's rays lacked their accustomed warmth this spring morning when the wan disk crept sluggishly over the near-by mountain peaks. The lake, set almost fifty trackless miles from the closest town, seemed coldly gray amid its surroundings of virgin white pine and oak. There was a blurring mist drifting over the scene propelled by a wind which ruffled the surface of the lake and whistled through the tops of the towering pines. Through the early hours of the day this mist was replaced ever so slowly by a steel gray bank of clouds which hung low over the lake and dense forest shutting out the last of the sunlight.

A deer had just ventured to the lake's edge for water when a typically April shower began, slowly to start with but then reaching a more steady down-pour. Only for an instant did the deer take notice of it and then he shook himself, though it seemed almost to be a shiver, and loped back into the fringe of the woods.

During that rain storm, some of the cleanest and sweetest smells of earth filled the drenched woods. From our breakfast fire there came the bitter odor of smoke and of bacon popping in a hot frying pan. They hung low in the damp air and at the same time the forest floor of leaves and pine needles lying on top of the rich earth sent up its own odor. The smells peculiar to a damp fresh forest and loved by so many New England woodsmen were omnipresent on that cool spring morning.

Farther down the lakeside a small cliff of smooth pointed rocks could be perceived through the mist and the rain. They jutted down some fifteen feet into the very water, itself, and were lashed by waves stirred up by the cold strong wind which swept down from the mountains into our lonely valley. Clinging to these rocks, which man had never seen or scrambled up, were myriad lichen such as one finds so profusely in the Tundra.

The usual sylvan sounds were noticeable in their absence and the dismal silence was broken only by the action of the waves and the monotonous beat of the April rain.

Peter Downs '52

THINGS I REMEMBER

MY remembrances include various odd bits of information which have been accumulating in my brain for a surprising number of years. For instance, the day Winston Churchill visited Harvard University to receive a degree, I can recollect vividly. My grandfather led me by the hand through the huge throng. The cheering crowd crammed the streets outside Memorial Hall awaiting the arrival of that famous personage. As if it were only yesterday, I can feel the emotion that shivered through me as the greatest modern-day statesman, attired in the traditional black robe, bordered with crimson, waved from the steps; faces about streamed with tears at the view.

A recollection which happened at a somewhat later period is that of my first airplane trip, which I took four years ago. With no effort at all, the silver airliner, the smiling hostess, the fleecy-white clouds, and the beautiful blue sky flash before my eyes. Jacksonville was the destination for my very first flight, and the voyage lasted all day. I am

afraid that I had a slightly upset stomach between Washington and Richmond, but, other than that, I had a marvelous journey. However, the event about the trip which I remember most was the group of anxious relatives waving "good bye" at the airport in Boston, and the different group of anxious relatives waving "hello" at Jacksonville.

My most vivid impression, strangely, is the one which happened the longest time ago. At the time of the 1939 hurricane my family was living in Belmont. We were sitting in the living-room when it started. The rain came down in sheets as a preview to the one hundred-mile-an-hour winds. I can see the wind knocking down the huge maples and birches outside in the garden. I can see the wires crashing down, and I can hear my grandfather shouting futilely to everyone to go down to the cellar. The next morning three trees perched precariously on our roof, one of which had knocked in the chimney and had broken five windows. Those events are imprinted forever in my mind, and I shall never forget them.

Francis Duelay '51

THE ADVANCE OF SCIENCE

DOWN through the centuries, science has made a continued, if sometimes erratic, advance, and just behind science has followed the advance of human culture. From the time of the Pharaohs to the present time, the searchers after truth have kept alive the light of human progress.

In the early days of first recorded history, science was closely allied with philosophy, with the result that most advances were theoretical and unable to be put to a practical use. Astronomy, the purest of all the sciences, was then the most advanced. This pre-occupation with theoretical science lasted up till about the beginning of the nineteenth century. But science in that theoretical period was not useless, for the basic principles of physics and chemistry developed in that period represent the foundation on which rests our modern technology.

The opening of the nineteenth century was also the opening of a new era for science. Scientific principles were put to work, chemistry provided new materials for construction, and physics provided the principles necessary for efficient construction. The inventor came into his own. The steam engine was developed, perfected, and put to a multitude of uses. Devices for every imaginable use were perfected. The resources of the earth were exploited. Electrical principles were developed, and then put almost immediately into practical use. Transportation and communication were revolutionized. Like a falling stone, science

gained momentum with each new discovery. In the twentieth century we have advanced faster than ever before. Flying machines, automobiles, telephones, and many other devices have been improved so fast that a device becomes outmoded in a few years. In a way this is unfortunate, because now the manufacturers of many inventions favor novelty over durability. From steam power to atomic power in less than a century and a half is a sizeable jump.

However, the world today finds itself in an uncomfortable position, in spite of, or perhaps because of, scientific advances. Technological advance has outdistanced sociological advance. In this twentieth century we have witnessed two global conflicts, and see the danger of a third. Most scientific principles have been turned towards military uses, with the result that now men can slaughter one another more efficiently than ever before. In a future war, such weapons as poison gas, radioactive dust, atomic bombs, and bacteriological weapons could help man wipe himself off the face of this earth. Very few more world wars would be necessary to send "homo sapiens" the way of the dodo and the dinosaur. Therefore, men should devote more energy to the task of living peacefully with their fellows. When wars become events to be found only in history books, we shall have a better, happier world, and the advance of science can then be directed toward making man master of this universe.

Raymond D'Arcy '50

FORMER TEACHERS

ALTHOUGH I have been taught by, or rather exposed to the teachings of many instructors, only two stand out in my mind. The first is an English teacher back in the eighth grade. Mr. Lucy was a rare fellow: he had all the qualities desirable in a teacher. In the eighth grade we thirteen and fourteen olders, who were highly impressionable, could not have been impressed by a better man.

A talent for making an individual feel like a king or queen was Mr. Lucy's chief asset, though this was only one of his qualities. He could make the dullest pupil take notice of poetry, and making thirteen year olders enjoy poetry is no easy task. He would sit at his desk and read *Evangeline* as though it were the most enjoyable verse ever written in the world. His voice, mellow and sonorous, seemed to hum the words. I suspect that more than one of us was fascinated more by his recitation than by the verse.

Poetry, while obviously one of his prime interests, often was put aside for the more realistic subjects. He would often discourse on a recent political event that had been nothing more to our immature minds than a headline in the newspaper, and break it down into simple terms that drove home its import. It was Mr. Lucy who first explained to us how the war that was so far away in Europe was going to affect us both economically and militarily. Later years proved how correct was his reasoning.

I have often wondered whether my strong liking for English and history was incited by teachers who made the subject living and vital. As Mr. Lucy did for me in English, Mr. Zirpolo did for me in history. To appreciate Mr. Zirpolo, one must know a little of his physical characteristics. He was a short man, only a little over five feet, proportionately slight, and with a voice to match. It was almost incredible that he had a lisp, but he did indeed. It must have been his puny size that led the "wise acres" and bullies into believing they could intimidate him. But we reckoned without his courage and wit. Whenever anyone of us fresh sophomores made an asinine remark intended to regale the class, Mr. Zirpolo would promptly top it with a squelch that had disastrous affects on our ego. We soon learned to restrain our flippancies.

Academically, and that is how Mr. Zirpolo impressed me so deeply, he was far above the other teachers in our junior high school. He, too, made the subject matter come alive. His particular skill was promoting class discussions. After reading a chapter as homework, one would come to class knowing that instead of dry facts and dates, one would be met with lucid and interesting data that would fall into a pattern begun at the previous class.

His was a class where one could sound off on anything that was in the realm of history. Perhaps one of the reasons for his success was that he frequently interjected current events into class discussions, and illustrated how they were comparable to other events in history. Therein lay his power: he made his subject popular by bringing out its relation to recent historical happenings.

When one looks back on school days in retrospect, he can hardly restrain his enthusiasm for the Lucys and Zirpolos. One wishes there were more of them.

Judith Hargrove '50



MY FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

THESE days almost everyone has a hobby. I myself have quite a few, but I enjoy my international correspondence far more than any of the others, because there could hardly be a more educational or entertaining pastime. However, my enjoyment stems principally from the fact that the letters I receive reflect the feelings of the people of various countries toward the current international situation. Before I continue with this idea, I must first tell you about how I became interested in writing to young people in other countries.

I had had the idea of corresponding with teenagers overseas in the back of my head for a long time; but like many fine ideas of mine, it stayed in the back of my head. However, a notice in a school magazine about the *Youth of All Nations* prompted me to do something about my vague desire. A letter to their New York office enkindled my desire. I was given the names of a boy and a girl in England, a boy in France, a girl in the Russian Zone of Germany, and a boy in the Allied Zone. When I saw these names and addresses, I began to renege on the whole idea. After all, since I did not know anything about the people whom these names represented, I was rather shy about writing to them. Nevertheless, I decided to write a stereotyped little letter to each of them. Although I do not remember what I said, I am sure that it was of no particular interest. Therefore, imagine my surprise when I received four extremely interesting replies! Since then, I have corresponded with them regularly, and have added some more overseas friends.

One of my English friends, who goes to an exclusive private school in London, has very decided opinions about his American neighbors. During the war, he saw many G.I.'s in London. He told me frankly that he wasn't impressed. He couldn't understand the American taste for chewing gum, the lounging posture that the soldiers favored, or the way they wore their caps on the sides of their heads. He envied our abundance of food, but the thing he seemed to wonder at the most was the great numbers of cars in our country, especially among the young people. He says that he doesn't like the idea, but I think that he would like to be driving an auto, too.

I have a German friend who liked the soldiers a little more, although he, too, noticed that their discipline was not very strict. He admired them all, however and enjoyed talking with them. He often describes the condition of his native land. He says that he is very glad to live in the western sector of Germany, for the Russian regime does

not carry out the democratic ideas of the German people. He always stresses that his people want democracy and wish to live peacefully in the family of nations. My French correspondent, however, would never have confidence in this statement. He writes vehemently that he will never again trust the Germans. The Nazi soldiers tortured his countrymen, bombed out his farm, and held his father prisoner for three years. He tells me that he will always hate the German people.

Thus you can easily understand that even young people of this world are divided. A lasting peace depends on the efforts of our generation — the men and women of the not-too-distant future. Young Americans should be instrumental in bringing about world peace by promoting world understanding. There are many ways of doing this, and one of the best is by corresponding. We can derive from this pastime not only a great deal of pleasure, but also practice in foreign languages. I have found corresponding an interesting and profitable hobby.

Martha Murphy '53

SOME CLASS-ROOM TYPES

ONE discovers in every school a few personages who immediately distinguish themselves as being out of the ordinary in one way or another. Although these individuals cannot be termed weird, at least they can be called unusual; but, nevertheless, some people consider them to be typical of the institution which they represent. This is a belief, however, which I am forever endeavoring to rectify.

Such a legend has grown up about the "typical" athlete. He is too often pictured as a babbling idiot without enough brains to come in out of the rain, and knowing only two things: one, good football; and two, good food. The average athlete supposedly stands a lumbbersome six feet and four inches in height, has a shape like a well-filled oil drum, weighs in the vicinity of two hundred and fifty pounds, and comes well equipped with two ham-like hands and two size sixteen feet, which aid in the support of all this tremendous bulk. The enormous expanse of this typical young behemoth is naturally topped with a growth of closely-cropped hair. This poor prank of nature is envisaged as blundering his bleary-eyed way through school and, later through life with all the poise and dignity of a new-born elephant; but there is one person upon whom he looks with disdain, and this, of course, is the "typical" genius.

The juvenile Einstein is most often depicted as being five feet tall, weighing one hundred pounds, having extremely long hair which is never combed and hangs down over his oversized horn-rimmed eyeglasses, and wearing something in the nature of a Lord Fauntleroy suit. The corners of his pale mouth are always turned down to accompany a permanent scowl, which is his symbol of contempt and scorn for those who have a cerebrum less highly developed than his own. This pocket-sized philosopher's favorite diversion is proving anybody and everybody, including teachers, incorrect in any academic debate. He is usually visualized as going through school and life laden down with a bundle of books which weigh as much as himself, if not more, and looking about him through thick lenses with grimaces of disgust at the "average" person, whom he considers the most odious of all God's creatures.

The "average" student, however, is very seldom aware of the signal honor being presented to him by the child prodigy. Instead, he is always preoccupied with a gay and carefree life of parties and dances burdened only by the temporary woe of deciding the correct thing to wear. If he is ever in need of money, he is miraculously able to borrow it from a true friend; if he has no true friend, then he is not an average person. He will go through life successfully without a care in the world, and will always spread joy and happiness about him; but if he is told that he is an average individual, he will argue until he is blue in the face that he is better than the average.

If my interpretation of the three "typical" individuals appears to be somewhat warped, bear in mind that it is no more fantastic than the ridiculous ideas of some people who truly believe that such persons really exist.

Harold Haragozian '50

LATIN HIT PARADE

Sentimental Me	Sixth period
Music, Music, Music	At the Senior Prom
Great Day	Graduation
S'Wonderful	Good report card
I'll See You In My Dreams	Honor Roll
These Foolish Things	Failure slips
Are You For Real??	A 95??
A Dream Is a Wish Your Heart Makes	

Ring bell! ring!

Everything I Have Is Yours	My locker
Raggmopp	Janitors
Call of the Wild Goose	Lunch time

May We Present —

JOSEPH CORCORAN

FROM the cream of the senior class, may we present Joseph "Joe" Corcoran. Descending on Cambridge, December 14, 1932 as a blue-eyed baby with no hair, he has since stretched to five feet, ten inches and 190 pounds, topped with a steady grin and brownish wavy hair. Sharp!

Joe attended Kelly Grammar School and is now finishing here at C.H.L.S., and although he doesn't particularly like school, he has a wonderful record, receiving the three medals for spelling in his freshman year and last term one-hundred in bookkeeping. (He says he bribed the teacher.) Next year he hopes to go to Boston University and major in accounting.

His favorite outside activity is sports, football, basketball, baseball, etc., but his job at the Cambridge Trust somewhat curtails them.

His ideal girl must be five feet, two inches, have brown eyes and hair, lots of humor and a quick smile to match — she doesn't have to like school either. (Put your tongues back in, girls; he's found her.)

However, more seriously Joe, here's to your success. May all your children have rich parents; don't forget us and I'm certain we aren't going to forget you.

E. E.

CHARLES CHRISTY

MR. PERSONALITY is the best way to describe friendly Charles Christy. Algebra is his favorite subject and he thinks, on the whole, that boys are better mathematicians than girls, but maybe that's because he hasn't begun to take interest in the opposite sex yet. He is fourteen and has always lived in Cambridge except for a brief time in 1947 when Charles and his family went to Europe.

His favorite sport is baseball; the Braves are pretty wonderful, but the Red Sox are definitely taboo in his opinion. Charles had better be careful after making that statement because some people won't agree, I know.

We wish him luck for the future and hope he enters Harvard, his choice of colleges, with great success.

P. S.

ANTHONY RICCI, SOPHOMORE

FRIENDLY Anthony Ricci, born in Portland, Maine fifteen years ago, but now living in Cambridge, stoutly declares that Portland still ranks first with him. He moved to his present home two years ago and entered Latin as a freshman.

Spanish has a slight lead over the other subjects that make up his course, just as baseball has over the other sports. Television takes up most of his spare time and of course there is always homework to occupy him when there are no good programs being shown.

That special someone, five feet three inches tall with dark hair, unfortunately for Anthony lives in Maine, but perhaps some fair Cantabrigian can win his attention.

We hope that Anthony will change his mind about our city and that next time we talk to him Cambridge will hold the first place in his opinion.

P. S.

BERNARD FIRCHOW

WHEN tall, dark Bernard Firchow gave me the unusual information that he was born in Boston, Massachusetts, February 20, 1932, I almost automatically wrote "moved to Cambridge, lived there all his life, etc." Sitting down as I thought for a very ordinary interview, I presently asked whether he had gone to C.H.L.S. all three years. "No," said Bernard, "I came from Munich, Germany a year or so ago." Bernard Firchow, it turned out, has been in sixteen different countries since he was born! During the war he was in Berlin. He has enjoyed skiing in the Swiss Alps. At his uncle's plantation in Costa Rica, South America he rode horseback. Guess what Bernard likes to do best — travel! In Germany, however, he learned to love the opera also. His favorite is Lohengrin. Here in good, old C.H.L.S. he belongs to the Glee Club, the track team and the chess club. Even in his travels Bernard has given girls enough consideration to like them good looking and intelligent. Girls! Bernard has some wonderful stories to tell.

R. C.

THE PLAYBILL

THE local theatrical and musical scene was highlighted, in late March and early April, by a good deal of operatic production, not only of works from the standard and familiar repertoire, but also of seldom-heard, little known masterpieces. On March 24th and 25th, for instance, the Lowell House Musical Society of Harvard presented *Dido and Aeneas*, by the seventeenth century English composer, Henry Purcell. This was the second annual production in the Society's newly resumed series of operas, which was interrupted for several years by the war. Those who were fortunate enough to obtain tickets for the performances in the small Lowell dining room must surely hope that the operas will continue uninterrupted for some time to come.

Purcell, one of the most renowned figures in English musical history, composed *Dido and Aeneas* about 1690 for performance at a boarding school for "young gentlewomen." His libretto deals with the love, of Aeneas, a great hero of the Trojan War, for Dido, the beautiful Queen of Carthage. Aeneas, destined by fate to go to Italy to found the mighty Roman race, is shipwrecked on the coast of Africa near Carthage, and befriended by Dido, who offers him and his men sanctuary in her newly-founded city. Queen and warrior fall deeply in love, and Aeneas dallies in Carthage for longer than his duty and his destiny as the founder of a great people warrant.

When at last he manages to tear himself away, the heart-broken Dido dies — in Virgil's version by her own hand, but in the opera with one of those inexplicable operatic maladies which allow the heroine to expire gracefully, pathetically, and conveniently, surrounded by her sorrowing friends. Purcell uses the salient features of the latter part of the story to build an opera which is extremely static, as far as action is concerned, but which is glorified by a marvelous outpouring of thrilling music, especially for the chorus and orchestra. This opera is heard all too seldom in our concert-halls today.

Utilizing their own members and other musicians and dancers from near-by colleges and music schools, the Lowell House group gave this opera a truly astonishing performance. Adele Milhendler was a stately and dignified Dido, her splendid contralto used with especially thrilling effect in the great air "When I am laid in earth," the most famous portion of the opera. As Dido's attendant, Belinda, Katherine Griffith sang some difficult coloratura passages with fine fluency and exquisite tone. James Perrin was the noble-voiced Aeneas, and Cynthia Sweeney was particularly good as the

Attendant at the temple. Sufficient praise cannot be given to the superb chorus, or the excellent orchestra under the capable direction of Malcolm Holmes. Joseph Ponte played delightfully that most fascinating of the so-called "ancient" instruments, the harpsichord. The difficulties presented by the tiny, curtainless stage were surmounted very well, especially for the dancers, who performed Judith Haskell's choreography with obvious zest and relish.

The following week, that of March 27th, the famous Metropolitan Opera Company arrived in Boston for its yearly and all too brief spring visit. This reviewer had the good fortune to attend the performances of two of the most widely differing works in the whole repertoire — Charles Gounod's *Faust* and Richard Strauss' *Der Rosenkavalier* (*The Cavalier of the Rose*.) The study in contrasts was very interesting, indeed.

Faust is one of the best known and beloved operas ever written. Everyone knows the legend of the weary old philosopher who sold his soul to the devil in return for his lost youth and vigor; everyone can hum the tunes from Gounod's delicious, sugar-coated setting of it — the Love Duet, Marguerite's Jewel Song, Faust's Cavatina, and the Soldier's Chorus, which surely ranks with the Toreador Song from *Carmen* and the Bridal Chorus from *Lohengrin* as one of the three or four most familiar operatic numbers of all time. It is a work full of dramatically excellent stage situations, particularly the Chorale of the Swords in the first act, where the villagers confront the Devil with their cruciform sword-hilts and force him, cowering, to his knees, and the third act church scene, which can still be terrifying to see and hear if it is as well done as the Metropolitan does it. The Boston performance was, on the whole, a very satisfying one, especially from the musical standpoint. The Italian lyric tenor Giuseppe di Stefano sang the title role with his customary ease, power, and beauty of tone. He received an ovation after the celebrated Cavatina, which he had climaxed with a magnificent high C; nobody seemed to mind, however, that he sang it to the conductor, instead of to his lady love's dwelling, which he was supposed to be apostrophising. Licia Albanese was a lovely Marguerite, especially in the last two acts when she was completely warmed up. Her church scene was tremendously moving, and the passage in the last act in which the delirious heroine recalls her first meeting with Faust was exquisitely touching. Italo Tajo, as Mephistopheles, was a dashing figure, with his flowing scarlet cape accentuating the sinister nuances of his fine bass voice. The young American

baritone, Frank Guarrea, was excellent as Valentin; and another young American, Claramae Turner, provided some hilarious comic relief as the fussy old Dame Martha. Wilfred Pelletier conducted.

Although the singing was fine, and some of the acting, especially by Mr. Tajo and Miss Turner, was very good indeed, there can be no denying that most of the staging was of the time-honored, rave-and-rant, posture-and-pose variety. Most of the singers preferred striking attitudes to acting, and almost without exception they sang to the conductor, even when they were supposed to be making passionate love! Mr. Rudolph Bing, who will become General Manager of the Metropolitan next season, has resolved to do something about improving such antiquated, unrealistic staging. Let us hope that *Faust*, which has too good a story to be ruined by ham actors, will be among the first objects of his attention.

Der Rosenkavalier, is, to coin a phrase, a tune of a different key. Whereas *Faust*, first performed in 1859, is a melodious product of French romanticism, *Rosenkavalier* took the stage for the first time in 1911, after Richard Wagner's theories of music-drama had revolutionized operatic composition. It is a massive work, requiring a large cast of competent singing actors and a huge orchestra, but because Strauss set its rollicking story of high life in high society to such light, lilting music, it remains as one of the few supreme comic operas we have. Its libretto, by Hugo von Hofmannstahl, is one of the finest — and also one of the most complicated — ever written, which means that the staging must be unusually brisk and lively. It is pleasant to report that the Metropolitan has fully recognized this, and has worked out an excellent production.

The story is too involved to explain in detail, but one may state briefly that it tells how a beautiful Princess of 18th century Vienna, who is growing old gracefully but too swiftly, loses her hot-headed young lover, Count Octavian Rofrano (the Rose-Cavalier of the title) to Sophie, a fair young maid his own age. I think Strauss and von Hofmannsthal intended that the fascinating role of the Princess, or the Marschallin, as she is more commonly known, should be the leading part of the opera, but as the Metropolitan conceives it and plays it, Octavian holds the central interest from start to finish. That is only natural, for the company's leading Octavian is one of the best actresses on the operatic stage today, the famous American mezzo-soprano, Rise Stevens. Miss Stevens' assignment is more than usually difficult: she must play the part of a boy, for von Hofmannsthal thought

of Octavian as so young that he should be played by a woman; and twice in the opera she must be a boy disguised as a girl! She was, however, superbly convincing; she caught the manly stride and gestures wonderfully well and in the last act, in her double disguise, she was riotously funny. Her rich mezzo never sounded warmer or lovelier. She had excellent support from a predominantly American cast: Eleanor Steber, in fine vocal form as the regal Marschallin; Nadine Connor, vocally and dramatically exquisite as the gentle Sophie; Emanuel List, as the Marschallin's boorish country cousin, Baron Ochs; Thelma Votipua, who, as Sophie's fluttery duenna, Marianne, provided some delightful comedy moments in the second act, and Hugh Thompson, as Sophie's newly rich father, Von Faninal, who did not, I am sure, look at the conductor once during the entire performance! Fritz Busch conducted the tremendous orchestra in a fine rendering of the gorgeous tapestry of sound Strauss wove for this, perhaps the greatest opera yet written in our modern era.

Anne Dyer Murphy '50

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

Mes Chers Amis

AT the last meeting of the French Club we all enjoyed movies of France. The first movie was on Normandie. It showed the life, customs and occupations of the French peasants. The second film was on Bretagne, and it also told the story of the French peasants in that area. Both of the films were in French. We have had a most enjoyable year, and we hope to see you all at next year's meetings.

Marjorie Ratchford '50

CHESS CLUB

THIS has been a busy and reasonably successful year for the Chess Club. The members have met almost every Friday afternoon in the Classical Library under the supervision of our new faculty advisor, Miss Mahar. New and long needed chess sets and boards have been purchased. Part of the remaining funds will be spent on a party at the end of the year. The team has won 7 of the 12 tournaments played, ending in fourth place, a game from third, in the G. B. I. Chess League.

Unfortunately next year's team will not be so strong due to the graduation of five of its leading players. The club hopes, however, that the loss will be particularly overcome by well over that number of new members.

J. Oster, *President*



IT'S HERE, that last issue of the year and "By Cracky," it's going to be the best one yet. Yes this is the last issue you seniors will see and for that reason the majority of the following trash will be dedicated to those brave men living and near dead who gave their lives, their fortunes, and the most of their hair in order that this class might someday graduate. To them the class of '50 leaves its vast wealth (about \$13.27), its plans for a new building (as yet not under construction), and one large bottle of Wildroot Hair Restorer (the last of which we have on hand).

So as we wa'k through the halls of Latin School for the last time with a tear in one eye and a blow-torch in one hand, and bid fond adieu to the many familiar faces seen through these same halls over the last four years, we take account of the people we meet and of what they have to say.

The first person we ran into and I do mean ran into was none other than James Colby who had a black derby hat pushed down over his eyes. After some difficulty we learned that Master Colby had been in this situation for quite some time, from the time of the Senior Drama in fact when someone pushed this same derby down onto his head. After pointing out the shortest way to U.C.L.A., I moved on to where I met some of the members of the C.H.L.S. Baseball team. They were O'bie Obrian, Okie O'Connell, Bobby Neal, Bill Hudson, Dick Foley, and Mac McCarron having infield practice on the third floor. Passing by, I stopped by at Roz Lakis' locker where one can always learn the latest gossip. From Miss Lakis and her right hand man Miss Natalie Sousa we learned all the following bits of gossip. First of all that Jane Aldenberg had left our fair school a month early but would still return for graduation. Jane's absence sure made that last month a dull one for many people. That Carol Caroli has hopes of a very promising position after graduation. We hope she makes it. Last of all, Miss Lakis informed us that the school will certainly miss its brightest lights in Ann Wadden, Adrienne Knight, Marjorie Ratchford, Mary Jane Noonan, Ruth Adelman, and Ann D. Murphy.

After shutting off my hearing aide to prevent

listening to any more of our informer's gab, I turned the corner by 333 only to be nearly trampled by Paul Sebastian, Jerry Murphy, Ray Kelly, Ruth Moranian, and Ann Donahue, who said they had been chased from 327 by a Bulldog; after scrambling to my feet and brushing myself off, I hurried on to the locker of Gerald "Stew" Gross. Upon opening the locker, I learned from Gerry that he was only concerned with the true nickname of Gertrude "Gunboat" Swyers and not about graduation. Not being able to help him, I locked the door of his locker once more and moved on.

At the top of the stairs by the REVIEW office, it was my pleasure to run into one of the finest bunch of kids ever to enter Cambridge Latin and the ones who have done a great deal for the old jail during their four years here. Among these were Collette and Chickie Mailhiot, Connie Grogan, Fran Tierney, Terry McCarthy, Ellie DeCarlo, and June Diodati who were so busy passing around pictures that my presence went unnoticed until I attempted to bring it to their attention with a slight burst from my blowtorch. This had no effect so after casually shouting my *hello* again with no results I slipped unnoticed into this group of jabbering females and then fled with a few choice pictures. Next to be met outside the Latin Halls were some old friends from the REVIEW office busy about their work, talking to some boys about the approaching "big day." They were seen to be none other than Ann Coughlin, Joyce McLeod, Marilyn Brennan, Mary Dempsey, and Claire Kenney. After stopping briefly to exchange *hellos*, graduation pictures, yearbooks, and *Schick Test* injections, I staggered onward to where I found Dotty Lingley, Peggy Nichols, and Lillian Salvato busy discussing their dogs. Their names were Bruce, Freddie, and Tony respectively and from what I could gather, they must be dogs. Woof! Woof! After presenting these three friends with a can of Rival Dog food and three dog biscuits, I continued on, leaving them wide-eyed and open-mouthed. Next to meet my view was Ruy Soeiro busy carrying his car motor up the stairs and placing it gently in his locker. He explained that he feared someone would steal his "Merry

Oldsmobile" before graduation and was taking the necessary precautions. I noticed he kept calling the motor "Trudy" and this quite alarmed me until I remembered Ruy calls everything he is fond of "Trudy."

Leaving Ruy with his problems, I moved onward to the locker of Ruthie McKeown which was well attended by Shirley MacNiece and Cecelia Sheehan. These three musketeers were busy cleaning up their locker before the close of school. They inquired about the class gift, so I showed them the time-bomb and explained how the fuse worked. Finding them quite pleased, I shoved on to the Dean's office where I met John Geovanis, Birdie Swartz, and Larry Wolozin busy studying for the year's finals. Borrowing their newspapers for a minute, I glanced through the sport section to find Antonio Regalado's Philadelphia A's fighting it out with the Senators for last place. Returning the comic section to these studious lads I moved on with a smile.

At the next corner, I ran into Bob Dwyer and Joan Worman busy discussing the idea of opening a concession at Revere Beach. It seems that Bob had some phenomenal luck down there last month and won so many dolls and prizes that Joan's mother says that either the dolls or Joan must go. Knowing quite a bit about all kinds of dolls, I advised Joan to "Give up these dolls, go back to her mother and throw herself on the mercy of the court." With this quotation from John J. Anthony, I marched onward.

At the corner by 316, I came upon Sheila Montieth, Cynthia Coleman, Betty Boudreau, and Janet Morrison bidding farewell to each other through their megaphones. Bellowing *bello* as I passed, I rushed down the hall where Jimmy Lincoln, the only boy who can play a trumpet from the other end, was busy serenading June Burgess, Rosemarie Murphy and Tina Ciano. Not to be outdone, I played a few short pieces on my portable piano and then picking up my suitcase and steamer trunk stumbled on. A short distance away, I stopped for a second at the site where Ruth Pampel and Joanne Nauffts were busy crying on each other's shoulder. It seems for some reason, they dislike the thought of leaving school. Not being able to stand the sight of tears, I closed my eyes and talked awhile with Susie Nilson who explained the difficulties of these young ladies.

Onward! Onward! Until I came upon Charlie Dubay and Mary MacLacklan busy getting their signals and their French straight so they can read each other's notes. Not *Parlez-Vouzing Francais*, I muttered a few quick syllables in Greek and rumbled on.

At this point I was alarmed once more by frightened voices shouting from a short distance. This time it proved to be Mary Meehan, Peggy Dempsey, Marian Christie, and Thais Gouliana once more proclaiming their fear of a bulldog loose by 327. Deciding that this thing must be stopped, I enlisted the aide of three comrades to help capture this monster. Steve Donaghey, Billy Brown, and Steve Dooling immediately volunteered after being chosen and heroically I led them toward the fateful spot from a point about twenty feet behind Brown where I was safe from danger. Through the heroics of Tony Branco, Wally Curcio, and John Dignan, the mad dog was soon returned to her cage; and your rambling reporter was forced to ramble once more.

Soon afterwards we met three swell kids, Fran Donagher, Margie Cahill, and Laurice Eddy, who were busy recalling highlights of their senior year. After briefly stopping to remind Laurice of her winning a second television set, after just getting a first one, Fran of her trips to the two Drama Festivals, and Margie of the historic loss of her hoop at the G. A. A. formal, I trudged down to the second floor in search of more news.

Without having even reached the bottom of the stairs, I came upon six very welcome figures (and I do mean figures). They were Pat Stevans, Jean MacDonald, Jackie Pelrine, Ann Donahue, Carol Thompson, and Mal Pelrine. This was indeed a pleasure, for no one had contributed more to the *Spotlight* over the last nine months than these self same six. After a few minutes' talk, I learned all the latest on Joan Coughlin and Janet Taylor, plus the latest reports on Pat's and Mal's attempts at driving. In utter horror at the thought of letting these two Misses loose on the road, I advised Miss Stevans to stick to nursing and Miss Pelrine to take up skiing or bear-hunting or something less dangerous.

At this point we ran smack into John Douhan and Johnny Adams running down the hall with a Japanese Samari sword which they had borrowed from Paul Stella's house quite mysteriously sometime earlier. Explaining that I had no use for it, but suggesting it might be a big help in the lunchroom to cut sandwiches, I dropped the matter there and Douhan dropped the sword.

Quite startled by this I made my last journey around the second floor and back up to the old haunts on the third. During this trip I had occasion to bump into a couple of prospective seniors and also a few others headed for the Junior class in September. These were Pat Monahan, Phyllis Nauffts, Dutchie Baronowski, Jeanne Brooks, and Jean Ennis, all of whom have been loyal supporters

of the *Spotlight* in the past. After passing on a few suggestions for next year and explaining how qualified we (humph) seniors are to give advice, I moved on again.

Passing a group of boys on the stairs busy discussing the intended occupations of two senior girls after graduation, I jotted down the names Rosemary and Barbara and the fact that dancing on the stage professionally was their hope. Shortly afterwards I came upon Betty Dunlap and Marjorie Taylor frantically attempting to revive Irene Kulsa who had collapsed at the mention of her two favorite words, "The Buffalo" and the initials J. D. which have some significance. At the corner of my locker room I was quite surprised to see Freda Foggas busy tearing up all the day's notices and absence slips with the greatest of pleasure. Freda was so relieved not to be bothered with doing errands anymore that she was taking a Busman's holiday. Not wanting to ruin her fun, I waded through the piles of paper only to find Marguerite Benedict sitting in the middle trying to piece together the notices about the horseback riding club. Leaving a bag of oats with my compliments, I continued to my locker. Right inside the locker room, my path was blocked by a crowd of well known seniors, Queenie Giragosian, Marjie Halford, Beverly Jakeway, and Gloria Kaufman. Unable to pass unnoticed, I blasted a passageway to my locker, from which I removed my hat, coat, gloves, and cane and started out into the 90 degree weather.

At the top of the stairs by Mr. Sullivan's office, I noticed Ann Mahoney and Peggy Stewart, busy signing each other's notes. Halfway down I passed Jeanette Popiel and Penny Power coming up the steps. Undaunted, I did an about-face and started up also, but then decided I'd better get home before the week-end, so started out once more.

Outside the doorway, I came upon two of my real good friends, Ruth Lebert and Bernice Lerman who gave me a little gossip about Eddie Kelley and Marie Harlon. Thanking them kindly, I thus closed a typical day of gossip hunting with some good results.

We certainly hope that no one will be alarmed by anything found in the preceding pages, for although it is a slight bit fantastic, we know that no one minds a little good-natured kidding. Ha! Ha!

So with this thought in mind and the hope that there won't be a lynching following this publication, we bring this year's *Spotlight* to a close. It's been a great pleasure writing this column and we hope you've all enjoyed it.

Being a person of the quiet type as everyone knows, I'll bid fond farewell with a smile, a sigh, and a tear.

"Bon Voyage" from the Class of 1950.

Dezzi LaPlace '50

FRESHMEN NOTES

WELL Freshmen the next time the REVIEW comes out you'll be Sophomores and will rate a spot in the *Spotlight*. (*Everyone's ambition is to have his name in the Spotlight.*)

Congratulations are in order for the wonderful job the Freshman class did selling the Sports Night tickets. Keep up this attitude, fellows and girls, and the class of '54 will have nothing but winning teams. Speaking of medals (oh! we weren't speaking of medals, were we?) Martha Murphy deserves a big hand for the excellent job she did writing the script for the Freshman Book Club.

Correction, please: In the last issue we meant to say "has anyone noticed the striking resemblance between Joanna Velonides and Jane Powell, not Jane Parnell." We stand corrected. Sitting down, it's awfully tiresome standing, we noticed that Steve Kaplan of 128 also likes to sit, especially when he's getting inoculations. We thought boys were supposed to be the stronger sex, but bear in mind, girls, they had the boys sit before they injected them, while the girls stood and took the injections like "men"? Men! Now that's a nice subject to talk about. Anything that you want to know on that subject confer with Gail (Dorothy Dix) Hubbard, she's always willing to listen. Gee Dave Ellison, we all want to know why you go to the Blessed Sacrament dances now instead of the Co-ed Club Dances? Any girl that is looking for a nice husband (about four or five years from now) should go see Mike Ansielo, he's very handy around the house. He's also pretty handy with a baseball bat.

We don't like to say good-bye because it makes us feel sad, so we'll just say so-long and remember, if you didn't make all 90's this year, start off your Sophomore year with all 95's and you're sure to be a hit with the Deans.

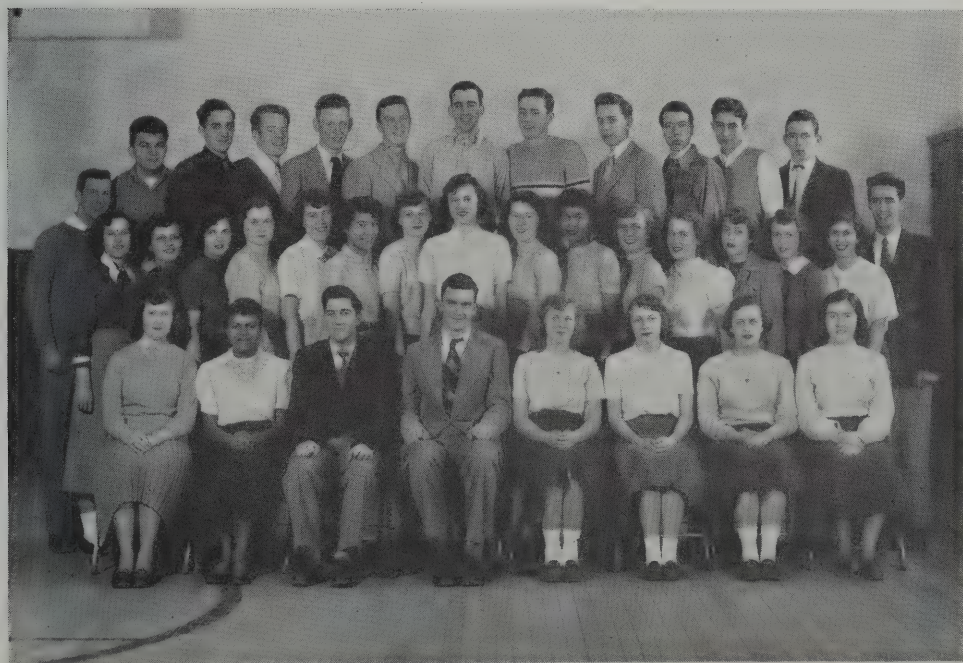
Colette Mailhiot '50

Terry McCarthy '50





REVIEW STAFF



HOME ROOM COMMITTEES



SENIOR DRAMA CAST



DRAMATIC CLUB OFFICERS



GLEE CLUB



VARSITY BASKETBALL TEAM



FOOTBALL



TRACK



SENIOR BOOK CLUB

THE BOOK CLUBS

A NEW and important addition to the C.H.L.S. club scene this year has been the Book Club — or more accurately, perhaps, the Book Clubs, for each class maintains its own separate branch of the organization. The monthly meetings have given members excellent opportunity to discuss books, new and old, which cannot be considered in the regular courses. The most unusual feature of the Club's program has been the series of radio broadcasts, with script and casting entirely in student hands, that came through the year over the airwaves of the Cambridge station, WTOA. The Freshmen began by considering a pair of new novels, the Sophomores discussed Christmas books, the Juniors offered a skit on good manners, and the Seniors presented two modern biographies. Two return engagements featured the Freshmen's opinions on new career books, and the Sophomores and Juniors' consideration of the relative values of seeing moving picture productions or of reading the books themselves.

The Book Club has provided many occasions for stimulating literary discussions and pleasant contact with the members of the English Department who so generously gave of their time and effort to make the new project a success.

A. D. M.

THE CHEMISTRY CLUB

THE newly formed Chemistry Club under the direction of Miss Ruggli held a meeting on March 26. At this meeting the officers of the club were elected. They are as follows: Chairman, Betty Watson; Vice-Chairman, Richard Grabowsky; Executive Secretary, Ruth Adelman; Treasurer and Corresponding Secretary, Lee Kief.

The future activities of the club were also mapped out at this meeting. These include experiments to be given by the members themselves, field trips, and movies.

A movie was shown produced by the United States Bureau of Mines dealing with progress made in drilling for oil.

Plans are now being made to visit the Dewey-Almy Chemical Company in the near future.

All students interested in science are invited to join.

Ruth Adelman '50



HARVARD SQUARE

HARVARD SQUARE is a busy center of activities in Cambridge. There are schools, stores, and theaters here for the people to use.

In Harvard Square there are many people to be seen, shoppers, students and visitors. It is usually very easy to distinguish one from the other. The shopper has a worried look on his face, wondering what to buy for supper that night or what his wife told him not to forget. The number of books he carries is the way a student is known from the rest of the bustling crowd. A camera is what makes you know that the person who carries it is a visitor to our city.

There are many stores in Harvard Square where you may purchase any article you desire, from an automobile to a safety pin.

Harvard College attracts many visitors and students from all over the world. During the changes of classes there is a hum of activity while the students hurry to their next classes and the visitors stroll casually along gazing at the beautiful buildings.

In the Common there are children playing games, climbing up on the cannon to have their pictures taken, and people glancing about them and wondering how it looked the day Washington took command of the Continental Army.

In Harvard Square there are many things to see, many things to do, and many things to buy. Harvard Square is a good shopping and educational center and a visitors' delight.

Jacqueline Wilson '51

There is no better omen of hope than the sane and sober criticism of those elements in our civilization which call for rigorous examination.

— James Truslow Adams

IF the state of the world today were to be judged solely after perusing a number of articles selected from recent issues of some of our more serious periodicals, the verdict upon it would probably be rendered in terms of almost unrelieved gloom. Certainly our writers are no optimists about the future. Social scientists shake their heads gravely over the alarming tendencies of the women's right partisans. Clergymen point with warning fingers at the increasing godlessness of the world as a whole. Atomic physicists marshal isolated facts into terrifying paragraphs of evidence that universal destruction is imminent in a few years unless society matches its pace very quickly to the rapid strides of science. It is to be wondered, however, whether these minor prophets of doom realize that their own utterances

constitute heartening proof that our civilization can be improved.

It is true that many aspects of contemporary western society "call for rigorous examination." The development of certain trends must be halted, whereas the growth of others should be encouraged. Certain customs, long past their day of usefulness, must fall into the disuse into which many other traditions seem to be sinking. The tempo of modern living must be accelerated in some respects and diminished in others. The very fact, however, that such tendencies are recognized, that remedies for them are being suggested, demonstrates that there is an abundance of health and vigor in us yet.

The situation may be illustrated by a simple analogy. If a man is the victim of an insidious disease whose presence is difficult or impossible to recognize, he may not realize his condition until he is past saving. If on the other hand, he sees signs of his illness when it is in its early stages, and immediately seeks out proper care and attention, his chances of ultimate cure are splendid. Thus it is with societies: if we, like most of the ancient Romans, failed to recognize the disease of our "body politic," we would surely hurtle riotously on, as did the Romans, down the path of inevitable destruction. Since the more thoughtful among us, however, have marked the symptoms and are searching for the cure, calamity is much further away than many people realize, or even dare to hope.

We are in a serious predicament — but we know it. Our knowledge of our situation and our determination to improve it are our greatest hopes.

Anne Murphy '50

TRAITS OF A DESIRABLE DATE

FIRST and foremost, I think a desirable date should be a member of the opposite sex. He must be at least five feet tall and must not wear over a size eleven shoe. He must be well-mannered and must never dunk. He must be neat, even though my ideas of neatness do not extend so far as to demand a necktie.

Getting down to physical traits, I insist that he have two eyes, crossed or otherwise, one nose, and one mouth, preferably closed.

He must be of reasonable intelligence, knowing his own name and address and my telephone number.

I have often been suprised to find how many dates fill these so very rigid regulations!

Marguerite Benedict '50

CLASS-ROOM PERSONALITIES

CLASSROOMS shelter all types of characters: the conscientious student, the loafer, the thinker, and the mumbler. Every classroom has at least four or five conscientious students. These people, who are usually regarded by their contemporaries as freaks of nature, can be depended upon to turn in homework regularly, and to answer most classroom questions promptly and correctly.

The loafer is equally well represented in most classes. He is the boy who never does his homework, and who couldn't answer a pertinent question if his life depended upon it. While the class is being carried on, his attention is focused upon the pretty blond three rows over, or his imagination is carrying him miles away from the situation at hand. The loafer is the pupil who (when the day of retribution rolls around) wishes he could do over again all the things he never did.

Most classes have at least one "thinker." The thinker specializes upon seeming momentarily baffled by questions about which he hasn't a glimmer of an idea. He strokes his chin, wrinkles his brow, beats his head with his hand, and bites his lips. This act, while it may be amusing to watch, fools no one.

The mumbler is equally disconcerting to the teacher. When confronted with a question, he gives out with a gentle mumbling. But after he has been urged to greater volume by the unusually strident voice of the teacher, he gives out with an inarticulate boom that is completely impossible to comprehend. By this time the poor haggard teacher has called upon someone else. As soon as this last-named pupil has answered correctly, the mumbler shrieks out, "That's what I said!" and is immediately backed up by five or six friends while the rest of the class smirks. All this just goes to prove that it takes all types to make up a class-room.

Charles Hunter '50

ON CONVALESCING

I ONCE hated bed. I loathed it with all of my being. And I loathed doctors, and medicine, and visitors, and wallpaper.

This rather odd attitude was caused by a long convalescence. My pet peeve was lying in bed, though I had at one time considered it a treat to do just that. Then I found myself forced to be there for weeks on end. My back ached and I became restless and irritable. The radio which I was provided with to amuse myself was of more harm than good. When the weeping heroine of Hotsy-Totsy Popcorn program was rescued from the menacing villain, my eyes began to become

heavy and close, not from an ecstasy of relief but from sheer boredom. Music, on the other hand, made my feet tingle and I longed to be up, keeping time. I once did get up to dance to an especially good tune, but I found my nose saying hello to the floor. I learned the hard way that feet are wobbly after a long period of disuse.

Because lying in bed offers few activities, I began to notice the things about me. On a particularly dismal morning I was astounded to see that little clusters of flowers strewn over the wallpaper did not travel up and down in orderly lines, but were tangled in a maze of diamond-shapes and rectangles. Looking into the matter, I also saw that within each flower was an elfin face. For the rest of the day these impishly grinning faces contorted themselves until I thought the wallpaper would be torn from the walls with their efforts. Continued observation revealed enormous splotches like spiders on the wall. While I watched in amazement, the things came and went. My skin began to crawl and I waited, paralysed, for help.

I was rescued by a visitor. And after about ten minutes I began to long for the return of the spiders and elves. For though sympathy and understanding are needed today, some people can make taking these virtues as bad as taking the horrible concoctions the doctor thinks up to kill or cure you. There are those who are so-o-o considerate. They plump your pillows, and bring you water and books, and plump your pillows, and turn the radio on, and coax you to eat, and plump your pillows once more. Then there are the inquisitive ones who invade your closet and bureau drawers while you lie helpless. "How much was this?" and "Is this new?" "That color is bad for you" and "Isn't this ring sweet? Just what I need for my blue dress tonight." And she goes on and on eternally.

After all this, people can say that a convalescent is lucky. He can rest and doesn't have any worries. Ha! But then, perhaps they're right. Maybe if your imps, spiders, and visitors don't drive you mad, you can rest. However, deliver me from another convalescence!

Irene Kulsa '50

THE OUTING CLUB

AT the last meeting of the Outing Club, two moving pictures were shown on various birds. The next function of the group will be a walk on Friday, May 12, following which there will be the annual picnic, the last outing of the year.

Beatrice Medoff '50

IF I COULD TRAVEL

IF I were to have three wishes granted me by some gnome or genii, I would probably choose as one, the opportunity to travel. As mountainous countries have always fascinated me, I would probably make my first visit to Switzerland. The Alps are magnificent, I am told, on a warm summer day, with the sharp cool whiteness of the mountain peaks against the clear blue of the sky. There I would sit outside my chalet viewing the lovely panorama, while in the distance a few sprightly goats are being led by a fair-haired young man in his colorful costume of green knee pants, yellow socks, flowered suspenders, and blouse, just now puffed out by the wind. Perhaps he would come my way and offer me one of those delicious cheeses he is carrying that I have heard people speak of so often.

Leaving my quiet abode in the mountains I would next go to the bustling, glamorous city of Paris. I should admire the flower-venders standing beside their wooden carts overflowing with every colored flower imaginable, and the heavy fragrant odor of lilacs diffused on the air. I think I would probably buy violets for myself as most of the heroines in novels do, and take my purchase along with me as I stop in a side-walk cafe, to eat. My meal would probably consist of crusty French bread, deep claret wine, roast pheasant, delicious French pastry and other equally tempting foods served by a garcon and prepared as they are prepared for the French gourmet. Afterward I would visit the landmarks of Paris, the Tuileries, Notre Dame Cathedral, the Eiffel Tower, The Arch of Triumph, and the Louvre.

All of France I am sure would be beautiful; the country side with the large farms and the happy peasants or the city with its chattering people beside newsstands discussing politics, literature, art, or indulging in random light talk. France appeals to me, not only because of the glamour so often spoken of, but rather because of the beauty of the scenery, and the friendliness of the people.

Lois Mark '50

WHEN TIME COUNTS

THE element of time is important in everyone's life. Government officials must make split second decisions, or lose their jobs, or even worse, ruin the country. Even a bus driver worries about the time because of the schedule he must follow.

Then too, in many sports, time is vital. If darkness pervades the park before an American League ball game ends, the umpires are forced to call the

contest. However, in basketball, time is even more important, for there are only four eight minute periods in which to conquer the adversary.

Time also counts heavily in school during tests which must be completed within an allotted period that never seems sufficient to the pupils. It must also be remembered that in the space of four short years a pupil must be completely prepared to enter a top-notch college.

After graduating from college, a person begins to realize even more keenly the importance of time. Many fathers can tell you that in their jobs, a deadline must be met; otherwise there will be no work to give them money for the welfare of their families.

During these trying days, we are constantly being reminded in the newspapers, at church, and on the radio that the end of the world may soon come; we cannot forget. From Washington, the reports are heard that more time is needed to ward off possible mayhem. Time, time is always hanging over us; it is forever an important element of our lives.

Peter Watson '51

THE PLEASURE OF BEING ALONE

"For oft when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude."

IN those lines from *The Daffodils*, Wordsworth describes perfectly my feelings toward being alone. The "bliss of solitude" is, as the poet states, memory and imagination, which truly occupy a person's mind when he is alone. The joy which one receives by letting his mind wander and touch upon any subject it chooses is another pleasure of being alone.

When a person who is alone directs his imagination, he is master of the situation. He calls up characters from fiction, exchanges place with them as he wills. He becomes David Copperfield vanquishing Uriah Heep and sweeping Dora into his arms, Rustum throwing a spear into Sohrab, or the Lonely Stranger conquering a dozen badmen and riding into the sunset to the familiar strains of an old guitar, a horse's whinny, and a heroine's sigh.

He who allows his mind to wander, on the other hand, gains pleasure for a while; when, however, he loses control of his thoughts, he is brought to stark reality. Alone in a room, he eases himself onto a couch to relax. His mind at first brings to him scenes of life he is wont to enjoy, the river on a hot summer day, a superb view of an evergreen forest, and afternoon in an air-conditioned

theatre. Soon, unfortunately, the cruel mind shifts from those pleasant scenes to more practical matters, such as the reading of *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, which must be completed that evening.

Although the pleasures I have mentioned are truly enjoyable, I have not yet stated that one which I find to be the most delightful. Shakespeare mentioned the state of bliss in *Hamlet* when he said:

"To sleep! perchance to dream!"

John Laucus '51

DRAMATIC CLUB NOTES

ALL the members of the Dramatic Club who went to Hingham on the April first weekend were extremely glad C.H.L.S. had again entered the Massachusetts Drama Festival. The plays were all beautifully done, and the entr-actes were very entertaining. It was a delightful weekend. The Hingham hosts and hostesses cordially opened their homes to our cast who spent Friday night with Hingham highschoolers. The hard work of our "Disraeli" cast was well rewarded when our play received an excellent rating. Both Ruy Soeiro and Mary Maclachlan won awards for their superb acting. Our two winners were well supported by a cast which included Ann Wadden, Irene Kulsa, John Douhan, James Colby, and David Noonan. We hope that next year's club will work as hard and be as successful in the next Drama Festival.

On Thursday, April twentieth, during spring vacation, a group from the Dramatic Club went to Tufts to a premier performance of "Beggars in Paradise." They had the privilege of seeing the Flemish miracle play translated by Professor Balch, head of the Tufts Drama Department.

On Friday, May fifth, the senior class presented their drama, "The Torch Bearers." The cast included Betty Watson, Joan Worman, Ann Mahoney, Margery Wood, Frances Donagher, Adrienne Knight, Ruy Soeiro, John Douhan, James Colby, Desmond LaPlace, Charles Dubay and Paul Stella.

On Thursday, May eighteenth, we are very fortunate to have as our guest speaker, the interesting Professor Woodruff from Tufts. All those who have ever met or heard Professor Woodruff will be glad to know of his visit.

We plan to close a most wonderful year with a Dramatic Club picnic on Thursday, the first of June. The dramatic activities of this year will be something that we seniors will remember for a long time. We hope next year's Club will act with true Thespian spirit and enjoy a year as full

and interesting as we who began the last half of the twentieth century have had.

Adrienne Knight,
Secretary

K. B. NOTES

GUESS Who? That's right. It's me again! The K. B. has had quite a busy time during the last month or two. The members, old and new, went bowling and roller skating, and all agreed they had a good time.

One meeting which was highly enjoyable was the one held at Mary Maclachlan's home in Boston. Moving pictures of different countries and of the many journeys of the Maclachlans were shown.

The meeting at Ann Farrell's house is noteworthy for the fine refreshments that were served. Helen Devereaux, a master in the art of cooking, baked a huge cake and decorated it colorfully. Elsie Atwell's cake was so delicious that everyone just had to take a piece home.

At this meeting, plans were made to attend the Red Sox-Cleveland night game on June 2. We also contemplated the suggestion of staying two days at the summer home of the Verrocchi sisters at Brant Rock, and at the Day Camp of a former member, Basilla Neilan.

Since this is the last report of the K. B. of 1950, the members wish to express their thanks and appreciation to its faculty advisors, Miss Esther McDonald and Miss Elizabeth Schuler for their help, understanding, and generous cooperation in "bringing about a closer bond of friendship among the members of the club."

So long from the happy members of the K. B. of 1950.

Dorothea Verrocchi,
Secretary-Treasurer.

LATIN CLUB NOTES

THE Latin Club hopes to awaken strong interest in its activities. The newly elected officers are: President, John Laucus; Secretary, Joy Colby. Additional members of the Executive Committee are Joseph Collins, Martha Murphy, Paul Lorris, Manning Stoller.

The Executive Committee has been discussing many wonderful plans for our future meetings. We need really good support for these plans to be carried out. Who knows *what* we couldn't do with the help of all the Latin students?

The program of May 10th featured a movie *Eternal Rome*. A final meeting is planned for June 8th at which we hope to see everybody.

Joy Colby, Secretary

Sports

BASKETBALL

CONGRATULATIONS are in order for Captain Eddie Asaley and Jim Crowley for being selected for the Suburban League All Star team. Captain Asaley was chosen for the first team while Jimmy made the second team even though it was just his first year of varsity ball. Special congratulations should also go to Jimmy for being elected Captain of next year's team.

Harold Goldstein '51

BASEBALL

Newton 7

C.H.L.S. 1

Newton, almost annual champs of the Suburban League, opened their 1950 title quest by defeating the Cantabs at Newton 7 to 1. Eddie O'Brien was the starting and losing pitcher for Latin. Bill Scott had two hits for the Cantabs.

Exeter 8

C.H.L.S. 7

Exeter handed Latin its second defeat in a row by beating the Cantabs 8 to 7 at Exeter. Dick Hennessey led the Latin attack with two hits. Bill Saideh and George Corr did a creditable pitching job.

C.H.L.S. 7

Brookline 1

Led by Co-Capt. Eddie Asaley Latin defeated the Townsman 7 to 1 behind the six hit pitching of Eddie O'Brien. It was the first victory of the year for Coach Sonny Foley's men.

C.H.L.S. 6

Rindge 2

Led by Dick Igo with a perfect day at bat (four singles in four trips to the plate) Latin defeated Intra-city rival Rindge by the score of 6 to 2. Latin thus gained their second consecutive victory and also their second victory of the year. George Corr was erratic in spots but pitched well in the clutch to gain the win.

Arlington 7

C.H.L.S. 0

Neill Corbett was too much for the Latinites as he threw a no hitter at them with Arlington handing Latin its third defeat of the year. The Cantab record up until this issue was two victories, three defeats.

TENNIS

EVEN though Coach Cohen is minus three of last year's players, the outlook for the tennis team this year is bright. Led by Captain Ruy Soeiro the following are returning: Reuben Halevy, William Anastos and Peter Watson. The newcomers are Harry Kanavos, Manning Stoller and Charles

Colter. A tournament was held to determine the rank of each player on the team which will play in the eight team Suburban League this year. Here is the way the players rank:

1. Charles Colter, Freshman
2. William Anastos, Junior
3. Reuben Halevy, Junior
4. Ruy Soeiro, Senior, Capt.
5. Peter Watson, Sophomore
6. Harry Kanavos, Sophomore
7. Manning Stoller, Freshman

Out of four games, the C.H.L.S. team has won *four*, with the following scores:

Watertown 0	C.H.L.S. 5
Rindge 0	C.H.L.S. 5
Browne, Nichols 1	C.H.L.S. 4
Arlington 0	C.H.L.S. 5
Jerry Murphy '50	

G. A. A. NOTES

THE country came to the city on April 28, when the G. A. A. had a Square Dance. The committee worked hard to make sure everyone had a good time and they more than succeeded; even as to having a caller who was riotous. Everyone who missed this, especially the Freshmen, missed one of the best and funniest times of the year because at eleven o'clock we were still going strong.

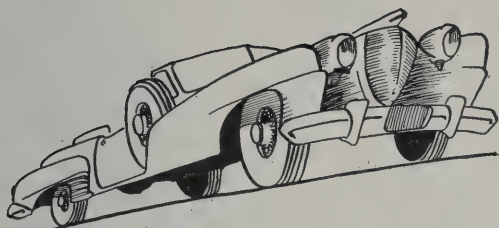
If you noticed anyone running around with her head in the clouds and waving a long paper in her hand, it was just a hopeful G. A. A. candidate. Good luck to all of you.

Once again June is almost upon us and we all know that this means the famous, one and only G. A. A. picnic. As usual we will leave about 8 o'clock in the morning but this year it will be necessary to purchase your train ticket ahead of time from Miss Brown. It will be on Saturday, June 10 at Kendall Green. Don't forget. Keep this date free!!

We would all like to thank Miss Brown, the G. A. A. officers and committee for all the fun we've had and also for the hard work they did. We hope next year's committee will be as ambitious.

O. Mailhiot '50

LOOK MA.....I'M DANCIN'!



WHERE DO YOU GET THOSE LONG CARS? FRANCIS MAHONEY'S WAS AT LEAST TWO BLOCKS LONG!



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PETE' WATSON AND 'LEE' PEREIRA.

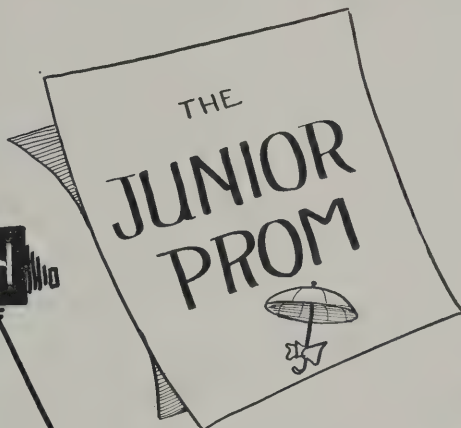
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Ackerman, Marcy	Lexth, Beverly
Banks, Eleanor	Lord, Margaret
Barrell, Anne	Lorris, Paul
Blank, Roseline	MacDonald, Barbara
Boyle, Bernadette	Mahoney, Gael
Bulcamino, Rosemarie	Mark, Herbert
Churchill, Judith	Martin, Charles
Corcoran, Phillip	McCabe, Richard
Dobrovolsky, Frances	McLaughlin, Barbara
Estrella, John	Mercier, Renne
Farrell, Claire	Murphy, Estella
Federico, Antoinette	Murphy, Martha
Firchow, Christine	Nelson, Joan M.
Flanagan, Janet	Oleson, Barbara
Forrest, Norine	O'Neil, Robert
Galt, Jean	Penney, Phyllis
Gee, James	Pfeuffer, Joachim
Giffen, Judith	Power, Jane
Gil, Dorothy	Rodrique, Pauline
Gilbert, Valeria	Rourke, Anna
Goffredo, Jean	Sanderson, Richard, Jr.
Goffredo, Lorraine	Shields, Patricia
Hanafin, Marie	Soper, Alice
Hicks, Jacqueline	Stoller, Manning
Hodgkins, Nancy	Sussman, Arleen
Jenkins, Phyllis	Tamouth, Frank
Jordon, Donna	Thomas, Dolores
Kassabian, Louise	Velonides, Joanna
Keating, Geraldine	Vitale, Florence
Keith, Barbara	Ware, Josephine
Klein, Carol	Wong, Dorothy
Lambert, Elizabeth	Wong, Jean
Lee, Jean	Woodland, Jean
Leonardos, Gregory	Zukas, Dorothy

SOPHOMORE HONOR ROLL**Third Marking Period Ending April 6, 1950**

Abitabile, Lorraine	Kizik, June
Ambrose, Marjorie	Lecesse, Irene
Azadian, Harry	Lewis, Frances
Balakin, Joan	Lockwood, Mary
Baptiste, Evelyn	Lux, Patricia
Benevento, Mary	Marathos, Georgia
Bennett, Constance	Marcin, Mary
Boyajian, Barbara	Martin, Carol
Brennan, Evon	McIver, Norman
Cabral, Dolores	Medeiros, Paul
Carrier, Nancy	Melim, Marialuiza
Chatfield, Constance	Merritt, Iris
Citino, Orlando	Miano, Mary
Colby, Joy	Michalchik, Lillian
Coleridge, Doris	Miles, William
Collins, Joseph	Moore, Sylvia
Daum, Patricia	Nicewicz, Joan

Dehmer, Mary	Nichols, Barbara
Doody, Eleanor	Pereira, Gilda
Evangelista, Grace	Perry, Elvira
Ferreira, Mary	Petrulis, John
Finstein, Gerald	Potter, Mary
Foglia, Mary	Ricci, Anthony
Francesconi, Loretta	Robinson, Janice
Gigante, Roberta	Ryan, Beverly
Goldberg, Richard	Savioli, Catherine
Guida, Tina	Stein, Marcia
Hoffman, Sandra	Steinfeld, Ida
Horton, Doreen	Soper, Norma
Hurley, Patricia A.	Spera, Ann
Hutchings, Muriel	Santos, Robert
Idelson, Belden	Tasonis, Marian
Janelli, June	Thompson, Beverly
Jason, Barbara	Totty, Gordon
Joseph, Dorrit	Utt, Joyce
Kaufman, Roberta	Wickham, Doris
Keith, Shirley	Willworth, Shirley
Kendall, Robert	Wise, Rebekah
Kiragis, Angela	

JUNIOR HONOR ROLL**Third Marking Period 1949-1950**

Anderson, Susie	Levenson, Miriam
Atwell, Elsie	Lombardo, Joseph
Barry, Jean	MacKay, Sylvia
Barry, Therese	MacLachlan, Mary
Benson, Donald	Manetas, Peter
Boyce, Dorothy	McLaughlin, Albert
Bulcamino, Doris	McLaughlin, Joan
Cabral, Paul	McNamara, Eileen
Ciccarelli, Phyllis	Miceli, Marie
Clark, Catherine	Miller, Audrey
Cogan, Ann	Mondello, Camille
Coughlan, Joan	Morrissey, Robert
Delorey, Elaine	Nigro, Carol
DeLuca, Natalie	Obelsky, Shirley
Dinan, Patricia	Polcari, Helen
DiPietro, Doris	Robinson, Joan
Dooling, Virginia	Rubin, Melvin
Duehay, Francis	Rudy, Ann
Edge, Elspeth	Salines, Marie
Farrell, Ann	Santos, Elaine
Feloney, Mary	Sawicz, Adela
Ferry, Theresa	Spinney, June
Head, Doris	Strohmingier, Frances
Hickey, Mona	Sullivan, Edmund
Howard, Shirley	Supple, Patricia
Jones, Dorothy	Thompson, Carole
Kief, Lee	Totino, Elizabeth
Kirkpatrick, Anne	Uglietto, Rosina
Knudsen, Gerald	Wheelock, Margaret
Larson, Vivian	Wilson, Jacqueline
Laucus, John	Yoyos, Elaine

SENIOR HONOR ROLL**Third Marking Period 1949-1950**

Abbt, Eleanor	Hollett, Barbara
Allen, Anna	Horne, Virginia
Barrett, Marjorie	Hudson, William
Benedict, Marguerite	Jansen, Katrinka
Bequaert, Frank	Kaufman, Gloria
Berman, Eleanor	Knight, Adrienne
Bond, Norma	McGinn, Joan
Branco, Anthony	McPartlin, Nancy
Brennan, Marilyn	Murphy, Anna Dyer
Burns, Mary	Nogueira, Beatrice
Capobianco, Anna	Noonan, Mary Jane
Carlson, Barbara	Oster, Arthur
Caroli, Carol	Parechianian, Violet
Christy, Marion	Rivinius, Virginia
Cooke, Ruth	Sahady, Helen
Corcoran, Joseph	Salto, Anna
Costa, Natalie	Saxe, Edward
D'Arcy, Raymond	Stanevich, Anna
DePierro, Susan	Thornhill, Mildred
DiNapoli, Pasquale	Vaudo, Elda
Dubay, Charles	Verrocchi, Anne
Feld, Stephen	Verrocchi, Dorothea
Fitzgerald, Leo	Wadden, Ann
Francis, John	Wagner, Constance
Girogosian, Queenie	Warnas, Albert
Gunn, Phyllis	Wilkins, Joyceann
Hagopian, Elaine	Williams, Mary

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Good morning, Dr. Stover.
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 I hope it doesn't make me faint.
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 Let me lie down on that couch.
 Dr. Stover, you're the best!
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